DECEMBER, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

"Balzac and Madame Hanska."

In our January number we shall begin the publication of the Vicomte de Louvenjoul's *Balzac and Madame Hanska.* Among the great loves of literary history there is none more romantic than that of the author of the *Comédie Humaine* for the one woman who, despite their long separation, influenced to a marked degree every line of his later work. The Vicomte de Louvenjoul's book will be presented in three parts. In the same number there will also appear the first of a short series of articles on "Literary, Artistic and Bohemian London in the Seventies."

The report that Phil May, the genial successor of Du Maurier on the *Punch* staff, has been considering the adoption of a histrionic career has suggested the accompanying pictorial skit.

FROM THE LONDON "SKETCH."

A Solemn Moment.

The most delicious piece of writing that we have seen this year is a paper on President Roosevelt, printed in the *Review of Reviews* for October. The author's name is not revealed, but he must be a rare spirit—a Soul. The whole paper is a jewel-casket; yet perhaps the gem which is of purest ray serene is this:

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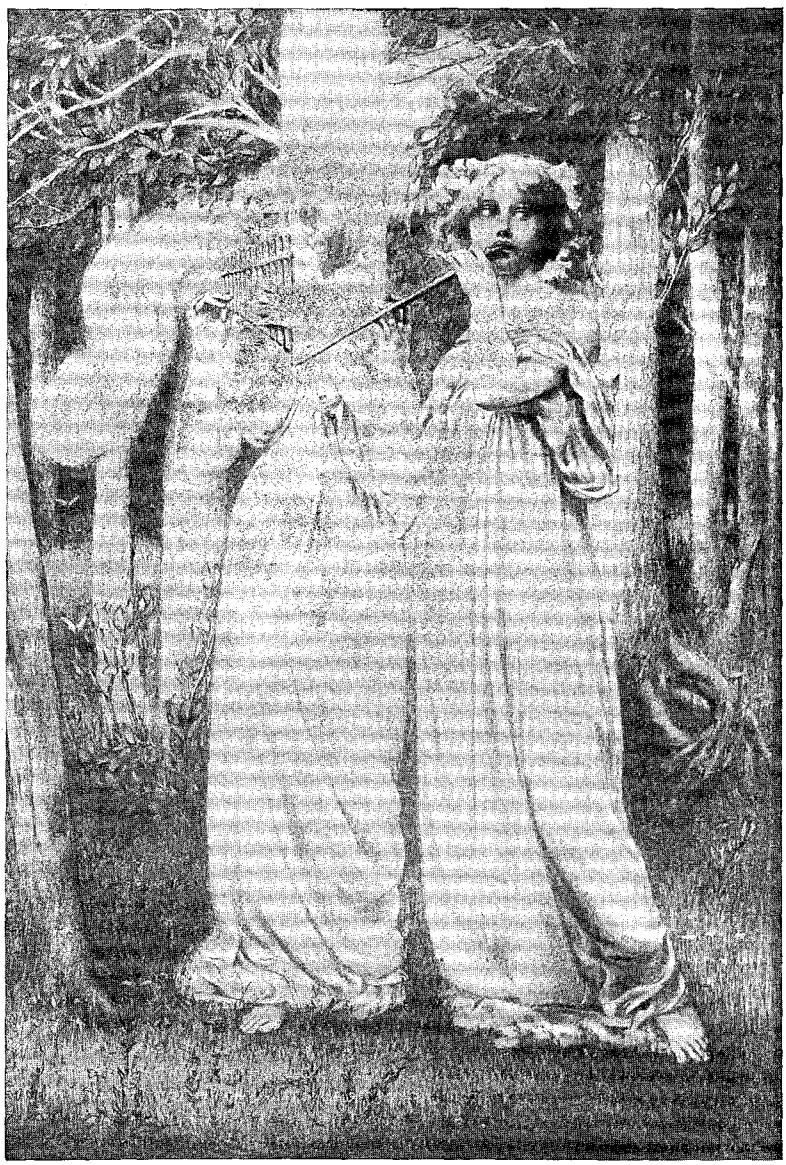
One evening at Philadelphia, in June, 1900, when his rooms were crowded with powerful men discussing whether or not his impending nomination for the Vice-Presidency was wise, and while an immense body of cheering paraders crowded the street below, Theodore Roosevelt sat in an inner room, alone, absorbed in reading Thucydides. He was resting.

Let us put on our gum-shoes and steal away softly . . . softly . . . . softly . . . . .

❧

At this season of the year it is always with a certain regret that we look over the new books. There are so many of them, they are so uniformly excellent, that we feel that we should like to be able to publish a magazine as large as an encyclopædia in order to do them all justice. As a matter of fact, we cannot—there is no magazine that can; for most of them we can only express our very hearty appreciation and admiration. However, we are able to reproduce here a few typical designs and illustrations.



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FROM "A CHILD OF NATURE." BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

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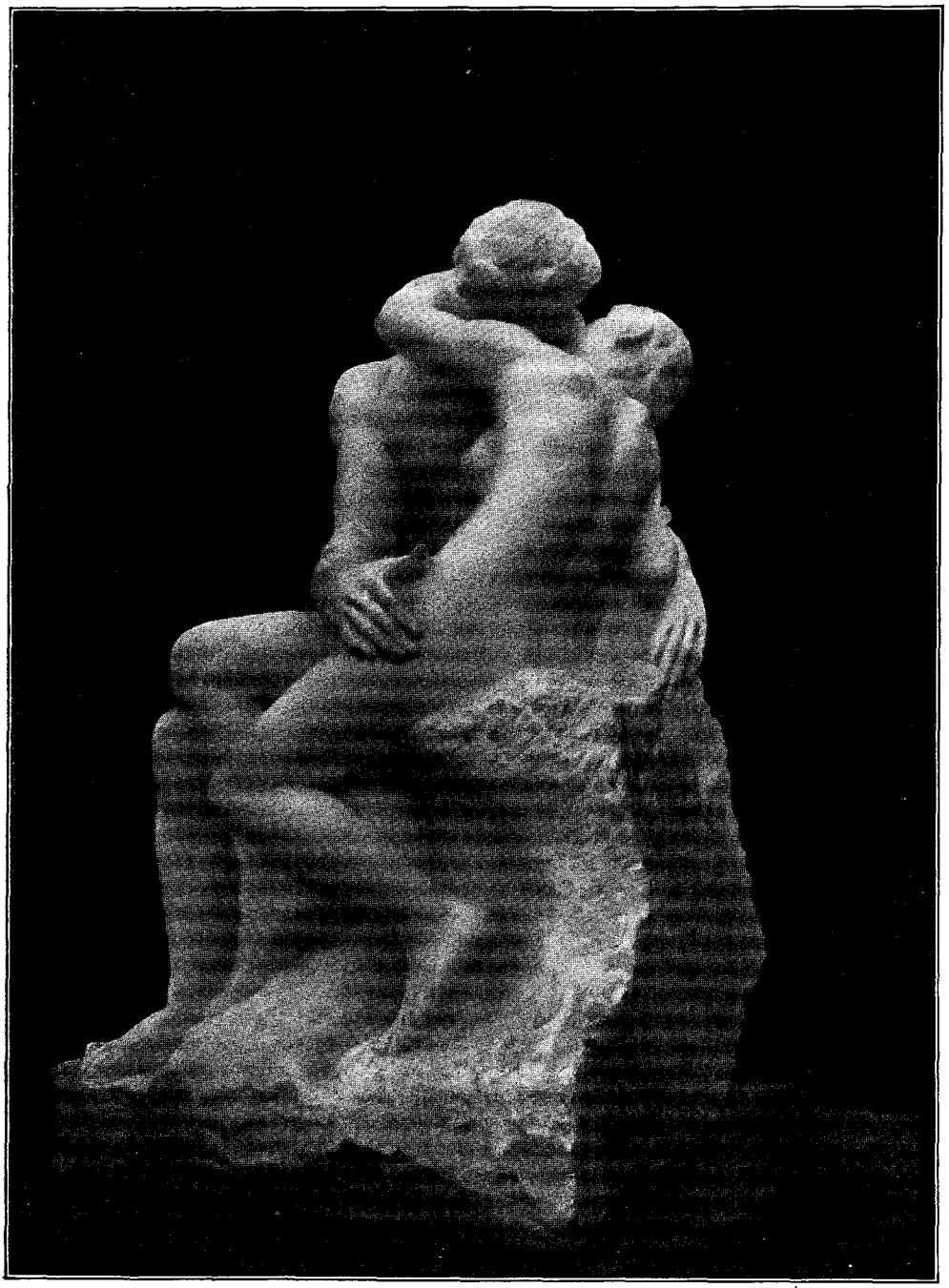
"The Secret Orchard" in the American Courts.

We have been hearing a good deal lately about the suit now pending in the English courts between Hall Caine and the publishers of *The Lady's Magazine* regarding the morality of *The Eternal City*. There is a case now pending in our own courts which, in certain respects, is very much like the Hall Caine case. The book in question is Egerton and Agnes Castle's *The Secret Orchard*, which we reviewed



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"THE KISS." BY RODIN. FROM "FRENCH ART." BY W. C. BROWNELL.

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last month. The parties to the suit are the Frederick A. Stokes Company of this city and the publishers of *The Delineator*. We have no opinion to express as to which side is in the right, but we believe that neither disputes the fact that a contract was drawn up by which the Stokes Company, owners of both book and serial rights of the novel in America, sold the serial rights to *The Delineator*. At that time the story had not been completed, and no part of it had been read in this country. The author, however, in a foreword had written of it somewhat as follows: "That the scene would be laid in Paris—Faubourg St. Germain life, very different from the giddy, dry-rotten, decadent life of the modern Boulevards—the principal male character being the holder of one of the very few great old names of France; that the women were lovable types of Parisian American beauty, and that the book would be dramatic." Upon the receipt of the manuscript the contract was

AGNES CASTLE.

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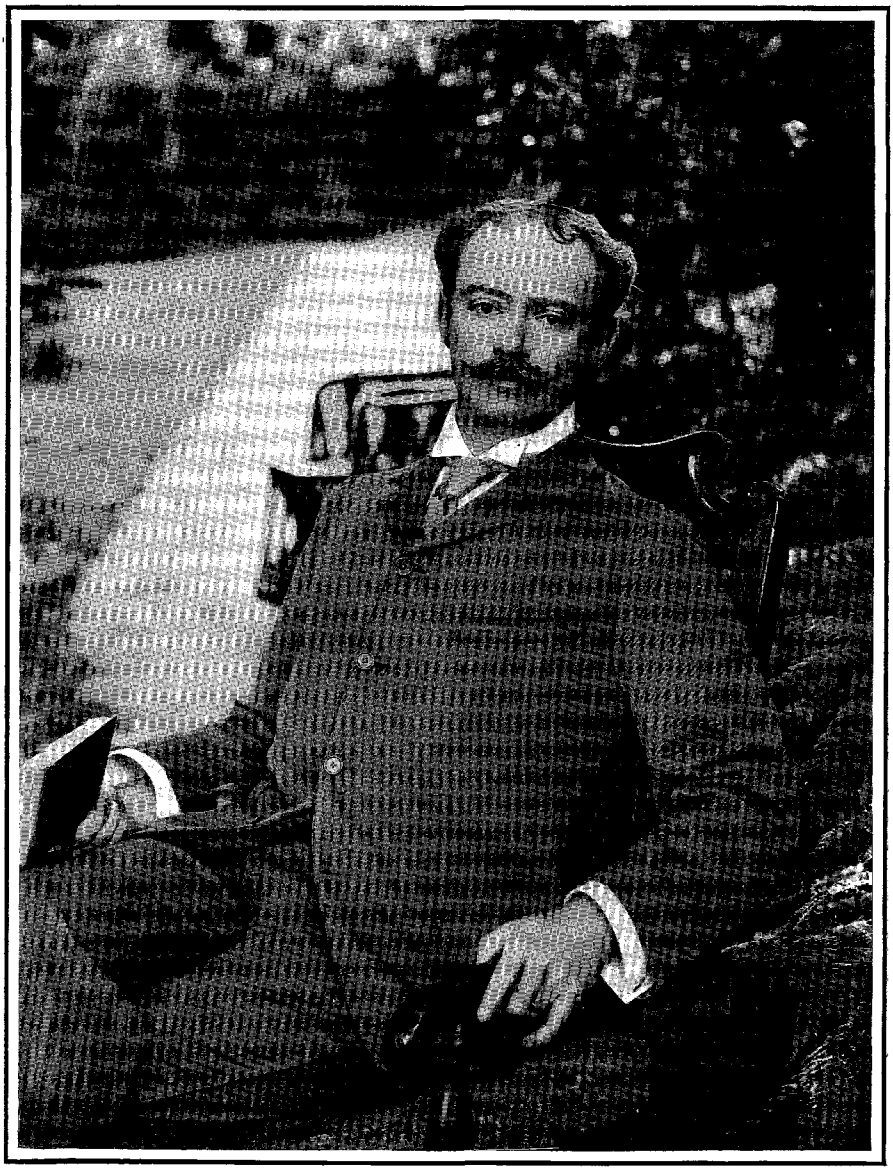
repudiated by the publishers of *The Delineator* on the ground that the story was immoral. In their answer to the suit they assert, "Egerton Castle has a high reputation for skill and excellence in his profession as a writer of romantic stories, and the stories hitherto written and published by him have all been characterised by propriety, refinement and delicacy, and been fit and proper to be read in refined and cultivated families, and by women and young girls, and he has become widely known as the author of stories of that character." *The Secret Orchard,* it will be remembered, afterward ran serially in the *Cosmopolitan.* The precise legal point raised by this case here and by *The Eternal City* suit in England has never been passed upon by the courts of either country, and the decision of the American case, which will probably be tried first, will establish a precedent.



EGERTON CASTLE.

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The Secret Orchard is a very good title, and we congratulate Mr. Castle on his selection of it. However, it comes dangerously near to being an infringement upon Marcel Prevost's *Le Jardin Secret*. Mr. Clyde Fitch has a play now running in one of the New York theatres which he calls *The Way of the World*. We can hardly believe that Mr. Fitch does not know that this title was used two hundred and one years ago by an obscure English playwright by the name of William Congreve.

President Hadley's "Break."

The newspaper reports of the Yale bi-centennial remarked that President Hadley's little speeches to the recipients of honorary degrees were "extraordinarily felicitous." So they were, in the main; but what he

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT.

The British Cook (offering in the Matthews back yard a blatant small boy an axe): "Ho, Master Brandy, dear, the kitchen fire is hout."

Master B. Matthews: "I cannot split. To split I am ashamed. When I'm a man I will not even split infinitives. Avaunt! Thou art a Briticism!"

Marjory MacMurchy.

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said to President Roosevelt was, perhaps, not quite happily phrased. Here is the concluding sentence:

> President Roosevelt is a Harvard man, but his broad vision and natural sympathy and his perseverance for truth and right will make him glad to be an adopted son of Yale.

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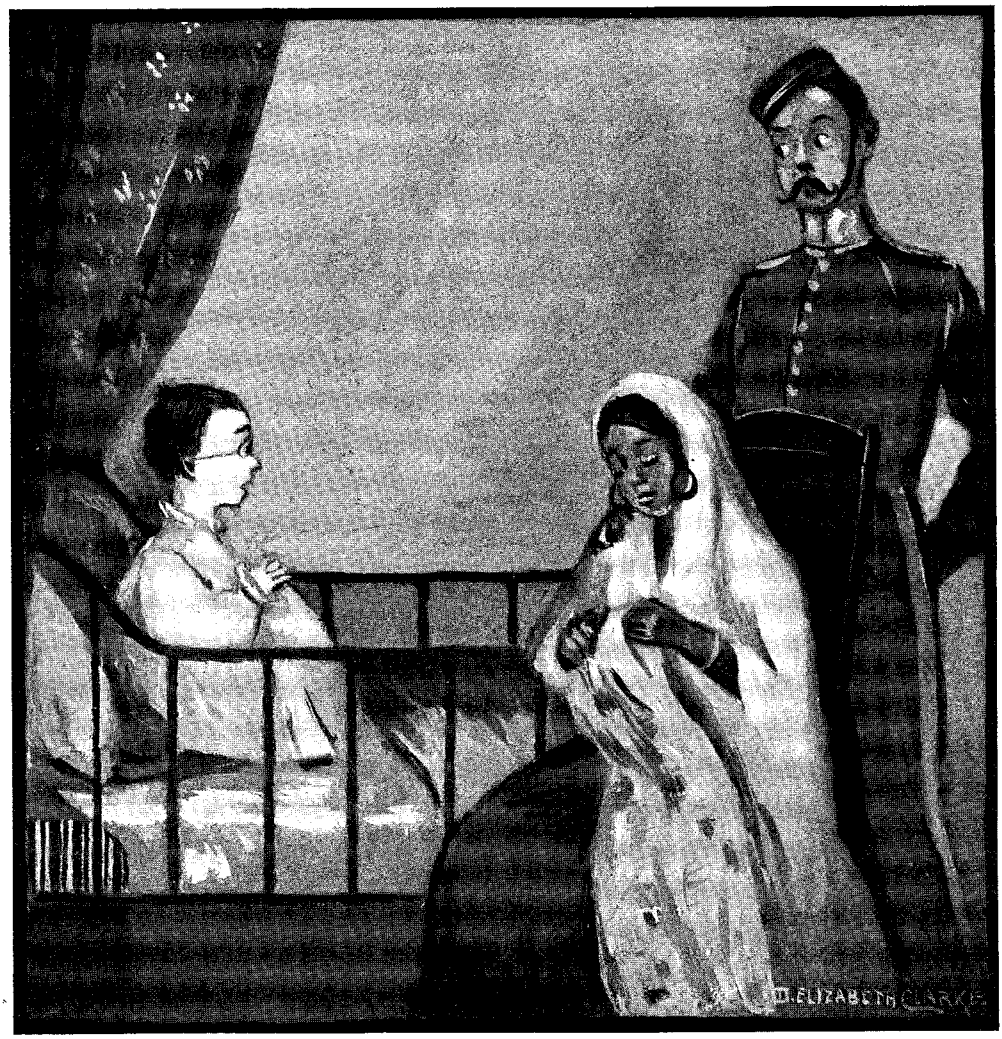
This seems to imply (in the "but") that Harvard men are not usually gifted with broad vision, natural sympathy and perseverance for truth and right. However, every one took it as it was meant.

❦

Caps, Gowns, and Hoods.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston, in the *Times*, has been fleering at the retention by our universities, upon ceremonious occasions, of the traditional academic costume—the cap, the gown, and the hood which denotes by the colour of its lining the



THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT.

British Soldier (whose love-making the infant Kipling has interrupted at one of his finest sentences): "Doesn't the young beggar ever sleep?"

Ayah (who is used to it): "Not unless he is sure that he has heard and seen the same thing before. It is very inconvenient and should be considered in the wages."

British Soldier: "'E'll be sorry to 'ave people watching *'im* when 'e's a man. What other people say about 'is 'ome and lodgin' will be dust and ashes in 'is mouth afore 'e dies."

Majory MacMurchy.

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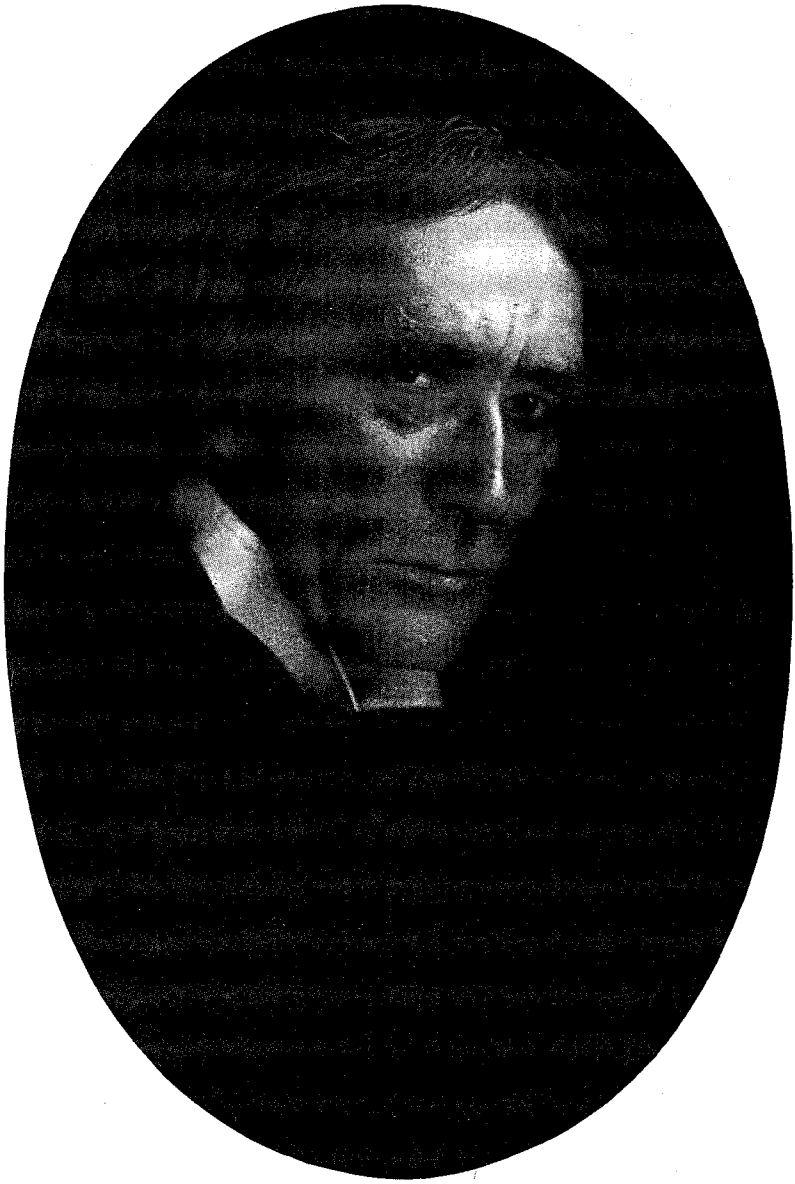
faculty to which its wearer belongs. Mr. Eggleston may, for all we know, be an absolutely consistent person, and may be willing to apply this rather cheap argument to the whole subject of distinctive costume for the members of any profession whatsoever. If so, let him remain in his interesting isolation; but most sensible persons accept as both appropriate and even necessary the wearing of uniforms by members of the army and navy, the use of vestments by the clergy, the robing of the judges in our highest courts, and finally the academic costume in our universities. This last has an historical significance of which Mr. Eggleston must be well aware; and that it gives dignity and impressiveness to university functions is hardly to be disputed. The modern university represents at once the life, the needs and the aspirations of the present, but everything that is best in it sinks its roots deep down into the past, and therefore represents an unbroken



SIR HENRY IRVING. PHOTOGRAPH BY HISTED.
(*See "Drama of the Month."*)

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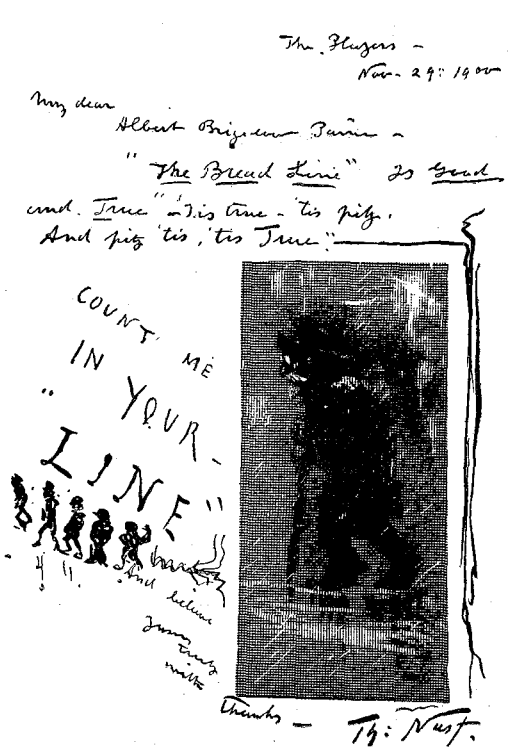
continuity which is symbolised by the retention of some of the ancient forms and usages. To a person who has any imagination and any sentiment this is a fine and fitting thing. Once upon a time we went to the commencement exercises of a college not very far from New York. These exercises were held in a hall over a large beer-garden. The President wore a suit of clothes that seemed to have been made to match a checkerboard, and of which the trousers bulged like the cheek of Tennyson's brawny spearman. The faculty sat around on cane chairs, and reminded us of a convention of amalgamated plumbers. We feel now that this affair would have been appropriately finished off had the President and plumbers bestowed an honorary degree upon Mr. George Cary Eggleston.

Thomas Nast and Albert Bigelow Paine.

The accompanying designs attest Thomas Nast's appreciation of Albert Bigelow Paine's *The Bread Line*, about which we had considerable to say several months ago, and the recently published *Van Dwellers*. The sketches have a double interest. They illustrate very felicitously the ideas of the books themselves, and they are typical of the quaint humour of an artist who has been one of the greatest forces in the political history of New York City. Many men took part in the fight against the Tweed régime, but none of them dealt it more crushing blows than Thomas Nast. Not only did his cartoons in *Harper's Weekly* contribute more to the overthrow of Tweed and his associates than any of the arguments which appeared in the public press, but to one of these cartoons was due the final capture of Tweed. Upon one occasion Mr. Nast found an analogy between Tweed's behaviour in the matter of some city franchise and a kidnapper stealing a child. A copy of *Harper's Weekly* containing this cartoon found its way to Spain and fell into the hands of a Spanish gendarme, who knew absolutely nothing of the conditions in New York politics. Soon after Tweed's arrival in Spain he was seen walking along the street by this gendarme, who recognised him from the cartoon and apprehended him on the charge of kidnapping.



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Reminiscences of Wilkie Collins.

A short paper entitled "Reminiscences of Wilkie Collins," by Olive Logan, was recently submitted to THE BOOKMAN, and with the writer's consent we are reprinting extracts from it here, because they seem to be especially adapted to this department of our magazine. Mrs. Logan met the novelist at a London luncheon party, and led him to talk of his impressions of the United States and his methods in the making of his books. The one disappointment he had in America was in the terrapin soup. For everything else, from Niagara to the canvas-back duck, he expressed an unbounded admiration. Then he talked of books and writers. "*Antonia* was the name of my first novel," he said, "and the elder Bentley paid me two hundred pounds for it—a large price, when you consider that I was then an unknown author, and the success of the romance had yet to be tested. Ah, the elder Bentley was a publisher of a rare species, now extinct. He himself read the novels which were submitted to him, and, being an excellent critic, he formed his own judgments. He had a delightful habit of giving dinners to authors, at which young scribes had the inexpressible pleasure of being brought in contact with the renowned lights. There are no such publishers nowadays; the elder Bentley knew every line of his authors' works, and no one was so enthusiastic about their writings as himself."

Wilkie Collins was induced to say something about his methods in the composing of fiction, *àpropos* of an article by Bulwer-Lytton, in which, while admitting the greatness of Sir Walter Scott (who said that he never wrote a novel in his life about which he had a single fixed plan when he began), Bulwer, nevertheless, had no words too strong in which to condemn writers of fiction who plunge headlong into composition without first arranging the groundwork of the story to the minutest detail.

"I do not believe," said Wilkie Collins, "that Bulwer kept rigidly to this rule. Such may have been his theory—I doubt if it was his practice. It is well to have a *scenario* sketched out, but it is impossible for an author of any imagination to proceed far in the composition of a story without seeing various ways in which to turn the current. Naturally, he will choose the best."

"Have you any advice to give young authors who are aspiring to the honours of fiction?"

"Yes. I have several rules from which I never deviate myself, and deviation from which I consider very dangerous, even in the case of the most practised author. For instance, in writing a novel, you should always begin at the beginning."

"*Griffith Gaunt—The Princess of Thule—*"

"True; but to the extent of having a scene wrenched from the middle of the story, which must afterward be written up to at great length, both those novels are highly inartistic. A novel-reader is much like the spectator of a drama; his attention must be won by degrees, his interest gradually enlisted, until finally he becomes so absorbed in the story that he finds it difficult to lay the book down."

The novelist was asked if he approved of beginning a story with a sensation.

"Yes, if the sensation be a good one, and one which belongs naturally at the beginning of the story. Then, too, however uncertain an author may be concerning the exact conduct of the middle of the tale, he should always know how it is going to finish; and steadily working toward a prearranged termination, should always keep the action moving; that should never lag. Another thing: when you have interested your readers in one set of characters, it is most unwise to drop them and begin another chapter with 'We must now return to,' etc. The reader is disappointed at losing the people in whose fate he has become interested, and only by an effort takes up the thread of the new peoples' destinies, again to feel the same rebuff when he is forced to quit these new friends with 'We must now go back to,' etc. Another characteristic I deem essential to good novel writing is always to introduce a poetical side in the midst of every-day practicalities. It does not do to grovel in the dirt too much."

"Zola?"

"True; but the taste is ephemeral. Vic-

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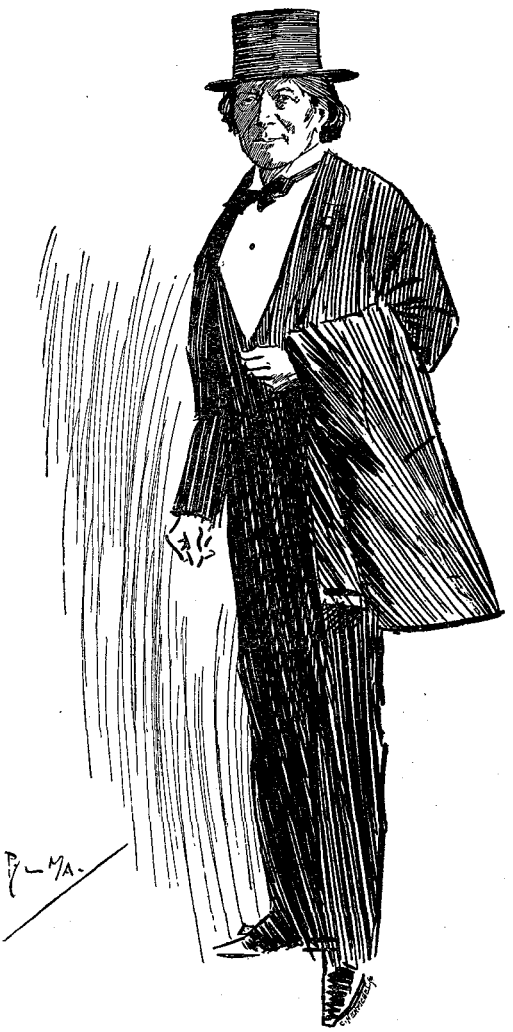
tor Hugo, whom I esteem the greatest poet France ever produced, though not its greatest novelist, will be read a hundred years hence, when all the race of Zolas is forgotten."

"Do you read Daudet?"

"A little—not much. He is not so dreadful as Zola, but he is very bad. Both, and all their followers, are only imitators of the very worst features of Balzac, not one line of whose exquisite poetry and pathos they are capable of producing, however. I should like to see either Zola or Daudet try to write anything as beautiful as the death of Père Goriot, for instance. Oh, we have had these coarse writers in our English fiction, and they have had their day of success, too. Look at Smollett and Sterne; there is not a publisher in England who would risk the reproduction of their works, for they are dead, and nothing on earth can revive them, while edition after edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield* pours through the presses, and no novel of the day, even, is more widely read."

Kipling and Dickens.

The salient point about Mr. Kipling's *Kim*, according to that English critic who signs some of his work "Claudius Clear," is that it exhibits the author for a moment as a pupil in the school of Charles Dickens. In any school Mr. Kipling would do well and gain prizes. Under Dickens he has become genial in temper, mild and moderate in judgment and speech. He has also caught up with very considerable success Dickens's manner of conceiving and working out his characters. More than that, he has even imitated Dickens in various episodes of his story. *Kim* resembles Dickens, strange to say, in its almost uniform geniality of temper. In fact, in this respect it perfectly amazes one. Dickens could hate a character and show his hatred, but his ruling principle was to see the good in everybody. In fact, he almost obliterated the distinction between good and certain forms of evil. Characters like Charley Bates and the Dodger made respectable people almost fall in love with thieves. It is very difficult to be really angry with Mr. Pecksniff, notwithstanding his vast hypocrisy. It was remarked of Dickens long ago by a very sensitive critic that nobody could enter into him completely without losing something of religious and moral intensity and catching something of suspicion of all the austere types of character. Now, Mr. Kipling lets us see the best of almost all his characters, and, in fact, he keeps even the weaknesses and frailties pretty much in the shadow. Kim is a wild boy of



VICTORIEN SARDOU.

(*See "Literary Paris."*)

Indian training and Irish extraction, but he shows himself capable of a disinterested passion for the Lama. The old man and the boy fall in love with one another, into a love that knows no interruption, a confidence which continues complete, a faithfulness which is unto death. The

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Lama is as benevolent as Mr. Pickwick, though he does not express himself after the same fashion. But his judgment of the erring is thoroughly Pickwickian. "He is upon the Wheel, as we are—a life ascending or descending—very far from deliverance."

Mr. Kipling also imitates Dickens still, according to "Claudius Clear," in evolving a character from a few very simple elements, and making this character always act in all circumstances in perfect conformity with itself. For example, Dickens makes up Mrs. Gamp very simply as heartless, selfish, genial, loquacious, fond of the bottle, and endowed with a mysterious friend. Wherever Dickens puts her she is always the same, though with infinite variety of expression. When Dickens fails in his characters, it is because he has endowed them with only one distinguishing feature—white teeth or the like. Mr. Kipling here describes a Lama who has been abbot of a monastery in Tibet. This abbot is on the search for a river which broke forth where Buddha's arrow fell out of the sight of men. Whosoever bathes in this river is delivered from the Wheel of Life. The Lama is sure of finding, and prepared to wait. His patience helps him to take his various adventures with positive relish. There is no attempt whatever to orientalise the character. The speech is, of course, Eastern, but the thoughts are Western. The Lama is very benevolent, very affectionate, very patient, very helpful. He has a large and gentle tolerance for all religions. He invariably acts just as you would expect him to act from the simple recipe. A moment's thought will show that this could never be; that the Lama would not have behaved as an exceedingly good-natured English Broad Churchman would have behaved; that there would have been continual surprises in his actions for English readers, just because his thoughts were not as their thoughts. The same may be said of Kim and all of them. A simple recipe is prepared, the elements duly mingle, and you know what to expect. The Lama will joke about a woman who is profuse in expression. "The husbands of the talkative shall have a great reward hereafter." He is not exactly one of the Brothers Cheeryble—there is a strain of sadness in his composition—but he runs that way. So far "Claudius Clear." For our part, there is about as much likeness between *Kim* and a Dickens book as between the proverbial hawk and the proverbial handsaw.

Kim and the Critics.

Whatever place in literature final judgment may accord to *Kim*, the book has served to attract to Mr. Kipling an attention which he has not enjoyed for several years. We do not think any other book has ever received just the same treatment as has this story of the son of Kimball O'Hara. We have been following the matter rather carefully in most of the leading American and English journals, and we are convinced that *Kim* has received more serious consideration from the respectable reviewers than any book of the last ten or twelve years at least. In the first place, this is shown by the wide and very peculiar diversity of opinion. You may take two literary journals each enjoying a repute for taste and discrimination, and one will tell you that *Kim* is very much inferior to the work that Mr. Kipling was doing eight or nine years ago, while the other will say that in this book he has reached the very apex of literary fame. The strange part of the matter is that there is to be found in neither review any evidence of either ignorance or carelessness on the part of the reviewer. Each seems to have read the book carefully, and to have had as a background a good, if not an intimate, knowledge of Kipling's earlier work. And each seems to have written his review with perfect candour, earnestness and honesty.

Two or three months ago we reprinted Mr. Kipling's extraordinary "poem," "The Lesson," without any comment, because it needed none. It was very, very bad. Soon after there appeared in *McClure's Magazine* another poem from Mr. Kipling called "The M. I.," which means The Mounted Infantry. It was a very good poem. It had a good deal of the slangy ring and fire that marked the verse of *The Barrack Room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas:* A short time after, Mr.

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Kipling wrote another poem, which appeared in the London *Times*. It also treated of the situation in South Africa, and Mr. Kipling called it "The Reformers." We reprint it here, and we do not think that any reader will have any doubt as to our opinion of it:

THE REFORMERS.

[Reprinted from the *Times* of October 12.]

"The men who have been through this South African mill will no longer accept the old outworn explanations. They know too much, and it is to them we must look, when they come back, for the real work of reform in every direction."—*Extract from private letter.*

Not in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.

Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sleek sufficing Circumstance—
Whose Gospel was the apparelled thought,
Whose Gods were Luxury and Chance—

Sees, on the threshold of his days,
The old life shrivel like a scroll,
And to unheralded dismays
Submits his body and his soul;

The fatted shows wherein he stood
Forgoing, and the idiot pride,
That he may prove with his own blood
All that his easy sire denied—

Ultimate issues, primal springs,
Demands, abasements, penalties—
The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen, that touch our peace.

For, though ensnaring ritual dim
His vision through the after-years,
Yet virtue shall go out of him:
Example profiting his peers.

With great things charged he shall not hold
Aloof till great occasion rise,
But serve full-harnessed, as of old
The days that are the destinies.

He shall forswear and put away
The idols of his sheltered house;
And to Necessity shall pay
Unflinching tribute of his vows.

He shall not plead another's act
Nor bind him in another's oath
To weigh the Word above the Fact,
Or make or take excuse for sloth.

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long ingrainèd effort goad
To find, to fashion and fulfil
The cleaner life, the sterner code.

Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall learn!

Another word About "The Great American Novel."

In what he calls "an effort at dedication" at the beginning of his novel *The Victors*, a review of which will be found in this number of THE BOOKMAN, Mr. Robert Barr takes up the subject of "the great American novel," which he says will be looked for in vain. According to Mr. Barr, it can never be written because America is so vast, its interests are so various, its activities so far-reaching, that even Honoré de Balzac, with all his forty or sixty volumes, could have done little more than draw the outlines of such a civilisation, had he been born a citizen of the United States instead of a citizen of France. Did not Mr. Barr three or four years ago express himself somewhat differently about "the great American novel," when he suggested the late Stephen Crane as the man to write it?

Now, while in the main we agree with what Mr. Barr has to say, we think that he has fallen into a quite universal error. In a word, when any one begins to talk of the impossibility of the great American novel ever being written, it is obviously with the idea that such a novel would touch upon, illuminate—nay, practically exhaust—every phase and side of American life. Mr. Barr very apparently says that the great American novel is an impossibility because he cannot see how all the problems which confront the American people socially, economically and politically, can be treated between the covers of one volume. As a matter of fact, we think that when the novel is written which shall be universally recognised as a great American novel, it will probably deal with a very small corner of American life. Only, somehow, it will be typical of the whole. For that matter have we not had already several great American novels? *The Scarlet Letter* certainly was a great American novel. *Rip Van Winkle*, in its minor way, was another.

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Despite certain inartistic qualities, Cooper's series of Leatherstocking Tales was a massive achievement. Yet *The Scarlet Letter* treated only of a few people in a small community of remote colonial days; *Rip Van Winkle* only the briefly and quaintly told story of a legend of the Catskills; the Leatherstocking Tales dealt only with a few crude and primitive people, who did not trouble their heads with questions of national import, except when these questions had some direct physical bearing on their own lives.

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We have been hearing so much about "the" great American novel that when we do not think of the matter carefully we affirm unhesitatingly that there is "the" great English novel and "the" great French novel. But where are they and which are they? The literature of France and that of England contain many novels which are conceded universally to be very great, but among these is there one upon which readers and critics are agreed as being absolutely supreme and typical. For that matter, is there one great French or English novel which combines all the qualities which we have come to expect in the much-talked-of "great American novel" of the future—which deals massively and exhaustively, and yet minutely, with love and religion and politics and money, and all the other factors of national life? Mr. Barr has alluded to the forty or sixty novels of Honoré de Balzac. Of course, if we accept the whole *Comédie Humaine* as one single volume—lopping away certain unfortunate chapters which mar the grandeur and the symmetry of the whole—we have a book which undoubtedly goes very deeply into every phase of French life under the Restoration. But is there a single volume of Balzac which does anything like this? *La Cousine Bette* is probably broader in its scope than any other of Balzac's individual works, and yet it is but a single, though colossal, chapter in his scheme. It may be urged that each of Balzac's individual volumes is professedly incomplete, and that for this reason, despite his greatness, he is not quite a fair example in the present discussion. Many people will, no doubt, ask what about Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. *Les Misérables* is undoubtedly one of the most marvellous and many-sided books in all literature. And yet it has nothing whatever to do with the matter, simply because it is not a novel at all—only a huge allegory; its men and women do not stand for types; they are simply the incarnation of certain emotions of the author himself. *Jean Valjean* is Victor Hugo under a certain mood; the Bishop, Victor Hugo under another—Fantine, Cosette, Javert, Thenardier, Marius, Gavroche—these are not French men and women, only the expressions of certain forces and ideas. Flaubert, the first of the so-called realists, the master of Maupassant on one side and Zola on the other, gave us a great single book. But of what does *Madame Bovary* consist? A woman, a few men, some marvellous scenes of provincial life, and two great moving forces—passion and money. But the setting is Norman rather than French, and *Madame Bovary*, great as it is, and complete in itself as it is, is only what Flaubert meant it to be, a sombre and cynical picture of certain individual and by no means typical people under certain individual conditions, in a small corner of provincial France.

❧

Probably every one will agree that the greatest names in the history of English fiction are those of Fielding, Scott, Trollope, Thackeray and George Eliot. Trollope has gone more intimately and carefully into every phase of English life than any of the others, but of him it may be said, as has been said of Balzac, that each of his single novels is but a chapter of his complete life's work. Fielding and Thackeray, rather than any of the others, have produced individual books into which they introduced almost all the personages and factors of English life with which they were familiar—Fielding in *The History of Tom Jones*, and Thackeray in *The Newcomes*, *Pendennis*, and *Vanity Fair*. *Vanity Fair* is the single possible exception which might be said to contradict our argument. It stands apart from all other great works of English fiction in that it was conceived and begun with just this idea. Thackeray had reached a ripe maturity; he had given fragments of his philosophy of life in occasional sketches, essays, burlesques, and ballads; he made up his mind that he was going to have a fling at writing

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a great novel, and he chose for the purpose the biggest subject which appealed to him as a Briton and a Londoner. *Vanity Fair* is one of those titles which are colossal in themselves. There are very few such titles, and Thackeray never found such another, although in *The Newcomes* he came very near it. To-day the names of his other books ring out sonorously, but it is only because of the force of the books themselves. Pendennis, we must remember, was at first only a chance cognomen, chosen perhaps from a directory, because it fitted the author's idea of the character he had in mind, indicating something of his social position, his family tradition, his weakness, his conceit, and his cleverness. There was no reason why *The Adventures of Philip* should not have been the adventures of Stephen or of Francis or of Harry; and yet, were the change to be made now, how suddenly and completely it would sweep away all our conception of the book itself. But with *Vanity Fair* it was different. There was a title which had to be written "up to," and it was the variety of motives and interests and personages and scenes which the writing "up to" this title made necessary that has made *Vanity Fair*, though it deals with only a certain side of English life, almost a national novel.

Wall Street in Fact and Fiction.

A new volume of short stories which we are able to recommend very heartily is Mr. Edwin Lefèvre's *Wall Street Stories*. When we say this, we do not mean to intimate that the book is literature in any way; only that we have read the tales and have enjoyed them very much indeed. Among recently published collections of stories dealing with certain phases of business life, we can recall none that is quite so clever. In the first place, the stories grew absolutely out of the atmosphere of Wall Street; it was not a case of dragging Wall Street in, so as to catch the popular fancy. And Wall Street, though commercial, is none the less romantic. It is a battlefield, and in these tales Mr. Lefèvre has caught its spirit and interpreted its moods. He has introduced types and personalities, the woman who invests and the woman who speculates, the man who wins and the man who loses, and the man who ekes out a miserable living by tipping certain stocks both ways, and then claiming a percentage from the winner, and the result is that every one connected with the "Street" who reads these stories recognises or thinks he recognises the originals.

Five years ago Mr. Lefèvre went down to Wall Street for the *Commercial Advertiser*, but he has "done" the Stock Exchange only for the last three years. One thing that has helped him has been his thirst for all stories of big operators. "I've travelled blocks," he says, "merely to hear an anecdote of Commodore Vanderbilt when I ought to have been hustling for news for the paper. The folklore of Wall Street, as it were, has always been of greater interest to me than my articles on stock market matters." Probably he was successful in getting the real Wall Street atmosphere into the stories because he wrote them, primarily, for Wall Street men. The first story of the collection is called "The Woman and Her Bonds." The woman, Mrs. Hunt, has lost her husband, a Wall Street man, and goes to one of his close friends to ask advice as to the investment of her property. This friend gives her the best of his patience and experience, practically makes her a present of three thousand dollars, only in the end to be considered by her a swindler and a thief. The story was based upon no particular episode, and yet several people in Wall Street, some of them men very well known, have since asked the author how he managed to get hold of the details of "*their* story," because they had exactly the same experience with women clients. There is one office where they have a feminine customer who is to-day known as Mrs. Hunt, nicknamed after the heroine of the tale.

The story called "The Break in Turpentine" was based upon an actual incident. The Turpentine Trust is the old Whiskey Trust. The Samuel W. Sharpe of the tale is James R. Keene, while his associates in the pool are well-known Wall Street characters. The tipster of the story of that name is a composite of

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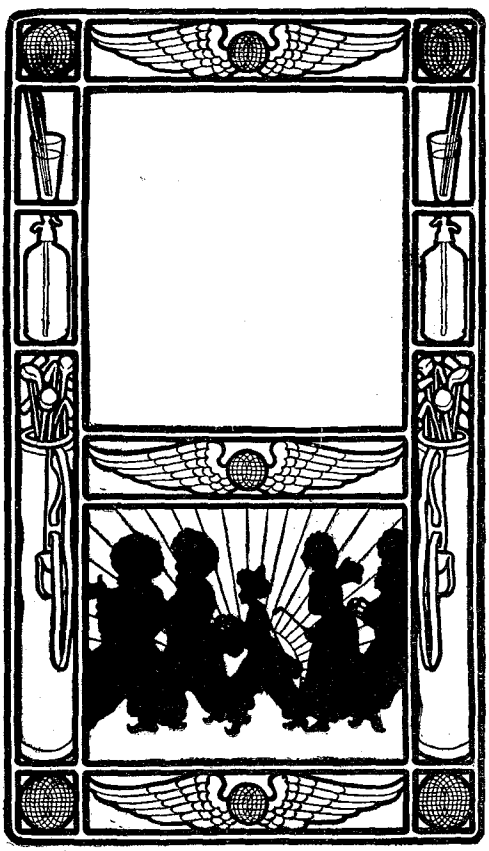
several different people, and yet half a dozen men have been recognised as distinctly the original. Colonel Treadwell in "A Philanthropic Whisper" is the late Governor Roswell P. Flower. John F. Greener in "The Lost Opportunity" is the late Jay Gould, while Daniel Dittenhoeffer is the late Charles Woerishoeffer. Lastly, Silas Shaw in "A Theological Tipster," one of the most amusing stories of the book, is the late Daniel Drew.



DESIGN FOR "THE GOLFER'S RUBÁIYÁT."

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These personages were, of course, promptly recognised by the Street. However, the book is not based on old familiar stories. The only episodes that are really widely known are those to be found in the Daniel Drew and the Jay Gould tales. The others are either imaginary or very recent. The story called "Pike's Peak or Bust," written a long time ago, very nearly caused the author a great deal of trouble. A certain broker failed under circumstances similar to those narrated, and for a time after the story appeared there was talk of suits for libel.

The Work of Robert Hichens.

The Prophet of Berkeley Square, apart from its value as a work of fiction, will serve to call attention again to Mr. Robert Hichens. Mr. Hichens has done a great deal of work on many different lines. And yet we are inclined to forget most of his books and to be surprised when we come to realise how many of them there are, because we associate him so intimately with the *Green Carnation.* Possibly the happiest criticism of that story was made by a writer in a well-known English weekly when he described it as "the most impudent piece of fiction that we have ever met with." "Impudent" was the exact word. *The Green Carnation* was clever and curious, but above all it was impudent. In a recent number of London *Literature* there appeared a very serious and careful critical article on Mr. Hichens's work from the pen of one W. G. Waters. The writer said in part:

> To pass to the question whether Mr. Hichens's brilliant and erratic productions can be placed in line with the best of those contemporary novels which have been written not merely to sell, but for the benefit of those who are prepared to think over what they read, it is to be feared that the report of the most friendly critic will be that they cannot. Both fancy and wit are there in plenty, wide sympathy and an almost superabundant intellectual activity. What is lacking is the power of concentration, of welding ideas together into vigorous effective personalities instead of letting them merely coruscate across the page as brilliant phantasms. Mr. Hichens seems to possess constructive instinct rather than constructive power. Fascinating visions of the masque of life float in embarrassing abundance before his eyes, but he is less fain to seize upon one of these and compel it into dramatic or epic symmetry than to catalogue its beauties and present it by itself as something unconcerned with the play of life, in cold detachment from the stormy questions which rage around the borders of the calmest existence. But in spite of his evident disinclination to pose as a teacher, the themes of his more serious novels—of *Flames* especially—emerge as moral lessons by the inherent force of the drama therein dis-

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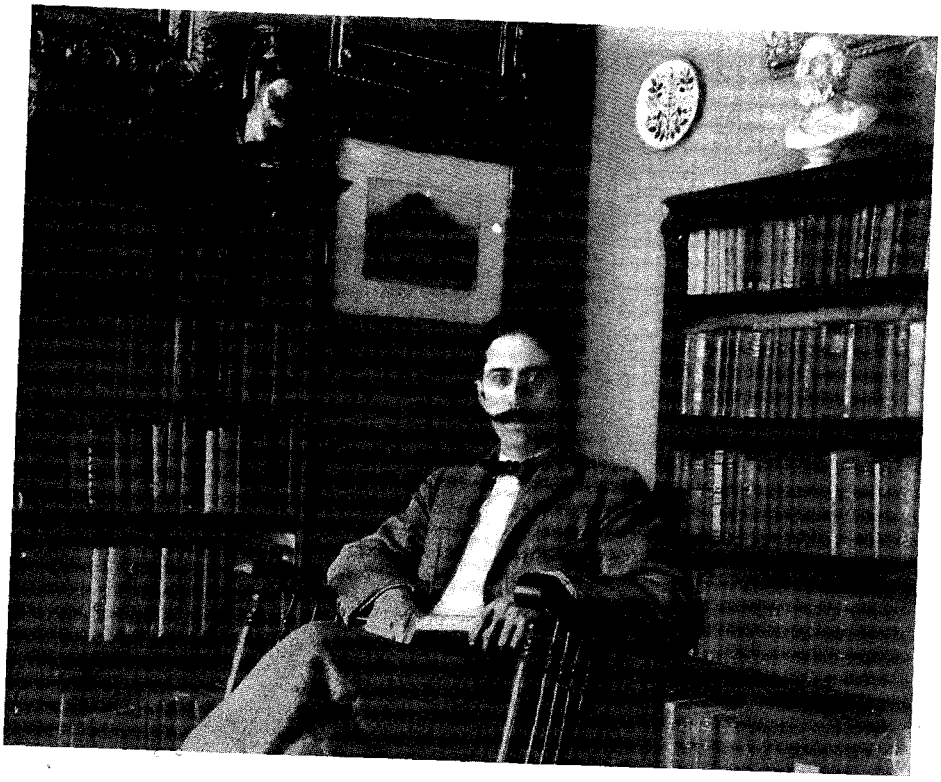

EDWIN LEFÈVRE.

ROBERT S. HICHENS.

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ELSIE DE WOLFE IN "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

(*See "Drama of the Month."*)

MAUDE ADAMS IN "QUALITY STREET."

(*See "Drama of the Month."*)

played. Vice is never made attractive, and if occasionally it may seem to lose part of its deformity, this comes about through the pure humanity of the *dramatis personæ*.

A book in which Southern readers in particular are taking considerable interest is *Mistress Joy*. This is a story of the eighteenth century with the scene laid partly in Mississippi and partly in New Orleans. A historical flavour is added to the book by the introduction of Aaron Burr. The authors, Mrs. Annie Booth McKinney and Miss Grace MacGowan, are both Tennessee women, and contributors to various newspapers and magazines. Mrs. McKinney is well known in club circles, with which the South abounds, and Mrs. Cooke has been until recently president of the Tennessee Woman's Press Club.

Mr. Basil King's new novel, *Let Not Man Put Asunder*, is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

It is with considerable surprise that we find that we have never printed anything biographical about the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, who during the past two or three years has been doing a great amount of fairly interesting writing. Mr. Brady was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, December 20, 1861. When he was a boy his parents went West, where he was educated in the public schools. Having received an appointment thereto after two competitive examinations, he was graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1883, and resigning the service, some time thereafter, entered upon railroad work with the Missouri Pacific and the Union Pacific systems. While thus engaged he studied theology under Bishop Worthington, of Nebraska, and was there ordained in the ministry of the Episcopal Church in 1889. He was rector of several churches in Missouri and Colorado, and for several years Archdeacon of Pennsylvania. During the

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ANNIE BOOTH M'KINNEY.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

Spanish-American War he was chaplain of the First Pennsylvania United States Volunteers. In 1899 he became rector of the beautiful Memorial Church of St. Paul, Overbrook, Philadelphia, from which he has just resigned on account of the great demand of his literary and other work upon him, although he did not begin writing until his thirty-sixth year. Mr. Brady has proved a versatile writer. In three years he has produced ten books, and his novels, histories and biographies have had a large sale. He is a frequent contributor to the best magazines. His forthcoming book is entitled *The Quiberon Touch.*

We present herewith a portrait of Miss Mary Devereux, whose new novel, *Up and Down the Sands of Gold,* will be popular with a certain class of readers. In her previous book, *From Kingdom to Colony,* Miss Devereux wrote of the Revolutionary period, but in this story she

BASIL KING.

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

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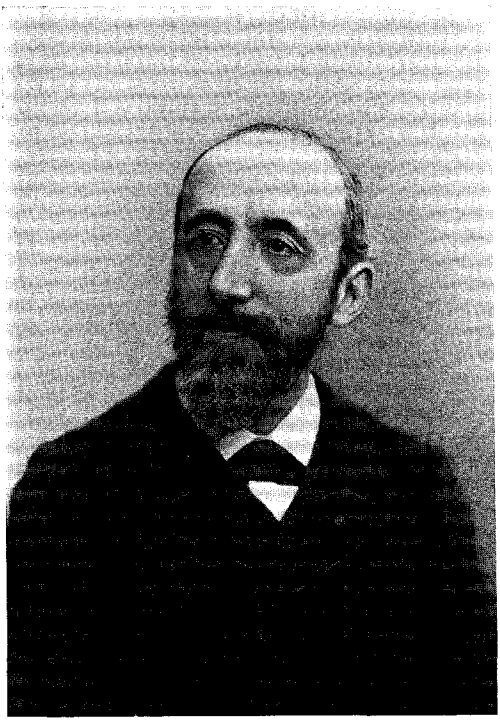

JULES CLARETIE.

(*See "Literary Paris."*)

MARY DEVEREUX.

has chosen a New England seashore town of the present day. Her characters are the simple and homely people to be found in such a locality.

❦

Anachronisms in "The Crisis."

Mr. Winston Churchill's novel *The Crisis* was reviewed some time ago in these pages, but we have only just got around to it ourselves. One thing that struck us in the reading of it was the number of small anachronisms which it contains, and which suggest the nineteenth-century phrases which slipped into the attempted eighteenth-century style of *Richard Carvel*. For instance, the slangy question, "What are you giving us?" used as an expression of resentful incredulity, did not come into use before the early seventies, and neither did the phrase "to have sand." Some early reviews of the book pointed out that Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," which Virginia Carvel used to play because her mother loved it, was not really composed in time for it to have been a favourite of Mrs. Carvel; yet a worse musical anachronism is to be found on page 153. This is the episode of Lincoln's debate with Douglas at Freeport. Mr. Churchill tells us that "bands blared 'Columbia, Gem of the Ocean.'" Now this debate took place in 1858, while the song entitled "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" (more correctly, "The Red, White and Blue"), was a product of the Civil War, three or four years later. The words of the song show this plainly enough, if Mr. Churchill will only take the trouble to recall them. However, *The Crisis* is a good story, much better than *Richard Carvel*. When reading *Richard Carvel* you always feel that in a few minutes you are going to be interested, but when reading *The Crisis* you really *are* interested.

❦

A Model of Good Journalism.

We always observe with interest the manner in which different American newspapers are conducted, since in the long run the influence of our newspapers upon the public mind and taste is very great.

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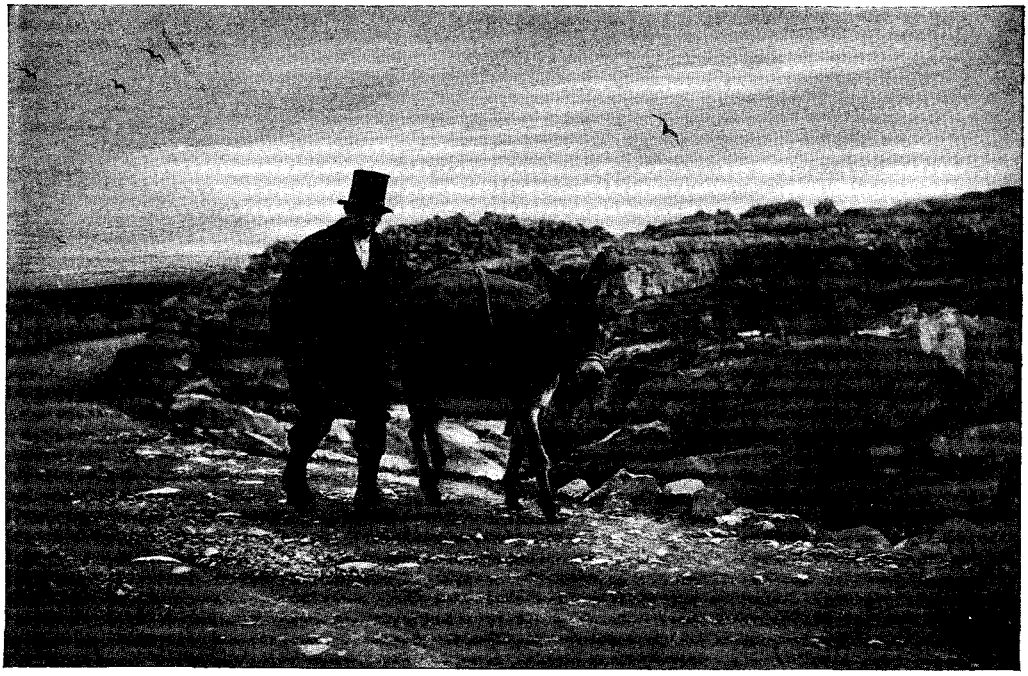
MR. VANE SEES PEG WOFFINGTON FOR THE FIRST TIME.



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"GOING TO MARKET." FROM CLIFTON JOHNSON'S "THE ISLE OF THE SHAMROCK."

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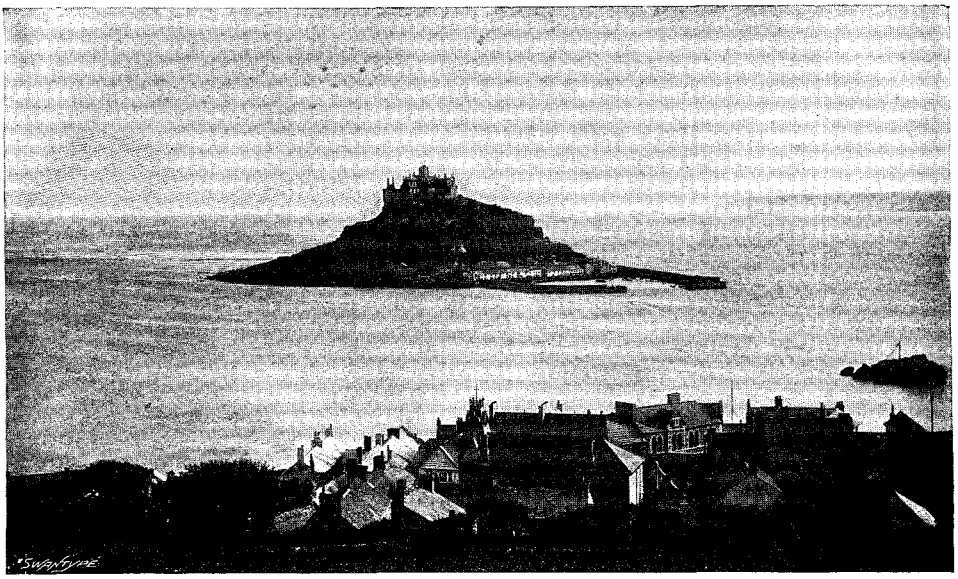

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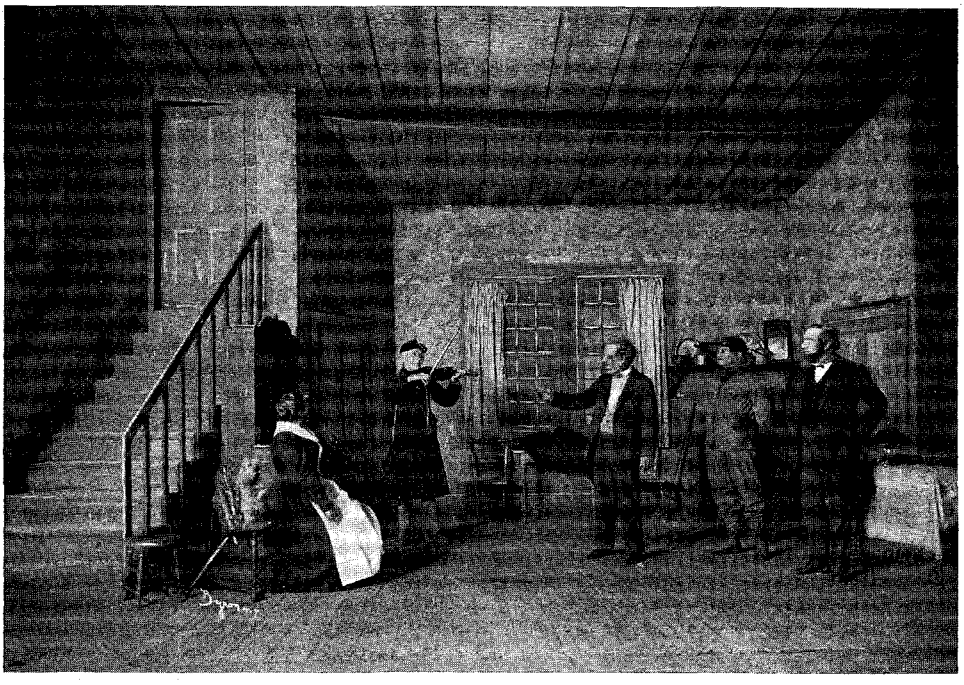
ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT AT HIGH WATER.

Because of this fact, we have admired without qualification the attitude and manner of the New York *Times* during the municipal campaign just ended. Such perfect fairness as marked the editorial pages of this journal during the whole contest is, perhaps, without precedent in the history of American journalism. While vigorously and ably supporting Mr. Low, the *Times* was not only just but



SCENE FROM "EBEN HOLDEN."

(*See "Drama of the Month."*)

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absolutely courteous to Mr. Shepard, and what is more, it printed as full reports of his speeches as of his competitor's, noting the applause whenever it was given, and not attempting to represent the Shepard meetings as funereal gatherings of dispirited hirelings. It is strange enough that the editors of our great newspapers do not see that this perfect fairness and courtesy to an opponent make one's arguments against him ten times as weighty and effective, and gave them a hearing from many who regard the usual newspaper slambanging with contemptuous amusement. The *Times* has attained in this respect to the high level of the best English journalism, and its readers have experienced the rare pleasure of finding in a daily newspaper advice and argument and information set forth in the manner that befits and indicates a gentleman.

❧

We present a portrait of Pauline Bradford Mackie, whose novel, *The Washingtonians,* is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

❧

The Suggestion of Jekyll and Hyde.

In Graham Balfour's *Life of Stevenson,* which has been recently published both here and in England, and widely discussed by the newspapers and literary journals of

PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

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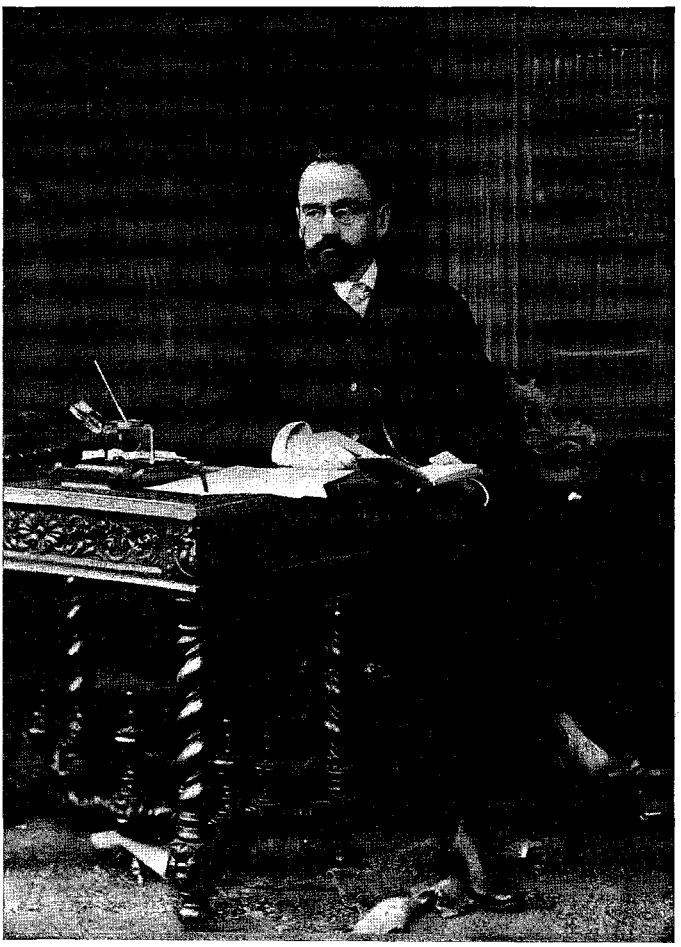

ÉMILE ZOLA.

(*See "In the Days of My Youth."*)

both countries, there is told the curious story of how *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* came to Stevenson in a dream. "A subject much in his thoughts at this time was the duality of man's nature and the alternation of good and evil; and he was for a long while casting about for a story to embody this central idea. Out of this frame of mind had come the sombre imagination of 'Markheim,' but that was not what he required. The true story still delayed, till suddenly one night he had a dream; he awoke, and found himself in possession of two, or rather three, of the scenes in *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Its waking existence, however, was by no means without incident. He dreamed these scenes in considerable detail, including the circumstance of the transforming powders, and so vivid was the impression, that he wrote the story off at a red heat, just as it had presented itself to him in his sleep."

Of this draft, Lloyd Osbourne has written: "I don't believe that there was ever such a literary feat before as the writing of *Dr. Jekyll.* I remember the first reading as though it were yesterday. Louis came down stairs in a fever; read nearly half the book aloud; and then, while we were still gasping, he was away again and busy writing. I doubt if the first draft took so long as three days." In the detailed criticism of the story which Mrs. Stevenson wrote, her chief objection was that it was really an allegory,

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whereas he had treated it purely as if it were a story. In the first draft, Dr. Jekyll's nature was thoroughly bad, and the Hyde change was worked only for the sake of a disguise. After reading the criticism Stevenson threw the whole manuscript in the fire. The story was written again in three days. The powder was condemned as too material an agency, but this he could not eliminate, because in the dream it had made so strong an impression upon him.

Stevenson and Bernard Shaw.

The English literary journals are taking considerable interest in the reprint of George Bernard Shaw's first book, *Cashel Byron's Profession.* An entertaining item in Mr. Shaw's preface is a portion of Robert Louis Stevenson's remarks on the novel. This was Stevenson's analysis of the book's composition:

Charles Reade	1 part
Henry James or some kindred author, badly assimilated	1 part
Disraeli (perhaps unconscious)	½ part
Struggling, overlaid original talent	1½ part
Blooming gaseous folly	1 part

That is the equation as it stands. What it may become, I don't know, nor any other man. *Vixere fortes*—O, let him remember that—let him beware of his damned century: his gifts of insane chivalry and animated narration are just those that might be slain and thrown out like an untimely birth by the Dæmon of the Epoch.

And if he only knew how I had enjoyed the chivalry! Bashville—O Bashville! *j'en chortle!* (which is finely polyglot).

"The Arabian Nights Entertainments."

Among a great number of new editions, there is one which we confess gives us a particular reminiscent thrill. It is a six-volume set of *The Arabian Nights Entertainments,* and as we turn over the pages and read the familiar names and listen to the wonderful old stories, we are whisked away to Bagdad and live again

> In the golden prime
> Of good Haroun-al-Raschid.

Somehow, in the text we find for a brief moment surcease of asphalt pavement and the blasting and drilling of the rapid transit subway and the clamour of the city streets and election echoes, and walk through mysterious caverns of Cathay in company with Aladdin and his Princess. All we have to do, figuratively speaking, is to rub the lamp. Sindbad the Sailor, Ali Baba and Morgiana, the King of the Black Islands, Noureddin and Bedreddin Hassan, all belong to the Land of the Enchanted Twilight.

Every one has read these marvellous tales, and yet very few, we think, know or care very much about their origin. To most of us they epitomise the East, its civilisation, its customs, its eating and drinking, its passion, its fatalism, its pomp, and its pageant. And in reality the East has changed very little. One need only go to Egypt or to Morocco. The West is there, the flags of Europe are flying from the sterns of the warships in the harbours or over the consulates, but rub away a little of the surface and the East is still the same. *The Arabian Nights Entertainments* dates back to a very early period. The generally accepted tradition of its origin is that the stories in their earliest form were written for the Princess Omai, who was the daughter of the Jewess Esther and Xerxes. The tales did not, however, emerge fully developed from their Persian or Indian original. One fact is indisputable, that in the ninth century a certain Abu Abdullah Mohammed al Gahshijari made a careful search in all Eastern lands and literatures for tales illustrative of Oriental life, and compiled four hundred and eighty of these stories, sufficient to extend over a thousand and one nights. Probably to this agency may be ascribed the introduction of those stories in which Haroun-al-Raschid figures. In the twelfth century the collection was brought to Cairo, where it was re-edited and enlarged. The stories were introduced to Europe in 1705 by Antoine Galland, a noted Orientalist of his day. Galland in his edition introduced ten fresh tales which he received from a native Christian of Aleppo. Among these tales were the stories of Aladdin and Ali Baba. From Galland's version all the earlier English translations were made.

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Hopkinson Smith and "Oliver Horn."

The publishers of *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn,* Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's new story, which began serially in the November number of *Scribner's Magazine,* have announced the book as "the author's own particular story, which though not autobiographical, is the most intimate and nearest story to his own life, and fullest of the things that lie within his own experience, breathing his own air, and inspired with his own hopes, aspirations, and endeavours." They further tell us that the principal part of the book deals with the life of an artist in New York, and so gives Mr. Smith the opportunity to picture the artistic and literary life of New York during the last thirty-five years. As an advertisement the note is an excellent one; as a matter of news we wish that they had not found analogies to the book in Dickens's *David Copperfield* and Thackeray's *Pendennis.*

❦

We confess to a very hearty admiration of and liking for all of Mr. Smith's work, and we are looking forward to reading *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn*—but not serially—with a great deal of interest. We are sure that it will not only prove a very interesting story, but that in it Mr. Smith will have a great many things to tell about his New York experiences that are well worth telling. Throughout his literary career he has always been doing this, and he has almost always been successful. As a matter of fact, this new story would seem to treat of the one side of his active career upon which he had not hitherto builded some work of fiction. As "Francis H. Smith, Contractor," he went over to Staten Island and helped build a sea wall for the Light House Department. What he saw and experienced there was told in *Tom Grogan,* a book which brought down upon his head the denunciation of the English critics upon the ground that certain conditions and episodes of the tale were flatly impossible. As was related in THE BOOKMAN about two years ago, the very incidents which called forth these protests were afterward paralleled with absolute exactitude in the case of one Polly MacGrail, a young woman in New Jersey who refused to join her fellow-workers in a strike. In the building of the Race Rock Lighthouse, in itself a notable achievement, Mr. Smith gathered the material for Caleb West, and to the old days of the Tile Club is owed much of the charm and atmosphere of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville.*

THE RECALL

An ancient ghost came up the way,
(The western way, the windy way,)
Across a world of land and sea,
With greeting from afar to me:

"Hast thou forgot the open way,
(The winding way, the wandering way,)
With freedom of strong sun and rain
To clear the roving heart of pain?

"Yet still the long roads greet the sun,
And glad wayfarers one by one
Follow the gold day down the west
That once made part of thy unrest.

"Hast thou forgot the ocean way,
(The thunderous way, the wondrous way,)
The fierce enchantment of the sea,
The memory, the mystery?

"Yet still the tall ships gather home
From tropic worlds beyond the foam,
And still the outbound steamers go
Down foreign seas thou once didst know.

"Hast thou forgot the forest way,
(The shady way, the silent way,)
The thin blue camp-smokes in the dawn,
The brave bright fires when night came on?

"Still the free forest glooms and shines
With moonlight on the silvered pines,
Although by hill and lonely shore
Their noiseless trails know thee no more."

So came an ancient ghost to me,
Idling beside a winter sea—
The lost familiar of my breast,
The spirit of the old unrest.

Frank Lillie Pollock.

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IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH

You wish me to tell you something about my earlier years. I doubt, however, whether there be anything of interest remaining to be told in that respect, for in one way or another I have put a great deal about my youth into my books—in writing which I have drawn, I think, as largely on my personal experiences, and even feelings, as any novelist has ever done. I have gone so far as to ascribe failings, whims, fads of my own to some of my personages when I have wished them to appear more or less ridiculous. And I have enjoyed at times a quiet laugh at the expense of some of my critics, when they have declared some character of mine to be anything but lifelike, since no man would have behaved as I have described that character behaving. This reproach has shown me how little some critics know of life and human nature, the doings of my character having simply been taken from doings of my own.

You will find some of my early foibles, some of my early restlessness, ascribed to Lazare Chanteau in *La Joie de Vivre,* and I will admit that I have penned a somewhat overflattering portrait of myself in my younger days in *L'Œuvre,* in which I figure under the name of Sandoz, and in which I have also sketched some of my personal friends. Here and there, too, in certain volumes, particularly *La Fortune des Rougon* and *La Conquête de Plassans,* I have described the surroundings of my boyhood in Southern France; while in other books, when I have wished to depict a man's early struggles, the sufferings of a sensitive nature contending against adversity, I have recalled the days of my own youth, and the desperate fight I waged at one time for a livelihood. Yet, when the autumn of life arrives and one looks back on those vanished days, they seem almost delightful. One of the great French actresses of the eighteenth century, the witty Sophie Arnould, summed up the feeling in a sentence which has remained famous. Somebody was speaking to her of her early years, and she replied, "Ah! that was the real good time! I was so very unhappy!"

It does not seem to me that my own childhood and youth were exactly unhappy; indeed, I can remember many and many a bright day; but it is certain that my life—or, rather, my manhood—began anything but auspiciously. I was born in Paris, in a narrow little street, the Rue St. Joseph, running out of the Rue Montmartre. This Rue St. Joseph had once been called the Rue du Temps Perdu—the Street of Lost Time—a name which no etymologist has ever been able to explain, but which I heard of when I was young, and which impressed itself on my mind, and in after years helped me to understand, perhaps, that time was very valuable and ought never to be lost, otherwise wasted.

At the corner of the Rue St. Joseph there was a market, which, like the street itself, occupied a part of the site of an ancient graveyard, where both Molière and Lafontaine were buried. In a new house built above that graveyard, perhaps over the very spot where those famous men once rested—their tombs had been removed to Père Lachaise—I came into the world at eleven o'clock on the evening of April 2, 1840.

Some of my biographers have pointed out, as a kind of coincidence, that the Rue St. Joseph is nowadays all newspaper offices and publishing shops. But I do not think this was the case at the time of my birth. In Louis Philippe's reign the newspaper trade of Paris was carried on in and about the Rue de la Victoire, as is mentioned in several books of the period. Still, as I, in the course of time, took to the calling of a journalist and author, it is, perhaps, something of a coincidence that the street where I first saw the light should have become a centre for the publishing of newspapers and books.

At the time of my birth, my father, Francesco Zola, was forty-four years old. He had married my mother, Françoise-Émilie Aubert, who was four and twenty years his junior, a twelvemonth previously. My parents gave me four Christian names—my father himself had a like number—and thus, in official documents, I am designated as Émile Édouard Charles Antoine Zola; though I have never used any but the first of those names, which recalls the one by which my father usually addressed my mother.

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She belonged to a family of Dourdan, on the confines of the region of La Beauce, where I have laid the scene of my novel *La Terre*. But it was in Paris that my father met and married her. He first noticed her as she was coming out of church; and her beauty and charm did the rest; he did not marry her for the sake of a portion, since she had none.

He, my father, a very clever man, of high scientific attainments and an accomplished linguist, speaking Italian, French and German fluently, belonged to a Venetian family. Both his father and his grandfather had served the last Doges as officers. His mother was a Greek, born in the island of Corfu; and thus I have Greek as well as Italian and French blood in my veins. After Napoleon I. had made himself King of Italy my father became an artillery officer in the army of the Viceroy, Prince Eugène Beauharnais; and when Venetia fell to the share of Austria, he passed with his regiment into the service of the latter power. In 1820 he resigned his commission to become a civil engineer, in which capacity he co-operated in the laying down of the first railway line—such as we now understand the word railway—ever constructed in Continental Europe. He also travelled in Germany, Holland and England; and in 1831 he re-entered the French service as a lieutenant in the Foreign Legation stationed in Algeria. I need not enter into the abominable charges in connection with the Foreign Legion, which were falsely brought against him, at the time of the Dreyfus case, with the object of injuring both me and the unhappy martyr of Devil's Island. It is sufficient to mention that my father resigned his commission toward the end of 1832, and came to France, where he again began to practise as a civil engineer.

At that time the question of creating a new port at Marseilles had come to the front, and my father had a great plan of his own, which, unfortunately for the city, was not adopted, but which kept him busy for several years. Ultimately, he turned to another scheme, that of constructing a canal to provide the city of Aix in Provence with water, for its inhabitants were virtually dying of thirst in the midst of a scorched plain, whence the hot sun of the south had extracted well-nigh every available drop of moisture. In connection with this canal scheme, in which my father was backed up by Thiers and Mignet, the well-known historian, he made many journeys to Paris, and this accounts for his meeting my mother there.

I was about three years old when my parents took me to live at Aix. First of all we resided on the Cours Ste. Anne, and then in the Impasse Sylvacanne, in a house previously occupied by Thiers and his parents, at the time when he and Mignet were studying at the Aix Law School. But after a while my father's affairs, principally the opposition which several landowners, and notably the Prince de Martigues—otherwise the Marquis de Galliffet, father of the present general of that name—offered to his canal scheme, compelled him to return once more to Paris, where we lived till I was half-way through my seventh year. Then we again returned to Aix, and I was barely seven when my father suddenly died at Marseilles of pleurisy, contracted while watching his workmen. His body was embalmed and brought to Aix, and I can still picture myself, a pale little lad, walking at the head of the long procession, through the streets crowded with people, who had come to pay their last respects to the remains of their benefactor. For the canal he had begun was eventually finished, and has always been known in the region as the "Canal Zola."

It was in March, 1847, that my father died. My mother was still young and inexperienced, and her means were very slender, for my father had lived in a comfortable style, without thought of saving money. My mother relied chiefly on certain claims with respect to the work he had initiated and begun. Her parents lived with us. Her father, a retired tradesman, was very aged, however, and did nothing. But her mother, a cheerful, sturdy, sensible Beauceronne, was still very active in spite of her seventy years, and did much to keep our home together. Several lawsuits were instituted with respect to our claims, and amid a thousand worries, of which at first I knew little, I grew up for awhile in freedom and idleness, spending most of my time in the large garden of our house. At last I was sent to a little school called

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the Pension Notre-Dame, where I first learned to read and write, though I was by no means regular in my attendance, particularly as we now went to live out of the town, at Pont-de-Beraud, where I found myself in the midst of fields, through which I often wandered, unconsciously acquiring an intense love for Nature. At that time I had two companions, as fond of playing the truant as I was myself; one, Solari, became a sculptor, and some incidents of his career suggested a few passages in my novel *L'Œuvre;* the other was Marius Roux, afterward a journalist and novelist.

In 1852, however, when nearly twelve years old, I was sent to the college of Aix, first as a boarder, then as a day-pupil, my mother and my grandparents returning to live in the town. And at the college I certainly endeavoured to do my best. My mother and grandmother had taken me more and more into their confidence as I grew up, acquainting me with their many worries; and, besides, I could see for myself that the poverty of our home was always increasing, and that I should some day be entirely dependent on my own efforts. Thus I at last began to study diligently. I obtained five prizes at the end of my first year, and a few years later, when I had reached the third form, I carried off all the first prizes allotted to it. Yet I was not what is called a bright lad; I was simply a plodding worker, intent on doing my lessons before I went to play. But judging my boyhood by my after life, I perhaps made one little mistake. On being called upon to choose between the study of Letters and that of Science, I selected the latter, influenced by my hatred of Greek and Latin—or rather of the manner in which those languages were taught—and attracted, not toward mathematics, but toward what are called the natural sciences. Yet my real bent was already asserting itself; for while I was at college I wrote a romance of the Middle Ages, a comedy, and a large number of verses. I also made new friendships there, one of my chums being Cézanne, the painter, and another, Baille, who afterward became a professor. We three were constantly together, and engaged side by side in many a stone-throwing battle with the town lads, between whom and the college pupils there was always a desperate feud. Another friend of mine was a lawyer's son, who had a great passion for music, which I shared. A band was formed, in which he played the *cornet-à-piston,* while I chose the clarinet. And I remember that one year I marched through Aix playing my instrument in a grand procession formed of the civil, military and ecclesiastical authorities. Perhaps that was the strangest thing that I have ever done.

But my love for the country and Nature was asserting itself; and in the company of Baille and Cézanne I spent long hours—even days during the vacations—in roaming through the district around Aix. We bathed and fished in the river, sought out wooded ravines, cooked provisions that we had brought with us, ate and rested, read the poetry of Hugo and Musset, and composed verses of our own. But the circumstances of my mother and my grandparents at last became desperate. We had removed from house to house, ever on the look-out for cheaper and cheaper quarters, and we were at last reduced to two wretched rooms at the corner of the Rue Mazarine. It was there that my brave and active grandmother died, early in the winter of 1857. Nearly all our furniture had been sold, and the lawsuits on which we depended to retrieve our position were interrupted, as we could no longer provide the lawyers with money to carry them on. My mother, therefore, went to Paris to seek the help of some of my father's former protectors; and one day in February, 1858, I received from her a letter telling me to sell the little furniture remaining to us, and to bring my poor old grandfather with me to Paris. Thus was a somewhat careless, happy-go-lucky period of my life—a life in which climate and surroundings offered some compensation for penury—suddenly brought to an end.

I was nearly eighteen when I returned to Paris to live with my mother and grandfather in the Quartier Latin. Maître Labot, an advocate at the Council of State, one of my father's very best friends, who had delivered a speech in praise of his work at his graveside, recommended me to M. Nisard, the famous professor and critic, and director

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of the École Normale, through whose intervention I obtained free admission to the Lycée Saint Louis, where I passed through both the second and the Rhetoric forms, leading almost a lonely life among all my schoolfellows, for I greatly regretted Provence and my friends there, and was saddened, almost soured, by my family misfortunes and bitter poverty. At Aix I had been fairly successful in my class-work, but at Saint Louis it was chiefly in French composition that I distinguished myself. However, after my first holidays I fell ill, and brain fever supervening, nearly carried me off. I have often thought that this fever largely influenced my nature and after-life, producing, perhaps, some modification of my brain, and even tending to a development of certain talents. At the same time I must confess that when, ten months afterward, I went up for my examination for a bachelor's degree, while succeeding, to my amazement, in the written part of it—notably as regards physics, chemistry, and natural history, in which I secured very high marks, and even very good ones in mathematics, algebra and trigonometry—I utterly collapsed in the literary and *viva-voce* portion, as has often been recorded by those who have written about me. The examiners in science were all in my favour; those in literature were all against me; and it was for "insufficiency in literature" that I, who have since devoted myself to a literary life, was "plucked."

It was a great disappointment, for, if I had passed, many a position would have been open to me, and I was anxious to acquire one in order to support my mother. I recovered some of my spirits, however, during the ensuing holidays, which I spent in Provence, and I afterward made a second attempt to secure my degree, this time at Marseilles. But again I failed, even worse than before, for I did not even pass the written examination. When I returned to Paris I did not resume my studies. My poor mother's resources were well-nigh exhausted, and it was necessary for me to earn my living as best I could. Maître Labot ended by obtaining for me a petty clerkship at an office in the Rue da la Douane, where I was paid sixty francs a month; but I only kept the post for two months, after which I began a life of dreadful want, of borrowings and debts, hunger and shabbiness, when I often had but one meal in the twenty-four hours, and that meal two sous' worth of bread and two sous' worth of cheese, or perhaps a few fried potatoes or some apples, or roast chestnuts bought at a street corner. And unable to obtain regular employment anywhere, mortified by constant repulses, robbed for a time of youthful confidence by my failures at my examinations, I led that life for two long years, ever wearing the one frayed coat that remained to me, a coat which was at first black, but which in course of time became green and then almost yellow.

I never see a beggar in the streets nowadays in one of those tattered old coats which the sunshine and the rain have discoloured without thinking of my twentieth year. And yet, as I said before, youth—even hungry youth—is a happy time. If I did not find food for the stomach, I found it for the mind; for when I was not seeking work or exploring the banks of the Bièvre or the plain of Ivry, I roamed the quays of Paris, reading the second-hand books which scores of dealers set out for sale in little boxes on the parapets. Those boxes constituted my free library, and when I returned home I wrote — chiefly verses—for literary aspirations now came strongly upon me, casting my former scientific predilections into the background: and I imagined that I should some day become a great poet, a Milton, or rather one of the Lucretian school, for I dreamed of writing a huge epic on the Creation and the march of humanity through the centuries. It was a grandiose conception, just suited to the exuberant imagination of one's twenty-first year when one can find no regular work and very little daily bread. At all events, I resented the verdict of my examiners, and was resolved to show the world that my insufficiency in literature was not so great as had been imagined. After a time, fortunately, when our few sticks and the bulk of our wardrobes had gone to the pawnshops or the dealers, some little provision was made by friends for my poor mother, who was placed in a boarding-house, while for my part I

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lived in all sorts of dens and attics of the Quartier Latin. For a time even I lodged in a kind of glass cage or observatory, said to have been tenanted by Bernardin de St. Pierre, whose once famous *Paul and Virginia,* the delight of the sentimental girls of another generation, is now well-nigh forgotten. I was there joined by my friend Cézanne, whose arrival from Provence inspirited me. He and I hoped to conquer Paris together; he would be its great painter and I its great poet, and all our penury left us undismayed. Cézanne possessed some little means, but he often found his purse as empty as my own.

It was at this time that I renounced smoking, a habit in which I had indulged but little, on account of its expensiveness. And the money which might have served me for tobacco went to buy candles, in order that I might work far into the night, cudgelling my brain for poetic rhymes. At times, however, there was not even money enough for a tallow dip, and then Cézanne and I would sit in our observatory, chatting and planning the conquest of Paris by the pale light of the moon and stars.

But I also remember a horrid lodging-house of the Rue Soufflot, where I found myself stranded for a time among students and *grisettes,* to say nothing of arrant hussies and their bullies—a house where scandalous orgies alternated with free fights, and where the police made frequent brutal raids. Some of my biographers, writing of my novel *Nana,* have said that I knew nothing of Paris vice until I made certain inquiries before penning that book, with the object of exposing and denouncing one of the great evils of our social system. But they are quite mistaken. By force of circumstances I had elbowed and observed vice many a time in my early manhood, and living largely among impecunious students, I had known more than one *grisette,* and had even felt the touch of early, wayward love. It was that, indeed, which helped me to write *Les Contes à Ninon.*

But I grew weary of Bohemia, the pawnshop and starvation; and at last, in 1862, recommended by Dr. Boudet, an eminent scientist, I luckily entered Messrs. Hachette's house at the princely salary of 100 francs a month. At first, it is quite true, I simply tied up parcels there; but I was soon promoted to the advertising department, in connection with which I had to deal with the reviews of the books which the firm published. Taine and Edmond About, Prévost-Parodal and other well-known authors often came to me to ascertain what had been written about them in the newspapers; and we occasionally chatted together when they had read the "cuttings" I handed to them.

But I was too timid to speak to them of my own literary aspirations, though I was now writing in real earnest. I spent all my evenings indeed in composing short stories, one of them, "La Fée Amoureuse," being published in an Aix newspaper, while others appeared a little later in a review issued at Lille. Now that I had settled down, as it were, having a very small regular income to rely upon, I had again taken my mother to live with me—for that was my first duty—and Baille, as well as Cézanne, having come to Paris with Roux and Valabrègue, the poet—curiously enough related to the Dreyfus family—life became more pleasant for me, though during long years I was ever battling with pecuniary difficulties, striving to keep the little home which I gradually got together from the clutches of the process-servers and bailiffs.

It has often been related that I offered my first literary work to M. Hachette, who refused it. Through M. Hetzel, however, Lacroix published *Les Contes à Ninon;* but they brought me in no money, not a cent until long afterward, when they were transferred to my friend Charpentier. Still they at least helped me to make my name known. Meantime, I wrote a few articles for the *Petit Journal,* some stories for the *Vie Parisienne,* and some critical and artistic papers for the *Salut Public,* then one of the leading journals of Lyons. These I afterward collected in a volume called *Mes Haines,* at the end of which will be found my Salon articles published in the *Evènement,* which first brought me notoriety and obloquy in Paris. At the same time I finished *La Confession de Claude,* my first story of any length, and severed my connection with Hachette's in order to devote myself entirely to literary pursuits, in which I

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hoped to succeed by dint of energy and perseverance.

I was encouraged to take this course by securing some regular work on the *Evènement* newspaper—a column of literary gossip called "Books of To-day and To-morrow," for which Villemessant, the manager, to my delight and amazement, at first paid me 500 francs a month. I had approached him through meeting his son-in-law, Bourdin, at Hachette's; and he was so well satisfied with what I did that he afterward allowed me to write those Salon articles which ruffled all the dove-cots of artistic Paris—for in them I championed Manet and the open-air school, to the intense horror of all the old painters and the great delight of most of the young ones. As I have said, those articles made me notorious, at least in certain sets. I was known and hated as a revolutionary art critic before I received any recognition, either in the form of praise or of insult, as a novelist.

The Salon articles appeared in 1865, when I was in my twenty-sixth year. My youth was then quite over. I was in the very midst of the battle of life. I wasted my hours no more. The memory of the Street of Lost Time, where I was born, returned to me, and my every moment found employment. But the earlier days which I had spent in roaming and in dreaming had not really been wasted. Some had given me a love for Nature, others had inclined me to thoughtfulness, speculation, and study, which ultimately proved very useful to me. Even my passage through Bohemia had not been without its fruit. It is to that, assuredly, that I must ascribe any tolerance and charity that I have been able to show toward those who fall by the wayside, any sympathy that I have extended to the poor and suffering in my writings. I had lived among them, I knew the meaning of the word "want"; and the germs of rebellion against a most cruel and most iniquitous social system were already within me. Time and circumstances afterward allowed me to expose and denounce that system, bit by bit, in many books; for when all is said my works are undoubtedly a denunciation of a civilisation reared upon superstition and tyranny.

I did not harness myself to that great task until I took the Rougon-Macquart novels in hand. Before then I wrote *Thérèse Raquin,* which I originally sold for six hundred francs. Also *Le Vœu d'une Morte,* which I never really finished; for it displeased me as much as it displeased those who read it in serial instalments. Then, too, there was *Madeleine Férat,* and the *Mystères de Marseilles,* and sundry plays, which were taken at times from my books, and at others were original work. And I also wrote many literary and critical and biographical articles, now for French papers, now for a Russian review; to say nothing of numerous short stories, so that my time became very fully occupied. But it was only in May, 1869, when I was eight and twenty, with eight published volumes behind me, that I really took up my life work, with the Rougon-Macquart Series—*L'Assommoir, Germinal, Nana, La Débâcle,* and all the others. That series formed the first phase of my work. The second was represented by the series called The Three Cities; while the third progresses with the series which I have now in hand, of which *Fécondité* ("Fruitfulness"), and *Travail* ("Labour"), formed the first instalments, to be followed next year, I hope, by *Vérité* ("Truth") and ultimately by *Justice.* As for the Dreyfus case, that, so far as concerns my part in it, was simply an incident—a great one, no doubt—in my career. As I have often pointed out, I am not a politician. I am a literary man; and if political and social questions figure at times very largely in my books, it is because I have been struck, as a mere observer, by much of the injustice and degradation of the times, and because I long, as a man, for the advent of more equity and happiness among my fellow-beings.

Émile Zola.

(Translated by *Ernest A. Vizetelly.*)

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WRITERS OF JUVENILE FICTION

When we consider that children have existed on this earth for six thousand years more or less, and literature has known an existence of perhaps three thousand years, it does seem strange that until within the last two centuries a children's literature was unknown.

Of course the folk-tales of all nations have been told to children of all ages, but these were neither in matter nor manner distinctively juvenile, and the same may be said of *Æsop's Fables.*

The traditional nursery rhymes of England, which afterward developed into *Mother Goose's Melodies,* commenced in the third century A.D., and had more or less of an underlying political sentiment, being probably the sportive productions of able writers, who felt it beneath their dignity to acknowledge the authorship.

But as these jingles were used merely as lullabies or infant games, they can only be regarded as the beginnings of their particular branch of juvenile literature. Children's books as such, though of course the "horn-books" were of older date, were perhaps first known during the reign of Queen Anne, when a *Play-book for Children* was printed in 1703. But omitting mention of a few sporadic attempts at various times, the first real children's books for real children were doubtless published in England by John Newbery in the middle of the eighteenth century.

In 1751 he was "becoming widely known as a publisher of children's books," and from 1755 to 1767 large numbers of his juvenile wares are said to have been sold.

In contrast to the "chap-books" previously printed, but which were not even stitched, Mr. Newbery's books were bound in a "flowery and gilt binding," which, though now extinct, is said to have been elaborate and beautiful. These early books were invariably anonymous, and many of them were doubtless written by John Newbery himself. Oliver Goldsmith, who was a great friend of the publisher, and who was usually in sore financial straits, also wrote several small volumes with a view to increasing his income.

Goody Two-Shoes is attributed on good evidence to Goldsmith, as is also *Giles Gingerbread.*

The publishing business was later carried on by Francis Newbery, son of the founder, and among the many titles on

Out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field. Gen. ii. 19.

NEW-YORK
PRINTED AND SOLD BY SAMUEL WOOD,
At the Juvenile Book-Store,
No 357, Pearl-street.

1812.

And God made every thing that creepeth upon the earth. Gen. 1. 25.

NEW YORK:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY SAMUEL WOOD,
At the Juvenile Book-Store,
No. 357, Pearl-street.

1812.

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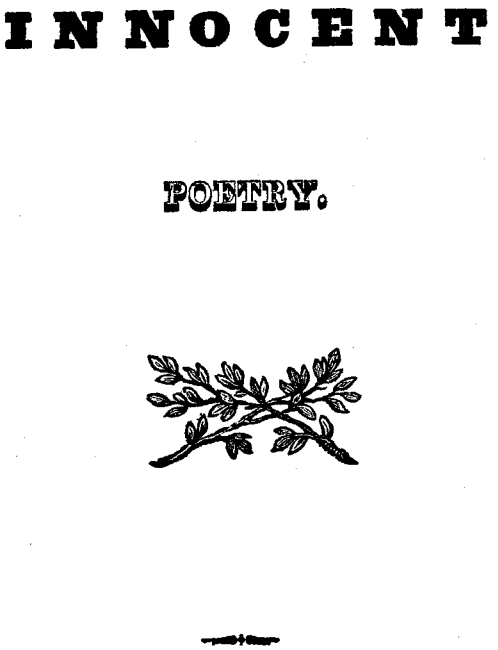
INNOCENT

POETRY.

New-York:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL WOOD & SONS,
No. 261, Pearl-street;
AND SAMUEL S. WOOD & CO.
No. 212, Market-street,
Baltimore.

their list may be mentioned these: *Mother Goose's Tales, Pretty Book of Pictures, Little Pretty Plaything, Little Pretty Pocketbook for Children, Blossoms of Morality, Twelfth-day Gift, New Year's Gift, Valentine's Gift.*

The Newberys were succeeded by one J. Harris, who continued publishing at the same shop, corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

Two of their books, *The Daisy* and *The Cowslip,* published, respectively, in 1807 and 1811, have recently been reprinted in London and New York, and are exceedingly quaint and interesting.

It was at about the time of their publication that children's books first appeared in America.

Excluding the *New England Primer* as coming under the head of school-books, and not juvenile fiction, we may look upon Mr. Samuel Wood, of New York, as the pioneer printer of children's books in America. *The Snowdrop,* published by Samuel Wood and Sons, 261 Pearl Street, is exactly similar in scope and style to *The Daisy* and *The Cowslip,* and was doubtless a result of the English books. Another volume, called *Innocent Poetry,* contains this frank, if ambiguously worded, preface: "The following pages are the Production of two Young Females, whose duty to an aged and infirm Parent induced them to assign to the trifling Profits arising therefrom to her Assistance and precarious support. . . . Should the whole be found adapted for the instruction of Youth, the Author's ideas will be confirmed, the aged Parent assisted and the End answered."

Another book of verse is called *Ditties for Children,* by A Lady of Boston. Among these exceedingly admonitory ditties are "The Little Liar" and "The Little Thief."

But though the authors had their own grim ideas of teaching youthful morality, Mr. Samuel Wood himself was a most kind and genial man. Besides advertising that it was his pleasure "to furnish good little Boys and Girls with pretty little books with neat cuts," it was his custom to stand by the steamboats and sloops as they arrived at the docks with his pockets full of his little books, which he dispensed to the children as they arrived.

The contrast between these tiny, old-fashioned volumes, the first-fruits of an impulse in the right direction, and the present abundant outcome of that impulse shows a finer and more rapid development than may be found in any other class of literature. The library of a child of to-day might easily contain a thousand volumes, all of literary merit and sterling worth.

For though Isaac Watts said in the eighteenth century, "Some of my friends imagine my time is employed in too mean a service while I write for babes," yet no enlightened mind of the present day considers time meanly employed in writing for children.

Not only does it please some of our best writers to do this work, but much juvenile literature is and will always remain among the classics. Discarding chronological order, a subject-catalogue of the children's books of to-day might appropriately begin with books devoted strictly to moral teaching.

But this class is small, for our authors

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soon discovered that example is better than precept, and the average child must have his morals sugar-coated if he is to assimilate them.

Maria Edgeworth's *Moral Tales* were the primitive form of what later blossomed out into Jacob Abbott's *Rollo* and *Lucy* books and Mrs. Ewing's immortal stories.

A prominent example of judicious sugar-coating is seen in historical juveniles, which are as voraciously devoured by the young people as historical novels are by their elders.

Foremost among these writers is Elbridge S. Brooks, whose stories combine history and fiction so happily that even the young readers themselves cannot tell whether they are more entertained or instructed.

G. A. Henty is another favourite author who writes with one eye on his theme and the other on his audience, and his phenomenal yearly output of books is eagerly looked for by the juvenile reading public.

Charles C. Coffin, whose keynote is the drum-beat of patriotism rather than gory fight, confines his field to our own country.

Other historical story-tellers whose books are dear to the hearts of their boy readers are Everett T. Tomlinson, Edward Stratemeyer, Hezekiah Butterworth and George Cary Eggleston. John Bennett's *Master Skylark* and *The Story of Barnaby Lee* are fine examples of the best type of historical juveniles.

Stories of adventure which are purely fictional are even more numerous than those with an historical basis. Mayne Reid achieved a wonderful popularity in this field, which has, however, decreased of late years, owing, no doubt, to the enormous output of more modern books of adventure. Mayne Reid's stories were largely pervaded with an element of natural history, and this is true to an even greater extent of the books of Paul du Chaillu, while Jules Verne's thrilling romances reached the heights of improbability.

Sea tales of adventure are written at their best by James Fenimore Cooper; but more distinctly with juvenile intent are the stories of W. H. G. Kingston, Harry Collingwood and Molly Elliott Seawell.

THE

SNOW DROP.

NEW YORK:

Published by Samuel Wood & Sons,

No. 261 PEARL-STREET.

Edward S. Ellis's stories are of hunting and Indians, with their attending exciting adventures, while Harry Castlemon's books treat of sports in forest and stream.

George Manville Fenn writes thrilling tales of distant lands, and among English boys is considered next in popularity to Henty.

Adventurous travels are described by Thomas W. Knox and Kirk Munro, and dashing deeds of warrior bravery are triumphs of Gordon Stables's pen.

Perhaps a slightly younger audience is appealed to by William O. Stoddard, James Otis and J. T. Trowbridge, whose stories are full of innocent boyish fun.

And with tales of adventure we must perforce include the classics beloved by every sane-minded boy, and girl too, for that matter, *Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson* and *The Adventures of Don Quixote.* And though not always classed with juvenile fiction, we must mention right here Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped.*

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Besides books of strictly thrilling adventures, there are many books written especially for boys.

Of these the most prolific and perhaps best-known writer is "Oliver Optic," pen-name for William T. Adams. His books number over one hundred, and though now considered slightly old-fashioned, they are strong, clean and interesting. Though largely devoted to soldiers and sailors, yet they include also railroad stories, explorations and foreign travel.

A close second to "Oliver Optic," in the opinion of most boys, is Horatio Alger. His books teach bravery, courage and pluck through the medium of such characters as newsboys, shoeblacks, match-sellers and luggage boys, who almost invariably rise to fame and fortune by their own persevering efforts.

W. L. Alden is a very successful writer of boys' stories, and shows in all his books a fine humour and a close acquaintance with the boyish character.

Noah Brooks and Horace E. Scudder are also favourites.

Howard Pyle is an equally graceful writer and artist, and is at home in a tale of piratical adventure or a whimsical fairy story.

R. M. Ballantyne writes wholesome books, many of them dealing with life at the posts of the Hudson Bay Company.

Besides writing a number of juvenile books, Edward Everett Hale edited an important series of Stories for Boys.

Among the younger writers of to-day is Rupert Hughes, whose *Lakerim Dozen* of athletes is the admiration of all school and college boys. Of classics in this division may be mentioned Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown's School Days* and *Tom Brown at Oxford,* while our own countryman, Mark Twain, has given us *Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn.*

For some inexplicable reason girls' books are far fewer than boys'. Doubtless in every true-hearted girls' list of favourite authors Louisa M. Alcott is easily first, and *Little Women* is the most widely read of her books. *Little Men, An Old-Fashioned Girl* and *Jo's Boys* come next, and after those her short sketches.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge must come next, for what stories are better than *Hans Brinker* and *Donald and Dorothy?* Then Susan Coolidge, with her delightful *"Katy"* books, and Laura E. Richards, with her all-too-short stories of children. Kate Douglas Wiggin writes with a quaint wit that is altogether charming, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is helpful without being prosy. Elizabeth W. Champney and Lucy C. Lillie write wholesome and acceptable stories, the former of travels, the latter of domestic life, while a slightly different audience waits breathlessly for the latest new books of Martha Finley, Pansy, and Jennie M. Drinkwater.

Slightly older than these, as to their readers, are the ever-popular books of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and much older, from a chronological point of view, are the books of Susan Warner. But *Faith Gartney's Girlhood* and the *Wide, Wide World* will doubtless be read so long as there is a girl reader left on earth.

A large and, of late, a growing class of children's books are those which treat of

THE SNOW BIRDS.

Come, sweet little Snow-birds, and pick up the snow,
Which in plenty has fallen to-day;
Before the south wind begins softly to blow,
And melt all your treasure away.

Come, muster a flock, and descend to the ground,
Pray, little birds, don't be affrighted;
We'll be still as we can, while you scramble around,
And gaze through the window delighted.

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animals. Not as mere natural history, but stories in which animals are represented as having human traits and emotions, and sometimes human language.

Greatest among these are Kipling's *Jungle Books,* and their greatness lies, partly at least, in the fact that the human elements in animal nature are truly and faithfully portrayed.

Next are Ernest Seton-Thompson's *Wild Animals I Have Known* and *Autobiography of a Grizzly.* The innate value of these depends on the same qualities that are shown in Kipling's books, though the treatment greatly differs. *In the Heart of the Ancient Wood,* by Charles G. D. Roberts, though not distinctively a child's story, is in similar vein to the stories of *The Jungle Books,* and in many respects quite worthy to be compared. Other books dearly beloved by children who are fond of animals are Dr. John Brown's *Rab and His Friends* and Alfred Ollivant's *Bob, Son of Battle.* In these the human note is not so greatly accented, and the animals have only so much reason and sentiment as is accorded by Nature to the brute creation.

Beautiful Joe, by Marshall Saunders, and *Black Beauty,* by Anna Sewell, are stories written with the purpose of promoting kindness to animals, and both have met with the success and popularity they so richly deserve.

From a facetious standpoint animals are inimitably personified by Joel Chandler Harris, whose *Uncle Remus* stories are marvels of darkey wit and dialect. Of late, too, there has been a flood of frivolous story-books, most of them in verse, whose caricatures of animals, both in text and illustrations, are undeniably funny, but which are so trifling and ephemeral as to be unworthy of literary consideration.

Among children of the best-regulated minds, fairy tales hold a prominent position. These, of course, are handed down from time immemorial, and modern children know them only in translations, adaptations and collections.

Hans Andersen, the brothers Grimm and Edward Laboulaye are the noted authors of this class of books, and the *Arabian Nights,* though, perhaps, less popular, is included with the standard fairy tales.

Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mr. Joseph Jacobs have made admirable collections of old fairy stories, but Mr. Andrew Lang's multi-coloured books doubtless represent the most exhaustive compilation. It is a little curious that so few modern fairy stories of real value are written. Frank R. Stockton's *Ting-a-Ling Tales* are almost alone in their class.

But closely allied are the Nonsense books. Though these do not appeal to all children, yet the young people who do care for them usually care for them very much. The greatest names in this class of authors are Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) and Edward Lear.

The former is doubtless more widely known, and *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* are nursery classics. The *Sylvie and Bruno* books,

FIRST STORY.

SECOND STORY.

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garden on his back. This, and many other playful actions, gained him the notice of the whole family; and many a caress, and many a dainty morsel did Trusty get from the servants, who were all fond of little James.

One day as James was returning from school, attended as usual, by his faithful companion, he took his way through a field, as being more pleasant than the

dusty road. Now in this field had been turned a bull, of a very vicious temper, which was quite unknown to James, or he would not have ventured that way. Unfortunately for him, he took up a stone, and threw it a distance, that Trusty might seek it, when it chanced to hit the bull, which, roused to anger, ran furiously at James, and would most likely have injured him severely, had not his

though less popular, are charming stories, and Lewis Carroll's poetical works are true poetry and perfect nonsense.

Edward Lear is quite as good a nonsense-writer as Lewis Carroll, though differing in scope and style. Most of Mr. Lear's work is in absurd verse, nonsensical alike in manner and matter. His prose, too, is exquisitely funny, and it is surprising to observe how few children are familiar with the story of *The Four Little Children Who Went Round the World.* The humour of Mr. Lear's books is greatly enhanced by his nonsense pictures, which, though they look like the productions of a childish pencil, are really the work of an artist.

The imitators of Lewis Carroll, or rather, we should say, the books in imitation of *Alice in Wonderland,* are legion. Especially during the last decade they have sprung up all over the country, and, as a rule, are flat, stale and unprofitable. An exception may be made in favour of Charles E. Carryl, whose *Davy and the Goblin* is quaint and humoursome. Albert Lee's *Tommy Toddles* is also attractive, and many others of this sort might be more leniently judged did they not invite comparison with a masterpiece.

Charles Kingsley's *Water Babies* is a beautiful nonsense book of an original and so far unique type, and Lucretia P. Hale's *Peterkin Papers* is an inimitable nonsense recital. Baron Munchausen's *Adventures* and Dean Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* are, of course, nonsense, though not in the strict literary sense.

The class of juvenile poetry is not a large one. Between infantile jingles on one hand and real poems on the other there is only a small field for juvenile verse-writers. But the names, though few, are well known, and the list may be gracefully begun with Oliver Herford. His verses for children are true lyrics, and combine wit and beauty with the real child-spirit. His animal verses, too, are wonderfully clever, and appeal to children of all ages.

Laura E. Richards is another child's poet, and her verses are among the best.

Mary Mapes Dodge's jingles are surpassed by none, and they have the somewhat unusual quality of always being technically correct, as well as the embodiment of a true and beautiful thought.

Virginia Woodward Cloud and Margaret Vandegrift write delightful jingles, and the list of this class of writers is rapidly growing.

Another type of child-verse is that of Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley, and this is, perhaps, brought nearest to perfection in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses.*

In a class by itself must be mentioned Palmer Cox's work, for though the ever-popular *Brownie* books have had many

THE

NEW YORK

PRECEPTOR;

OR

THIRD BOOK.

"'Tis education forms the youthful mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

New-York:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY SAMUEL WOOD,
AT THE JUVENILE BOOK-STORE,
NO. 362, PEARL-STREET,

1809.

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imitators, none is worthy of even a passing notice. But the best of modern child-verse is scattered through our papers and magazines, and therefore only to be found permanently in compilations, of which there are many excellent volumes.

Then there are books for children who can scarcely be called juvenile because they have not quite left off being infantile. These books appear in bewildering variety at the holiday season, and are always in great demand. Standards of this sort are Sophie May's dear little books, and Margaret Sidney's *Pepper* stories. Of a more modern spirit are Gertrude Smith's *Arabella and Araminta* stories, and perhaps in this class may be placed Mrs. Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, though that book will never lack for readers both old and young. *Struwwelpeter* in various editions is always with us, and its modern prototype, Gelett Burgess's *Goops and How to be Them*, cleverly embodies the same teaching of correct manners for infants.

A class of books that may or may not be included in Juvenile Fiction is the kind that are written ostensibly for children, but really appeal far more to their elders. Of these, Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age* is one of the best. No better or truer picture of child-life, abounding in fun and humour, could be imagined, and yet the book is not for children.

Another delightful book of this sort is Chester Bailey Fernald's *The Cat and the Cherub*, or rather, the first two stories in that volume. The funny yet pathetic Chinese baby is a joy to read about, and the local colour is entirely unhackneyed. Mrs. Wiggin's *Timothy's Quest* doubtless belongs in this class, for the elders appreciate better the experiences of Timothy and Lady Gay than even a thoughtful child could, and the humour of children's speeches and actions is often unconscious, and so above the heads of child readers. Kipling's *Wee Willie Winkie* and *His Majesty the King* are rarely cared for by little ones, but to many of us they rank as high as his best *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

Laura E. Richards, too, writes somewhat in this sort, and it is indeed a hard heart that cannot be touched by *Captain January* and *Snow-White*. And so we see, even from this incomplete list, that Juvenile Fiction is a plant of recent growth, but that it is also a hardy, thrifty, well-nurtured plant, and that it is receiving the best of care, and in consequence is attaining strength and beauty.

Carolyn Wells.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

In the nomenclature of literature and music, few terms are more flexible, both as regards substance and form, than the word "carol." With its derivation still a mooted question, it has extended its range to include nearly all festival songs. From earliest times to the present, amid great diversity of models, there have been two generic types: First, the carol of exultation, closely linked with the primal use of the song as accompaniment to the dance, and second, the carol of adoration, more stately and restrictive, akin to the early Biblical hymns of praise. Moreover, the history of these two elemental carol-forms is coeval, and often interlinked, rather than sequential. The Saturnalian feasts of the Romans, the Mother-Night, or Yule-Feast, of the Saxons, both occurring during the latter days of December, were celebrated with dance-songs of joy; the Hebrews commemorated their early victories by adoration of Jehovah, with "singing and dancing, with tabrets, with joy and with instruments of musick."

Retrospect of carol-singing, however, seldom reverts beyond the early Christian centuries. The birth and mission of Christ inspired existent forms and customs with new meaning and spirit. After Clemens

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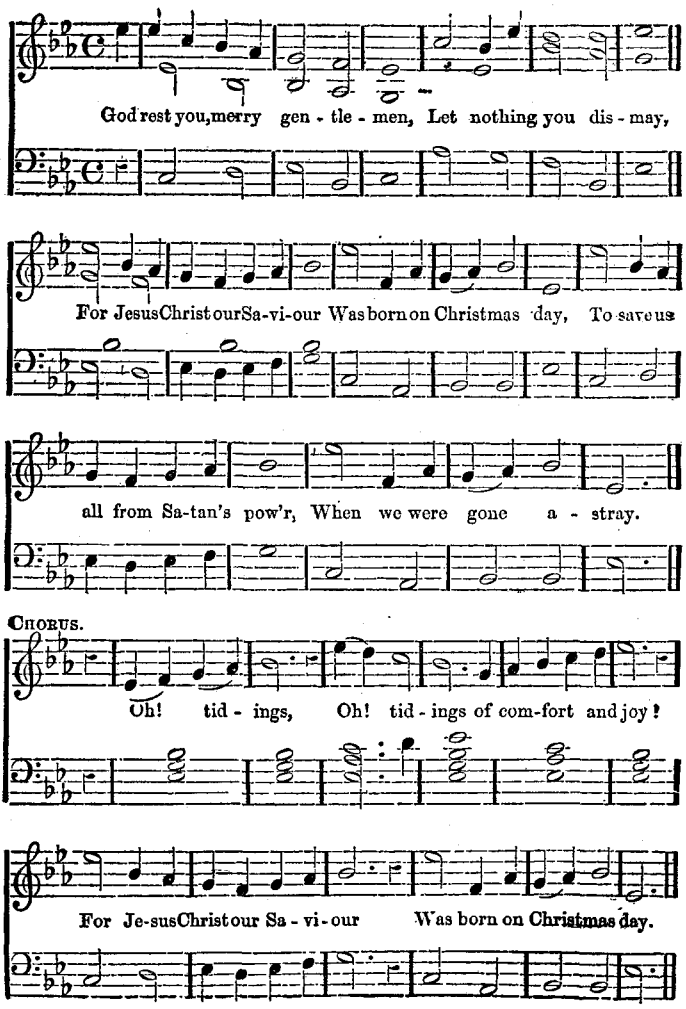
GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN.



Romanus, about 70, decreed that the Nativity should be celebrated on December 25, a date already associated with pagan festivals, the religious songs gradually and consistently became carols of adoration to Christ and the Madonna, and from these early hymns of the Nativity were developed the varied odes of adoration suggested by the term "Christmas carol." As early as the seventh year of the second century, the younger Pliny wrote to the Emperor Trajan that Christians "gathered on festival days to sing praises alternately to God and Christ."

In the meantime, the dance-carol, the old-time karolle, became the medium of secular exultation and feasting, associated with the decorative and material elements of Christmas celebration, with the holly and bay, the ivy and mistletoe, the wassail and the *pièce de resistance* of the holiday feast, the entrance of the boar's head. Dryden aptly commingled his trio of terms:

> The costly feast, the carol, and the dance.

Thus, in the older Latin poets, in Boccaccio and Chaucer, the word "carol" has this meaning, always associated with movements of merriment.

Recognising the popularity of rhythmic

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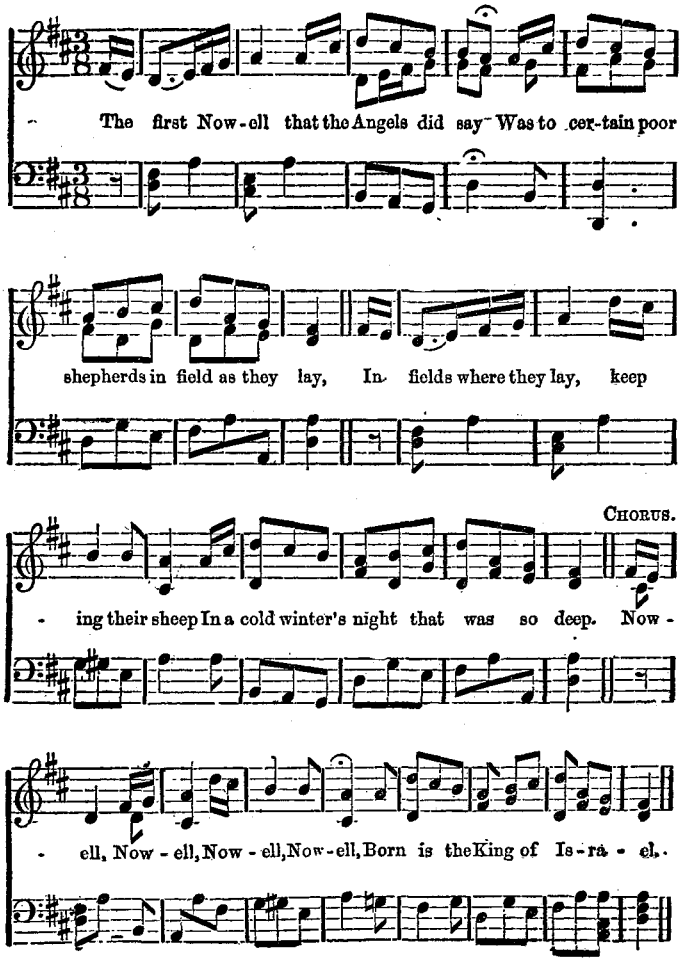
THE FIRST NOWELL.



song as an element of worship, the monks wrote the Latin hymns and canticles from the famous stanzas of St. Ambrose and Prudentius in the fourth century and the Gregorian chant of the sixth century to the more undulating "Nowell" carols of mediæval times, which had its model in the jubilant first song of the shepherds on the Judean plains. When Augustine was sent to England, he was directed by Gregory to retain as many of the festival customs as were consistent with the dignity of Christian religion. Accordingly, he allowed the feasts, encouraged the songs, but prohibited the demoralising pagan dances. A favourite form of early religious carols in England was a hybrid of Latin and English, exampled in the boar's-head carol, quoted by Irving in *The Sketch Book*, or the more strictly worshipful stanzas, beginning:

Puer nobis natus est de Maria virgine,
Be glad, lordynges, be the more or lesse,
I bring you tydings of gladnesse,
As Gabriel me bereth witnesse.

During the Middle Ages there was increasing use of the carols both on the Continent and in England. In France, the Noel, or natal canticle, contains legends and expressions similar to the coeval English carol, while the pilgrimage-songs in Italy and Spain have kin-

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dred themes and incentives. The masque and "Feast of Fools," with the unrestrained "Lord of Misrule," tending toward license and riotous excess, refused to yield its sway over the dramatic imaginations of the people until the substitution, by the priests and guilds, of the Mysteries, Miracle-Plays and Moralities, reaching their greatest popularity during the twelfth to fifteenth centuries. To these crude representations of mingled religious fact, tradition and fiction, full of anachronisms and absurdities, may be traced not alone the beginnings of English drama, but also the concepts and forms of many English carols, selected from their song-interludes. In the Townley mysteries was the song of the shepherds, the primal version of a later popular carol:

That chylde is borne
At Bethlehem this morne
Ye shall find Him beforne
Betwixt two bestys.

The famous lullaby carol, to be noted later, was the refrain in the Coventry mystery of the Shearmen and the Tailors of the fifteenth century.

The Miracle-Plays, acted as late as the reign of Queen Anne on special occasions, have a definite place in both the religious and secular history of England; likewise, the carols were sung in the churches and at the courts; they formed the themes of trained choristers, and they were also the songs of the wandering minstrels and royal waits. The composition of carols became a lucrative profession for bishops, poets and minstrels. In 1201, King John gave 25s. to the clerks who chanted carols at his court; Henry VII. gave £1 for the composition of a carol, and a similar sum was paid to the "tune-setter" and to the singers. Christmas was primarily the great festival of kings, from the crowning of Charlemagne on Christmas, 800, to the coronation of William the Conqueror, in 1066, on Christmas Day. On the same festival, in 1065, Westminster Abbey was consecrated, thus linking church and state in religious pomp and ceremony. Under Henry VIII. these festivities reached their climax, excepting on the "first still Christmas" of 1525, when the severe illness of the king prohibited "carols, bells or merry-making." At this time one notes the two distinctive classes of the carols: the religious, usually sung by chorus-boys or bands of waits; and the festive carols, sung at feasts by hired minstrels or by the entire company of guests. In 1521 a collection of these convivial carols was made by Wynkyn de Worde; they include wassail songs, boar's-head carols and responses, and recitals, in rude verse, of the rival claims of holly, ivy and bay, the decorative emblems retained from the customs of ancient Romans, Goths and Druids. Among the oldest and most typical of these holly carols is the stanza:

Holly and Ivy made a great party,
Who should have the mastery
In lands where they go.
Then spake Holly, "I am friske and jolly,
I will have the mastery
In lands where we go."

Carol sheets were sold in London and elsewhere by street hawkers as early as the thirteenth century and as late as the eighteenth. It seems strange, as well as regretful, that so few carols have been preserved either on broad sides or in collections, since there are records of collations in 1521, 1546 and 1562. In the latter year John Tysdale was given license to print "Certayne goodly Carowles to be songe to the glory of God." In 1661 was issued the collection, to which students are greatly indebted, "The New Carols for the Merry Time of Christmas to Sundry Pleasant Tunes." On one of the early carol sheets appeared an illustration, retained in various forms in later issues, an interesting embodiment of sundry legends interwoven into earlier masques. In a rude wood-cut is represented the stable at Bethlehem with a group-picture of the Holy Family, surrounded by an ox, a cow, a sheep, a raven and a cock. From the mouth of each animal extends a Latin inscription, and together these form a dialogue, thus: The cock, "Christus natus est"; the raven, "Quando"? the cow, "Hac nocte"; the ox, "Ubi, Ubi?" the sheep, "Bethlehem." In the carols and pantomimes alike the traditions of the cock were popular: The cock, roasted alive, returns to life to announce Christ's birth or the yet more familiar superstition, mentioned by Shakespeare, that the cock crows all night before Christmas, thus banishing all witches and spirits of

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evil. During the age of euphemism and verbal conceits, the clowns in the pantomimes delighted not alone in the myths and fancies of Christmas and Twelfth Night, but also in crude puns upon carols, as "A Christmas carol doth make old Care howl."

As was inevitable, these carols, sung by diverse bands and in many localities, had wide variations of form. A manuscript of the fifteenth century, probably the property of a professed minstrel under Henry VI., and now in the British Museum, was edited in 1847 by Mr. Thomas Wright of London; in this volume one finds the most accessible form of the best known early carols. Here is the Latin "Nowell" chant, the melodious "In Excelsis Gloria," and the lullaby carol, a dialogue between Mary and Jesus, the Babe. This is sometimes called "This Endris Night" from the opening lines:

This endris night, ("endris" translated last.)
I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day;
And ever among
A maiden sung,
Lullay, byby, lullay.

In sentiment, no less than cadence, this is one of the most beautiful of the early carols, as the last stanza suggests:

Now, sweet son, since it is so, all things are at thy will,
I pray thee grant me a boon, if it be right and skill,
That child or man,
That will and can,
Be merry upon thy day;
To bliss them bring,
And I shall sing
Lullay, byby, lullay.

The Yule Carol, with its extended welcome to saints and martyrs, old and young, is another significant song of rejoicing. Kindred in joyance and resonant rhythm is the more familiar carol:

God rest you, Merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day;
To save us all from Satan's pow'r,
When we were gone astray;
O tidings of comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy!

Sharing the antiquity and the popularity of these earlier carols cited, is the legendary narrative of "Saint Stephen, the clerk," the "cherry-tree carol," corresponding to similar accounts of Joseph's old age and his miraculous revelation of the innocence of Mary embodied in French and Dutch carols, and the repetitive merry measures of the song, "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing By."

In this early collection of carols are a few so-called "moral-songs," somewhat prophetic of the less joyous, more morose warnings of the later Puritan hymnists. One of the most typical of such carols, entitled "Remember, O Thou Man," is found in a publication in 1611 by Thos. Ravenscroft, "Melismata, Musical Phansies, Fitting the Court, Citie and Countrie Humours, To 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, To all delightfull, except to the spitefull, to none offensive, except to the Pensive." In reiterated measures the memory is exhorted to

Remember Adam's fall, from Heaven to Hell,
Remember Adam's fall, how we were condemn'd all,
In Hell perpetual, Therefor to dwell.

Fortunately, the carol does not end with this lugubrious vision, but offers joy and happiness through repentance and Christ's redemption.

As the Puritan element came into power the natural reaction was shown upon all festive songs and emblems of Christmas-tide. Street-heralds with hoarse bells, proclaiming, "No Christmas!" took the place of the carols of rejoicing and good cheer. The Puritan clergy, however, did not abolish the use of the carol music, but gave it a strange transformation in adaptations to their solemn psalms. Shakespeare in "The Winter's Tale" describes his one Puritan as singing "psalms to hornpipes." In 1630 was printed by Robert Yong and collated by William Slayter "Certaine of David's Psalmes intended for Christmas Carols, fitted to the most sollempne times, everywhere familiarlie used." In a later reprint, 1642, of this collection, in the British Museum, are marginal comments, suggesting the adaptations to ballad and carol tunes, thus: Psalm 6 to "Jane Shore," Psalm 9 to "Bara Forster's Dream," Psalm 43 to "Crimson Velvet," and Psalm 47 to "Garden Greene." As

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example of the extreme gloom of these Puritan hymns, one recalls the familiar exhortation of Thomas Delomey to "All Ye that are to mirth inclined."

The Restoration brought revival, in extreme fashion, of all forbidden festival rites, and during the later seventeenth century the more riotous carols exceeded the popularity of the religious and commemorative odes. After a few years of excessive revelry in the keeping of Christmas, interest in the earlier, abused festivities waned. "Poor Robin's Almanack," which had been the storehouse of many a wassail-song and carol of blithe spirit, in 1702 lamented the decadence of jollity and feasting:

But now landlords and tenants, too,
In making feasts are very slow;
* * * * * * *
Yet some true English blood still lives,
Who gifts to the poor at Christmas gives.

There are not a few parallelisms between the history of the English drama and English carols; their interdependence has been noted; they both suffered submergence during the Protectorate and after a few years of spasmodic and sporadic revival, they both lost their popularity as spectacular festivities and became more allied with literature and less with popular presentation. As the larger portion of the English dramas by the poets of literary power during the last two centuries have been written to be read rather than to be acted, so the carols of this same period have been more familiar to the student of literature than to the searcher for songs. In parts of rural England and in some Continental districts, carol-singing on the streets at Christmas-tide is still a charming reminder, but its widespread picturesqueness as a custom has wholly disappeared.

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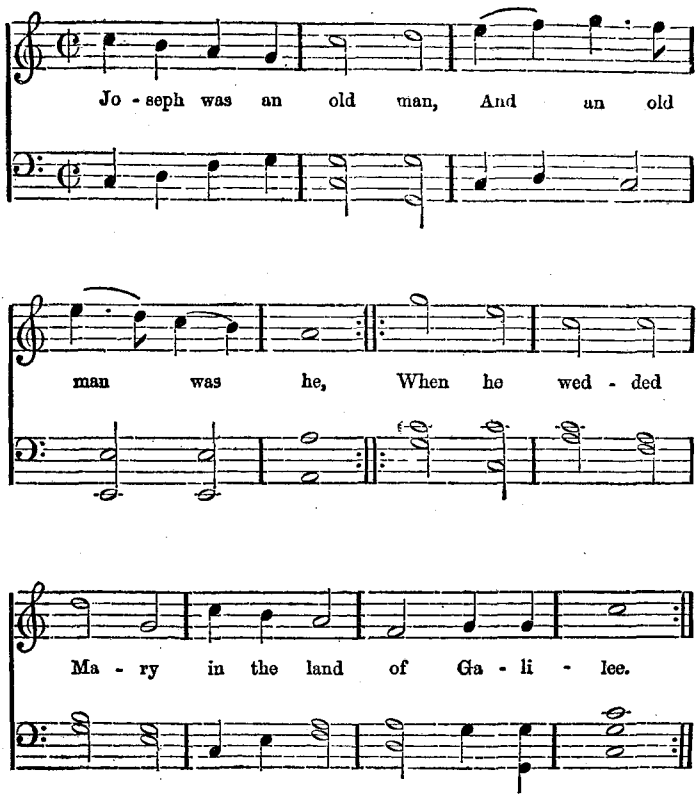
JOSEPH WAS AN OLD MAN.



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In the churches, however, carols still form a prominent part of the Christmas service, and the recent attempt to revive carol-singing on the steps of church and chapel is a laudable return to an effective and impressive celebration.

The carols sung to-day, like those of former centuries, vary much in literary and musical value. Many of those in use in Sunday-schools are vapid and inferior to their earlier models. Among each Christmas-tide. There is a perennial triumph in the natal-song:

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King,

whose melody by Händel and words by Watts date back to the early eighteenth century. With yet more exultant vigour is still revived the hymn of Charles Wesley, with the added charm of Mendelssohn music:

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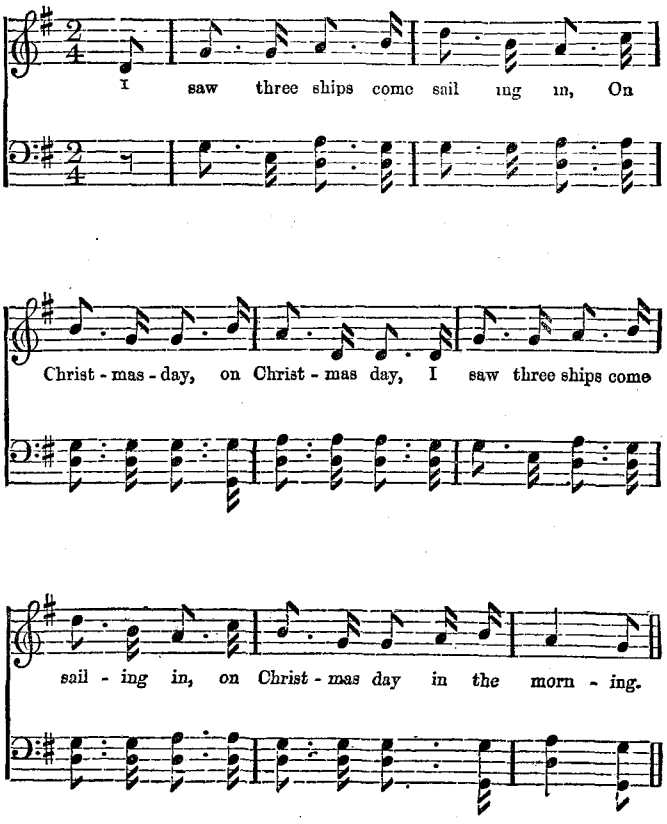
I SAW THREE SHIPS.



the oldest carols, whose melody is heard often, is the familiar exhortation accredited to J. Reading in 1692:

Come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant.

In 1703 Nahum Tate wrote the pictorial carol, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," and the old melody, no less than the narrative, finds favour at

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the King of Kings!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal Nature say,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!

Any collection of Christmas poems will

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contain the name of Robert Herrick, the Vicar of Dean Prior, Devonshire, from 1629 until 1662, omitting the fifteen years when he was banished by Puritan rule. He called his religious poems, "Noble Numbers," and though they are less familiar than his lays of love and domestic life, they contain five worthy carols, among them the one beginning, "What sweeter music can we bring?" sung to the King at Whitehall.

On a loftier plane of poetry than his contemporaries could achieve or appreciate, Milton, at twenty-one, wrote his Ode and Hymn on the Nativity, a Christmas poem whose organ melody and majestic sentiment outrank all similar efforts in any literature. The grandeur of this Christmas hymn may best be realised by a comparative reading of the lesser poems of the same class and time, the Hymns on the Nativity by Ben Jonson, John Donne, Richard Crawshaw, George Herbert and Jeremy Taylor. Many of these carols consisted of pictures of the shepherds and their dialogue on the night of revelation. Succeeding the hymns of the Puritan era, often sung to joyful music, as already cited, came a return to the more distinctive carol-form, as a lay of triumph and adoration. The last century produced many such poems, of high literary quality and, in many cases, adapted by latter-day composers to stately, noble church music. Beside the Easter carols, these Christmas odes have found a permanent place, where, amid worshipful and dignified surroundings, they serve both as a reminiscence of past custom and also as an educative medium for both æsthetic and spiritual faculties by their beauty of form and ennobling ideals.

In Coleridge's carol, "The Shepherds Went their Hasty Way," we note, in its finale, the grand, oft-quoted couplet, text for many a later ode:

> Joy rise in me, like a summer's morn,
> Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born!

Wordsworth's "Christmas Minstrelsy," like the familiar passage in "Marmion," is reminiscent of the ancient Christmas customs; it was dedicated to his brother, Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, from whose pen came one of the most graceful, rhythmic carols, still familiar to ear and voice:

> Hark! the sound of Holy Voices
> Chanting o'er the Crystal Sea,
> Alleluia, Alleluia,
> Alleluia, Lord to Thee!

The name of Bishop Heber suggests his alliterative, melodious carol, dated 1811, "Brightest and Best of the Stars of the Morning." Deep, religious fervour characterises the less familiar carols by Mrs. Hemans, Charles Kingsley and Christina Rossetti. The latter's poem is most unique, with her peculiar union of mysticism and realism, while it is, as well, suggestive of the later spirit of adoration through heart service and commemorative gifts:

> In the bleak mid-winter
> Frosty winds made moan,
> Earth stood hard as iron,
> Water like a stone;
> Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
> Snow on snow,
> In the bleak mid-winter
> Long ago.
>
> Our God, heaven cannot hold Him,
> Nor earth sustain;
> Heaven and earth shall flee away
> When He comes to reign;
> In the bleak mid-winter
> A stable-place sufficed
> The Lord God Almighty
> Jesus Christ.
>
> Enough for Him whom cherubim
> Worship night and day,
> A breastful of milk
> And a mangerful of hay;
> Enough for Him whom angels
> Fall down before,
> The ox and ass and camel
> Which adore.
>
> Angels and archangels
> May have gathered there.
> Cherubim and seraphim
> Thronged the air;
> But only His mother,
> In her maiden bliss,
> Worshipped the Belovèd
> With a kiss.
>
> What can I give Him,
> Poor as I am?
> If I were a shepherd,
> I would bring a lamb;
> If I were a wise man,
> I would do my part—
> Yet what I can I give Him:
> Give my heart.

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The Pre-Raphaelite school have furnished three carols full of melody and picturesqueness; Swinburne's "Three Damsels in the Queen's Chamber," suggested by Rossetti's drawing, has a mediæval charm, and in its refrains suggests the older carol-motive:

Mary, most full of grace,
Bring us to thy Son's face.
* * * * *
Mary, that is most wise,
Bring us to thy Son's eyes.

William Morris introduced Christmas carols and odes into his romantic "Defence of Guinevere" and his allegorical "The Earthly Paradise." Yet more familiar is his Nowell carol, "Masters, in this Hall." Always apt and popular are the Christmas lullaby songs; among recent "rocking carols," none surpass in grace and peaceful suggestion John Addington Symonds's lullaby picture.

Among Longfellow's translations or adaptations is one of the most ancient Noels, while to familiar music we still sing Whittier's "Christmas Carmen":

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn!
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

Among the worthy customs of the past, decadent to-day, this of carol-writing and carol-singing has been mentioned as matter of special regret. Even a cursory review of the poetry and music of the last fifty years, however, testifies to the maintenance of the carol, as a form of worshipful, exultant verse. It has firm root in the hearts of the race, as expression of the greatest event in religious history; it has also perennial charm as a form of poetry and song. Under the transformed conditions of modern life, carol-singing in the streets would lose the purity and picturesqueness of the past ages, and might suffer degradation and license in revival of the more secular themes. The carol to-day maintains place and finds favour in the church, the school and the home, where, amid peaceful, lofty influences, it best retains its pristine and worshipful incentive. Moreover, while the modern poet and chorister are true to the technique of the flexible carol of the past, both in theme and music, the potent sentiments of current thought and life, the trend toward fraternity and altruism, the reverence for labour of head and hand, the interpretation of the gospel of love as the gospel of service—such ideals are interwoven with the ever-present adoration and joy.

Last year was published a carol, "Ave Jesu" by Dean Stubbs, a felicitous revival of the old-time forms of diction and structure, rendered yet more effective by the noble, exultant music composed by the chorister of York Minster. A note, appended, stated that the words were written in "the late Bishop Phillips Brooks's old study in Trinity Rectory, Boston." More inspiratory environment could never have been found for embodiment both of the worship of our fathers and the aims of modern Christian and Christmas service. Among Bishop Brooks's own poems is a carol, whose benign grace and magnetic message form fitting expression of his own aspirations and the wide, dominant note of joyance at this later Christmas-tide:

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine;
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where corn-fields lie sunny and bright;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and grey;
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-Child who is Master of all,
No palace too great and no cottage too small.
The angels who welcome Him sing from the height,
"In the city of David a King in His might,"
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
* * * * * * *
So the stars of the midnight which compass us round
Shall see a strange glory and hear a sweet sound,
And cry, "Look, the earth is aflame with delight!"
O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Annie Russell Marble.

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BOSTON IN FICTION

Described and Pictured by Frances Weston Carruth

Part II—About the Common

I. When Commercial Boston Was Residential.

The commercial section of the Boston of to-day differs from the Boston of fifty years ago as much, perhaps, as the city of the middle of the nineteenth century had changed from the town of wooden houses of the Revolutionary era. Modern enterprise has transformed the old streets, while a whole and entirely new Boston has risen on land which was submerged by every tide and where in fresh winds the salt whitecaps rolled and tumbled oftentimes to the destruction of the viaduct of the railroads which had boldly bridged the waste of waters which surrounded the almost island city.

In the beginning of its life Boston was essentially a commercial town and its inhabitants looked to the sea for their bread and for their riches. The wealth of its people was in ships above and far above everything else. With the broadening of its scope as the profits from manufacturing came to the front, the relative importance of its commercial interests declined, and the residences of its wealthier citizens, instead of clinging along the water-front, where tall masts could be seen from the windows and where the smell of tar constantly greeted the resident, pushed toward the westward, as if the salt water had become of less interest.

Summer Street, where to-day crowds of purchasers throng the sidewalks and busy shops, was laid out as a street of fine residences with ample gardens; an evolution from the closely built streets and alleys of the North End, where the ship owners had been contented to abide. Fort Hill crowned with its park, and Federal, Pearl, Oliver and other streets, which were either at its foot or climbed its steep sides, were the birthplaces of the older generation of aristocratic present-day Bostonians. In writing of this section, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney in *Hitherto* says: "These were the days when the city was not conglomerate but individual, . . . there were houses of home quiet in cool, watered streets and unprofaned 'Places', where vines covered the house fronts and caged birds sang in the windows . . . and great crowns of forest trees surged up among the chimneys. Boston was in her pleasant young matronhood then." In Church Green, just off of Summer Street, with a garden at the back of their house, lived the Holgates (*Hitherto*). This locality as it then was lends itself admirably to the neighbourhood atmosphere so characteristic of all of Mrs. Whitney's work.

At an earlier period we find Summer Street in Bynner's *Agnes Surriage*. This was the upper part of Summer Street in the middle of the last century, when it was scarcely more than a short lane, originally called "Ye Milne Street," because of a mill, erected in 1636, to which it led. Bynner gives us a charming picture of the exterior of Madame Vassall's splendid mansion which stood on the southern side of the street on the spot now occupied by a well-known dry-goods shop. He shows it to us through Agnes's eyes as she, about to make her social début at a rout there, approaches in the wake of a long line of coaches, chairs and chaises, and has ample leisure to study "the noble portico and balcony over the door, the gambrel roof, and luthern window, the courtyard paved in blue and white pebbles laid in quaint patterns, the garden fragrant with box and honeysuckle, the octagonal summer-house shaded by a huge English walnut-tree, and the long arcades adjoining the stable decorated with elaborate panel work and painted in two shades of yellow to match the house." During the early half of the last century, so fine were the orchards and gardens of the old estates on Summer Street that "the hospitable residents could set before their guests cider of their own manufacture, or butter from their own dairies."

Washington Street, busiest of thoroughfares into which Summer leads, in its

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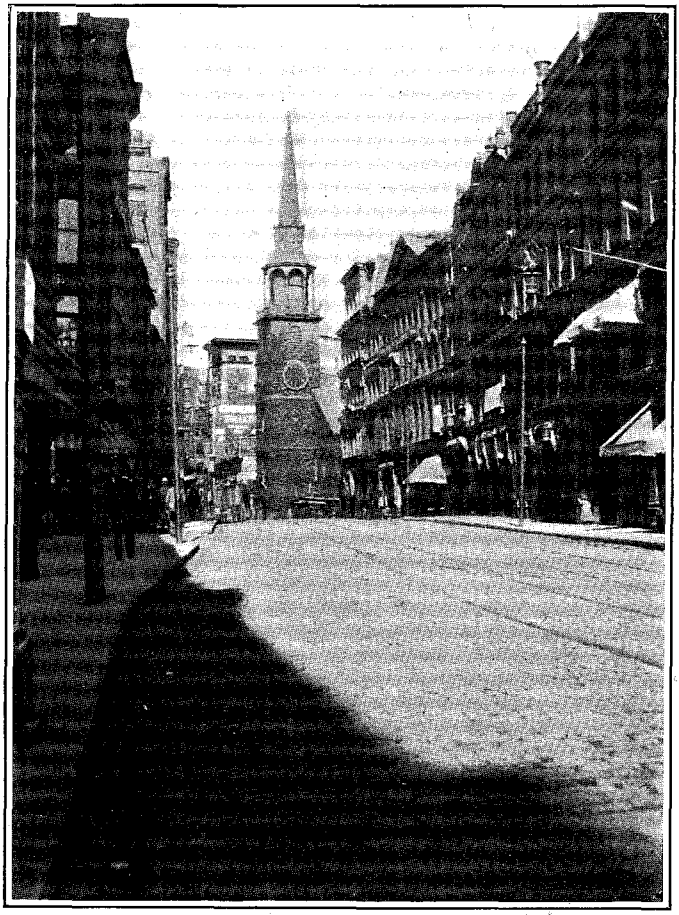
shopping district fifty years ago is referred to in Mrs. Whitney's *Hitherto* as "dear, old mixed-up Washington Street, where everything was small and wedged together and you knew your way by the angles and corners, and nothing stared out at you through great plate glass, but you must know enough to begin with to go in and enquire." Florimond, the priggish young hero of Mr. Henry James, in *A New England Winter* (who owed his romantic name to the fact that every one was reading ballads in Boston at the time he was born, and his mother had found the name in a ballad), in walking through Washington Street observed that "supreme in the thoroughfare was the rigid groove of the railway, where were oblong receptacles of fabulous capacity, governed by familiar citizens, jolted and jingled eternally, close on each other's rear, absorbing and emitting innumerable specimens of a single type. The road on either side was traversed periodically by the sisterhood of shoppers, laden with satchels, and parcels, and protected by a round-backed policeman." Though this was as seen by Florimond twenty years ago, it remains an exact picture of the street to-day. Mr. Howells in *A Woman's Reason* makes a characteristic comment in writing of this locality when he says: "There is doubtless more shopping in New York or London or Paris, but in these cities it is dispersed over a larger area, and nowhere in the world perhaps has shopping such an intensity of physiognomy as in Boston. It is unsparingly sincere in its expression. It means business, and the sole business of the city seems to be shopping."

Leaving the shopping district and proceeding eastward, we approach at the corner of Washington and Franklin Streets that hallowed spot where stands the Old South Church, one of the oldest monuments in Boston. So splendidly historical a thing was not to be ignored by the poet and novelist. Sings Dr. Holmes:

> Full sevenscore years our city's pride—
> The comely southern spire—
> Has cast its shadow, and defied
> The storm, the foe, the fire.

In the eighteenth century the people of



"Full sevenscore years our city's pride—
The comely southern spire—
Hast cast its shadow, and defied
The storm, the foe, the fire."

—*Holmes.*

"He looked up at the face of the clock to find pity there, but the square steeple only frowned down upon him, as if to corroborate the fearful words just spoken."—*Kane's "Curse of the Old South Church."*

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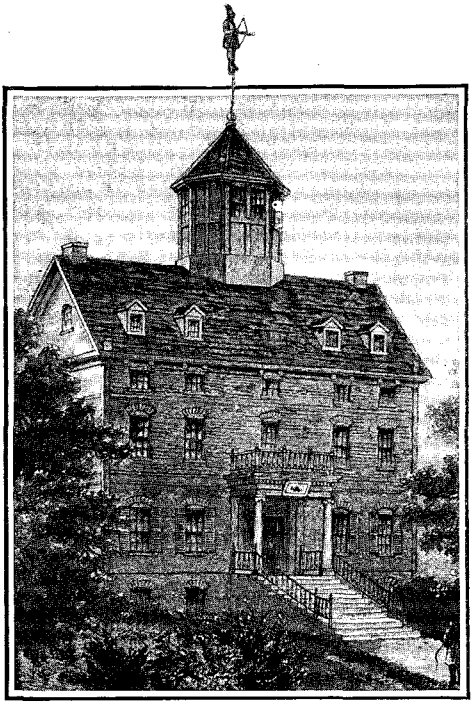
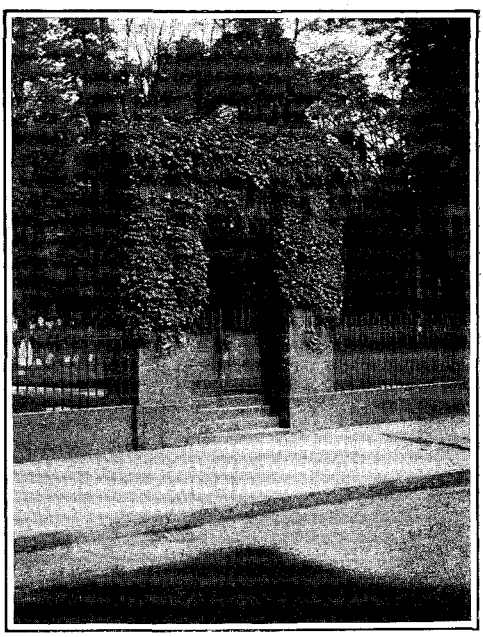


"The square front of the Province House, three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible."—*Hawthorne's "Legends of the Province House."*

" . . . where Howe entertained the leaders of the royal army."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*



"Stop before we turn away and breathe a woman's sigh over poor Benjamin Woodbridge's dust. Love killed him, I think. . . . The Schoolmistress dropped a rosebud she had in her hand, through the rails, upon the grave."—*"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."*

Lydia Child's *Rebels* listened with varied emotions to the deafening clang from the steeple, which was part of the celebration of the repeal of the stamp act. And Cooper's British Lionel Lincoln on his return to Boston had his first glimpse of the edifice—known throughout New England with a species of veneration, when led there by Job Pray, who said: "This is what you call a church, though I call it a meetin' 'us. . . . It's no wonder you don't know it, for what the people built for a temple, the King has turned into a stable." On entering, Cooper tells us Lionel was amazed to find he stood in an area fitted for the exercise of the cavalry. The naked galleries and many of the original ornaments were standing; but the accommodations below were destroyed, and in their places the floor had been covered with earth for the horses and their riders to practise in the caves-son. "The abominations of the place even now offended his senses, as he stood on that spot where he remembered so often to have seen the grave and pious colonists assemble, in crowds, to worship." This is what is meant by the last line on the tablet now in front of the church, which in its entirety reads:

OLD SOUTH.

Church gathered 1669.
First House built 1670.
This House erected 1729.
Desecrated by British Troops, 1775-6.

Chaplain J. J. Kane chooses this old landmark whereon to hang his weird tale, *Ilian; or, The Curse of the Old South Church of Boston,* which, as he says, is the story of a great crime and the punishment meted out to the guilty—in the narration of which he apparently drew inspiration from every quarter of the globe and the oceans of the world, which he takes pleasure in mentioning at length in his introduction, written in 1888 aboard the U. S. flag-ship *Pensacola.* The porch of the church is the scene of many secret meetings between Professor Homerand, of this novel, and the beautiful Southern spy, Helen Claymuire of South

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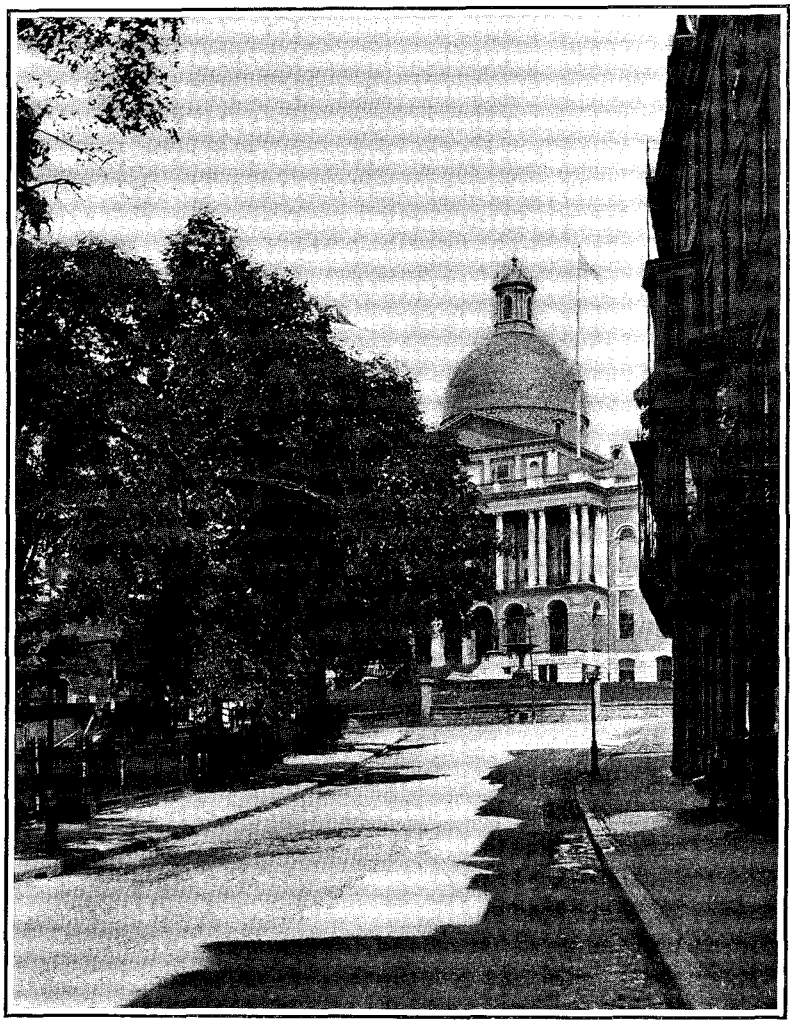
Carolina, frequently at an hour when the bell tolled midnight. Here, frenzied at the thought that the Professor meant to marry Miss Rathmine, the Southern woman called down the malediction of retributive divine justice upon their union. It was a terrible curse—prophetic of accumulated miseries—and with it she left him. "He looked up at the face of the clock to find pity there, but the square steeple only frowned down upon him, as if to corroborate the fearful words just spoken." All of which did not prevent this Dr.-Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde sort of man from marrying Miss Rathmine on the day appointed. "At noon the bell in the steeple of the Old South Church rang out a wedding refrain, and the edifice was packed to overflowing. After the ceremony, in the porch of the church, the bridegroom was destined to encounter his former love standing . . . like a statue of the goddess Athena, calm, dignified and haughty, with a look of scorn that pierced to the inmost soul of the guilty man." How the curse affected the life of the Professor, all who run may read in the pages of



"High in the air, poised in the right place, over everything that clustered below, the most felicitous object in Boston—the gilded dome of the State House."—*Henry James's "New England Winter."*

"He stretched his arms to the gilded dome as if he would embrace it and all Boston at once."—*Helen Campbell's "Ballantyne."*

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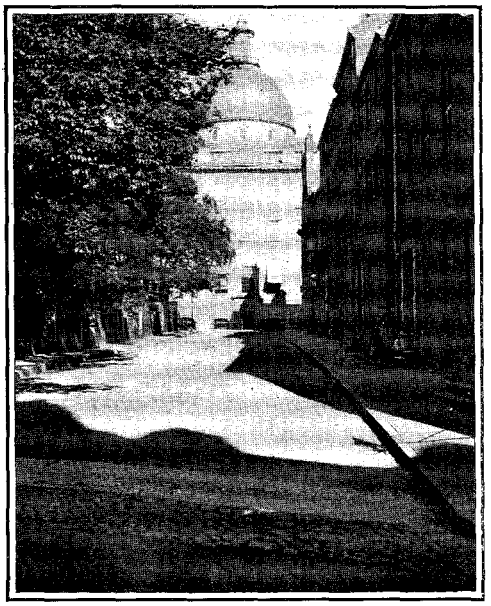
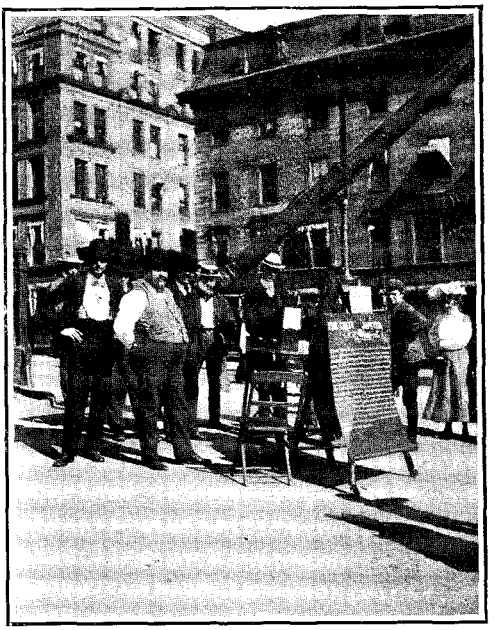
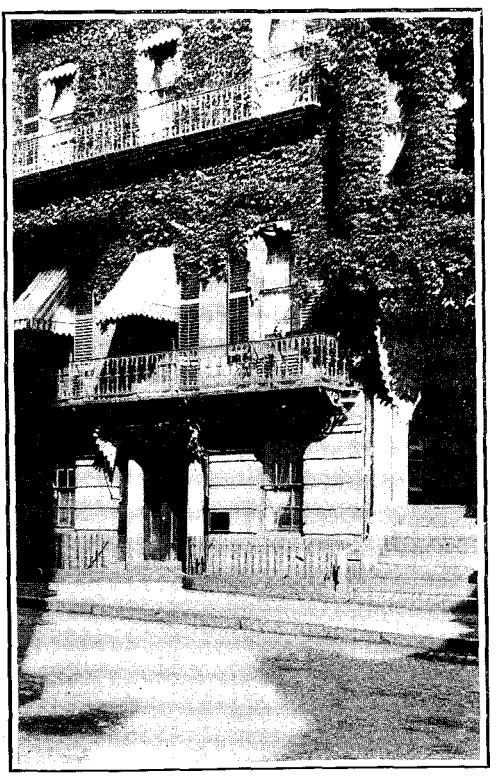


"That commodious nook which is known as Mount Vernon Place."—*Henry James's "New England Winter."*

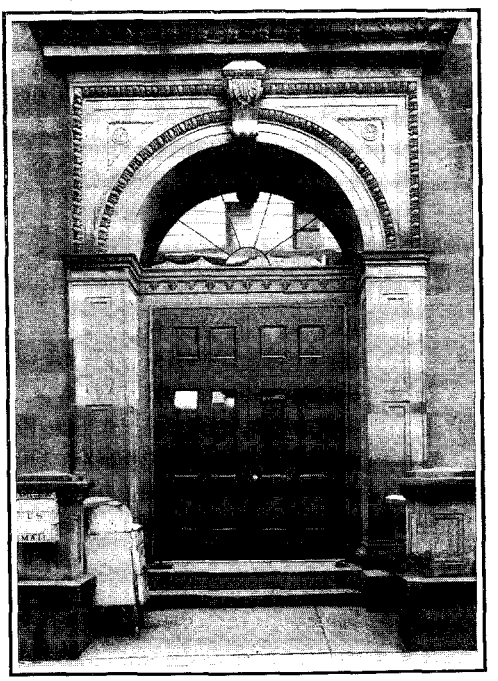


"Ever since I had a ten-cent look at the transit of Venus . . . through the telescope in the Mall, the earth has been wholly different to me from what it used to be."—*Holmes's "Over the Tea-Cups."*



48 MOUNT VERNON STREET—THE HOME OF THE COREYS.

"The whole place wears an air of aristocratic seclusion."—*Howells's "Rise of Silas Lapham."*



"When she came to the Athenæum, she was so tired that she decided to take refuge beneath its friendly shelter."—*Eliza Orne White's "Miss Brooks."*

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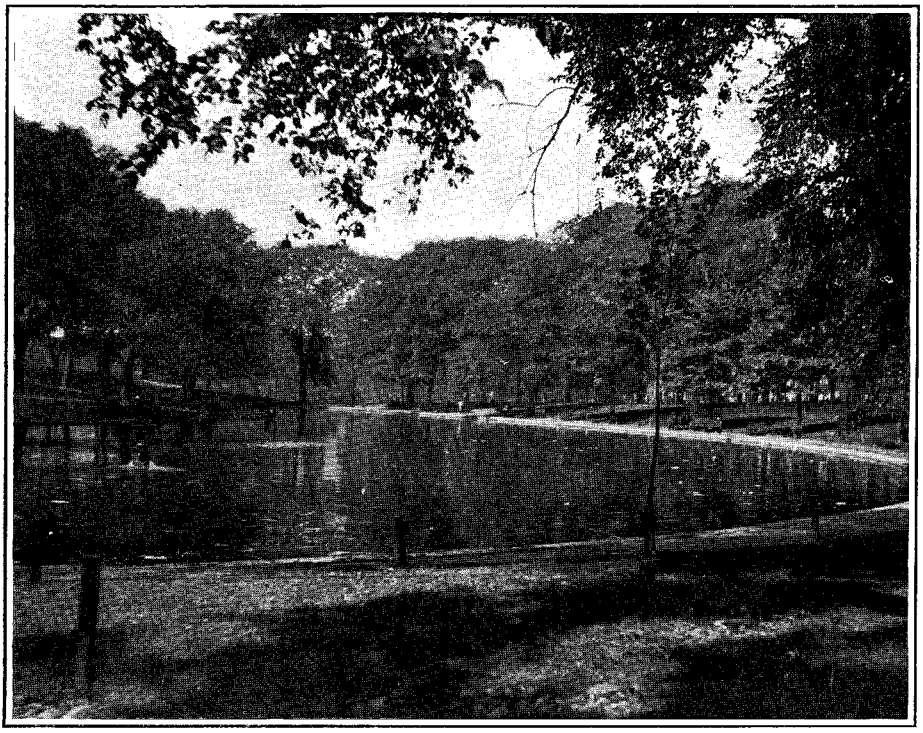
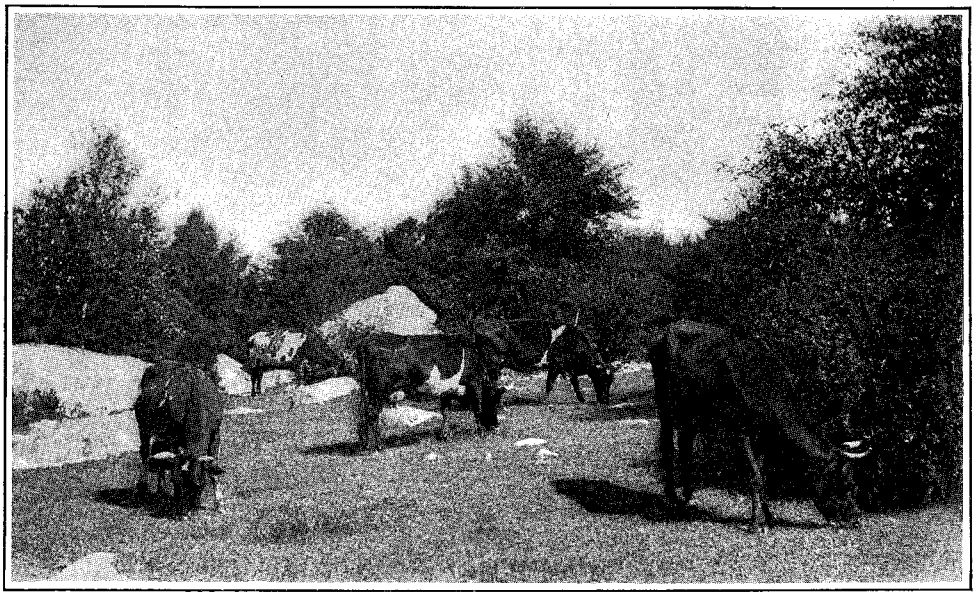


"When he had his cry out he felt a little better, and he got up and went to the pond in the hollow and washed his hands and face."—*Howells's "Minister's Charge."*



"'Boston cows don't love grass British soldiers have trampled on.' Many a time in those anxious days, Lionel, listening for a stir of soldiery on the Common, heard only the faint lowing of cattle from the meadows."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

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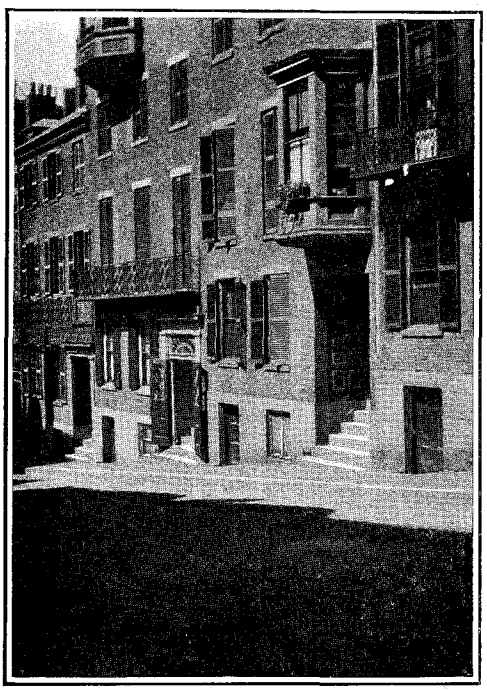
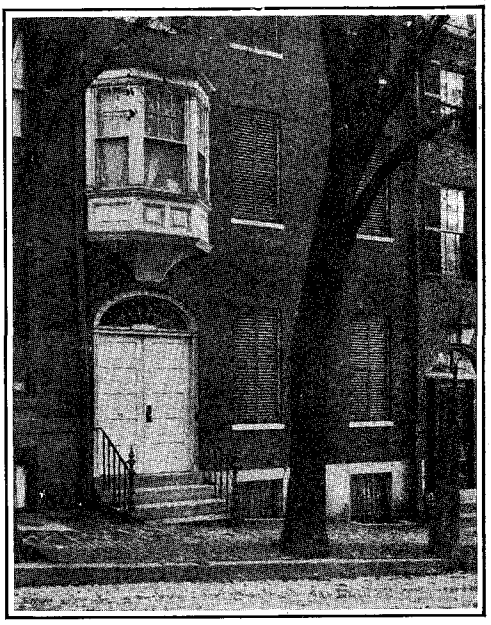


73 PINCKNEY STREET—THE HOME OF THE LACYS.

"When spring came they rowed on the river, down to which they looked from the bay-window of the drawing-room."—*Helen Campbell's "Ballantyne."*



82 MOUNT VERNON STREET—THE HOME OF THE RANDOLPHS.

"He had almost reached their house when he saw a slender girl coming down the steps."—*Eliza Orne White's "Miss Brooks."*

Ilian. Emerging from the porch—by Chaplain Kane so darkly shadowed—into the sunshine of the street, it is charming to look up and imagine what, no doubt, the poet N. P. Willis saw:

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.

In Colonial days the Old South stood almost under the windows of the dignified Province House, the residence of many of the royal governors. This ancient abode was standing as late as 1864 on the site of what is now Province Court and was originally surrounded by fine lawns and trees as shown in the illustration. Hawthorne, who weaves four fanciful legends about it, thus describes it in his day: "Entering an arched passage, which penetrated through the middle of a brick row of shops, a few steps transported me from the busy heart of modern Boston into a small and secluded courtyard. One side of this space was occupied by the square front of the Province House, three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible, with his bow bent and his arrow on the string, as if aiming at the weathercock on the spire of the Old South." This Indian was carved by Deacon Shem Drowne, to whom, as the hero of one of Hawthorne's tales, allusion has been made. *Lionel Lincoln,* Mayor of the 47th, "Wolfe's own," frequently entered the gates of the Province House, where Howe entertained the leaders of the royal army. Cooper permits us an interesting glimpse of the banquet hall, along the centre of which gay apartment was spread the hospitable board of the entertainer. "It was surrounded," he writes, "by men in the trappings of high military rank, though here and there might be seen a guest whose plainer attire and dejected countenance betrayed the presence of one or two of those misjudging colonists whose confidence in the resistless power of the crown began already to waver. The lieutenant of the King held his wonted place at the banquet, his dark visage expressing all the heartiness of the soldier's welcome, while he pointed out this or that favourite among an abundant

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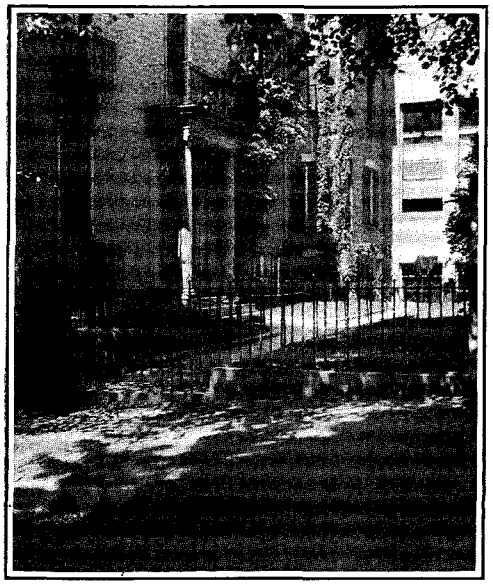


"One of the last spells of the past was lifted for him when he saw strange faces looking out of those sun-purpled window-panes."—*T. B. Aldrich's "Two Bites at a Cherry."*

collection of wines, that included the choicest liquors of Europe." In earlier times than this the Province House is to be seen in festive attire if we go with Captain Somerville, the Osbornes and Dr. Willard (*The Rebels*), who, walking out to witness the celebration of the repeal of the stamp act, stop opposite the Province House to examine the fanciful devices that had been prepared, in the eagerness of gratitude and joy. A full-length picture of Liberty hurling a broken chain to the winds particularly attracted their attention.

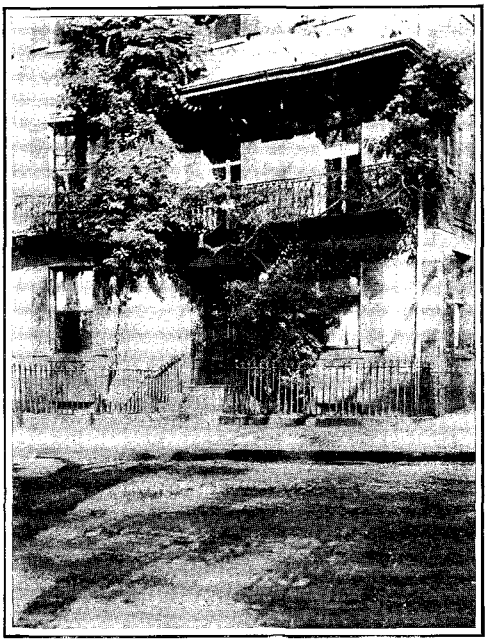
II. Approaching the Common.

Directly north of the Province House, and like it now demolished, stood in Tremont street, at the corner of Beacon, the Tremont House, where Thackeray, Dickens and other foreign notables stayed, and which Dickens said "had more galleries, colonnades, piazzas and passages than he could remember or the reader would believe." He has left us a most humorous account of the first order he gave at this hotel:

"Dinner, if you please," said I to the waiter.

"When?" said the waiter.

"As quick as possible," said I.



"In her blue room overlooking the Common was little Mildred Wentworth in the midst of her Christmas toys."—*T. B. Aldrich's "Christmas Fantasy."*

"Right away?" said the waiter.

After a moment's hesitation, I answered, "No," at a hazard.

"*Not* right away?" cried the waiter, with an amount of surprise that made me start.

I looked at him doubtfully, and returned, "No; I would rather have it in this private room. I like it very much."

At this I really thought the waiter must have gone out of his mind; as I believe he would have done but for the interposition of another man, who whispered in his ear, "Directly."

"Well! and that's a fact!" said the waiter, looking helplessly at me: "Right away."

I saw now that "Right away" and "Directly" were one and the same thing. So I reversed my previous answer, and sat down to dinner in ten minutes afterward; and a capital dinner it was.

John T. Trowbridge tells us that Martin Merrivale had an unsatisfactory meeting with his uncle at the Tremont House, and it is further invested with literary interest from the fact that in one of its private rooms were held, in the forties, the meetings of "The Jacobins' Club," humourously so dubbed by the literary men of which it was formed—radical thinkers

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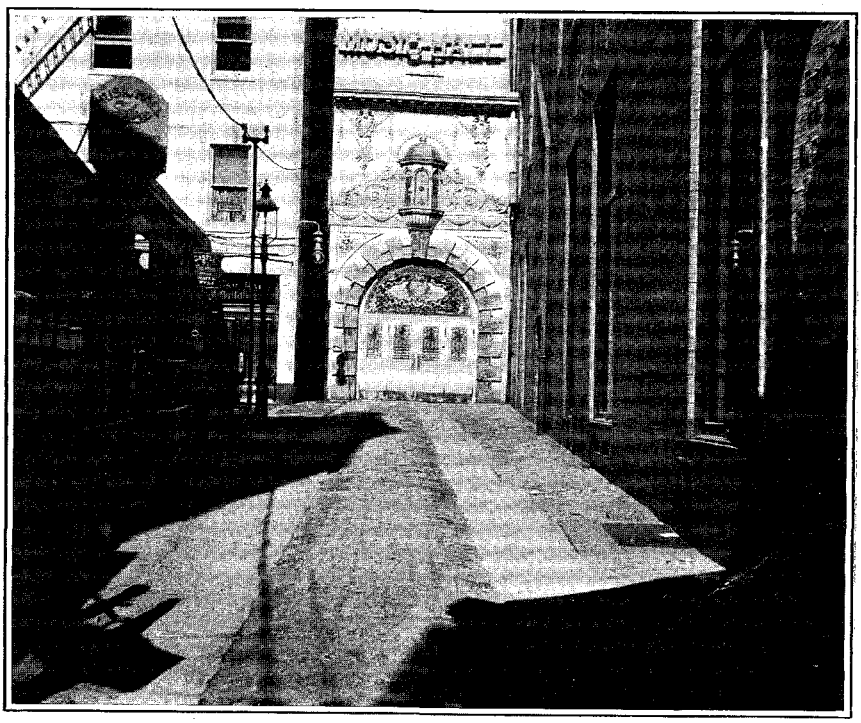
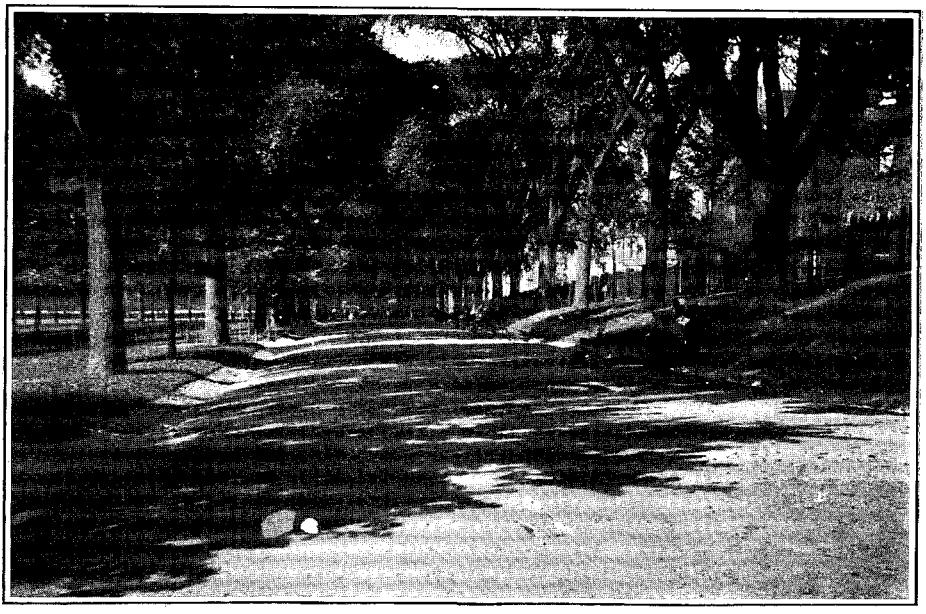


"As he gazed down the vista, the approach for pedestrians . . . he thought it looked expectant and ominous."—*Henry James's "Bostonians."*

"Where a handful of people gathered to hear the music, and all the rest of the world crowded for the sake of having been there."—*Arlo Bates's "Philistines."*



"A pensive golden light streamed through the long, loose boughs and struck across the slopes of the Common."

"So far from knowing that they must not walk in the Common, they used to sit down on a bench there in the pleasant weather, and watch the opening of the spring."
—*Howells's "Modern Instance."*

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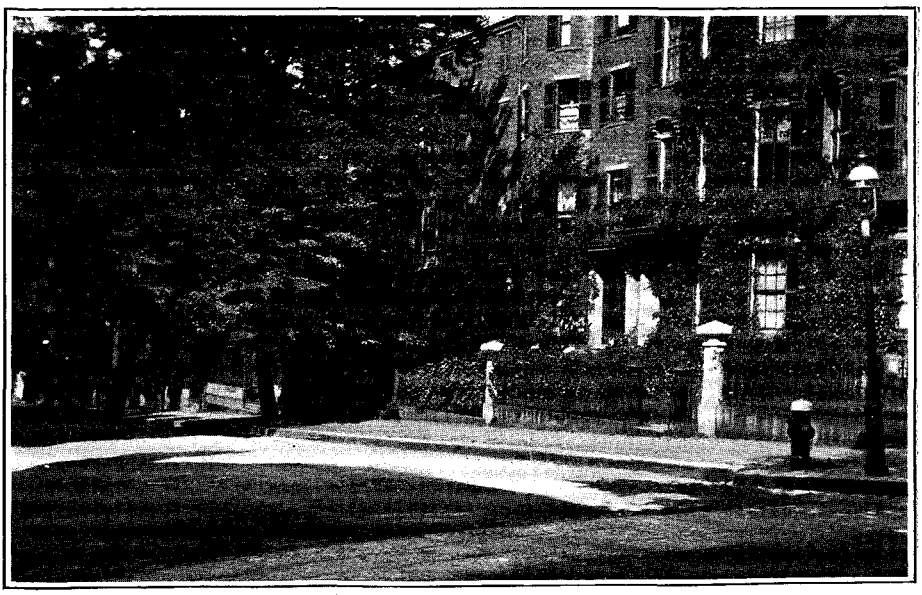
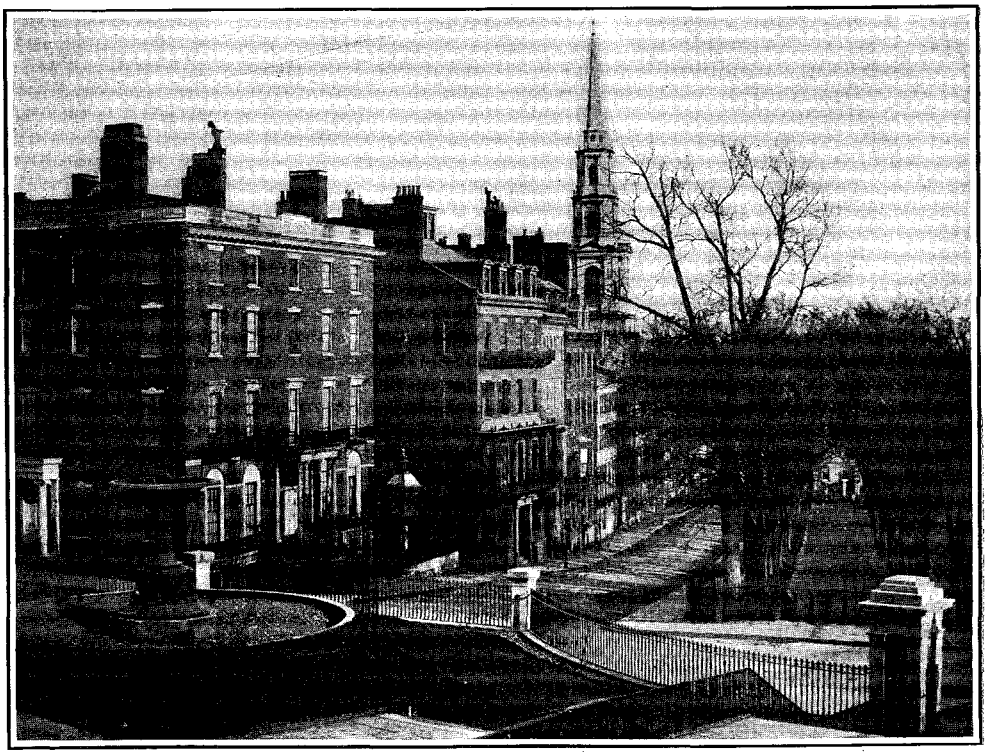


"I always peer around for a fleeting glance of Priscillas, John Aldens, or other far-away people who rightfully belong among those quaint old houses, still breathing out history and romance."—*Margaret Allston's "Boston Experiences."*

"Vancouver was fond of standing in one of the semicircular windows of the Somerset Club."—*Crawford's "American Politician."*



TICKNOR MANSION. UNION CLUB. PARK STREET CHURCH. MALL.

"In an hour he found himself seated at breakfast at his club."—*Wheelwright's "Child of the Century."*

" 'We are in a magnificent rolling park, laid out in avenues and paths, with long, double rows of trees.' . . . After resting some time upon a bench in a shaded spot they returned to the boarding-house."—*Trowbridge's "Martin Merrivale."*

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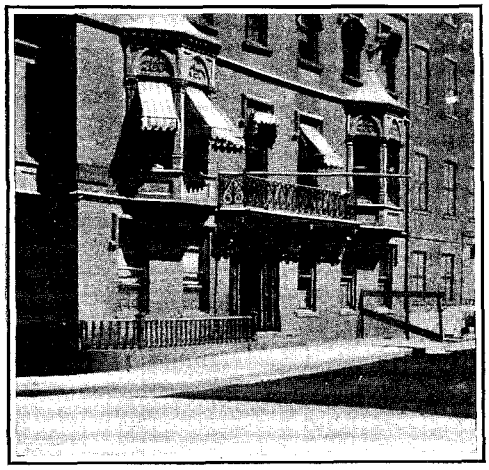

41 MOUNT VERNON STREET—THE HOME OF MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

"Miss Mehitable Quincy lived in one of those fine old houses at the head of Mount Vernon Street."—*Mrs. L. C. Moulton's "Miss Eyre."*

and reformers, all of them. In literature these men, says a recent writer, were essayists, ready to overhaul art, science, philosophy and theology with improved microscopes.

The side windows of the Tremont House overlooked the Granary Burying-ground—a burial ground, according to a Western humourist, being "part and parcel of all Boston hotels." Bynner's hero, Sir Harry Frankland, attended the burial in the Granary ground of Mr. Peter Faneuil, and near by is the grave of young Benjamin Woodbridge, beside which the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress mourned so sentimentally. "The grey squirrels," says the Autocrat, "were looking out for their breakfasts, and one of them came toward us in light, soft intermittent leaps, until he was close to the rail of the burial ground. He was on a grave with a broad blue slate stone at its head and a shrub growing on it. . . . Stop before we turn away and breathe a woman's sigh over poor Benjamin's dust. Love killed him, I think. . . . The Schoolmistress dropped a rosebud she had in her hand, through the rails, upon the grave." In *The Pagans* of Arlo Bates we find Fenton, from one of the windows of his studio, admiring the tops of the trees of the old Granary ground opposite. This burying ground gets its name from the town granary which in the early days it surrounded.

Across from here a little eastward stands Tremont Temple, to-day a new edifice in place of the one of which in *The Bostonians* Henry James writes: "The only thing that was still actual for Miss Birdseye was the elevation of the species by the reading of Emerson and the frequentation of Tremont Temple." And in another part of the novel he tells us that Verena Tarrant's mother had no higher ambition for her daughter than she should marry a person connected with public life—which meant, for Mrs. Tarrant, that his name would be visible in the lamplight, on a coloured poster, in the doorway of Tremont Temple. To the initiated the place recalls the man, a musical eccentric, who under a thin disguise figures as Killings in *Martin Merrivale.* He made himself notorious in the Boston of his day by purchasing at the auction in Tremont Temple the first ticket sold for Jenny Lind's concert, for which he paid the fabulous price of $625. This so roused public curiosity that his hitherto slimly attended concerts were crowded, and his seemingly reckless expenditure of money proved the good investment he intended. In speaking recently of this man—the prototype of Killings—Mr. Trowbridge said that many Bostonians would recall certain posters which flooded such of the shop-windows as would take them during Jenny Lind's stay. Very large and highly coloured posters they were, representing a group of three figures—the central one, Jenny Lind, flanked by P. T. Barnum, her manager, in the act of presenting to her with a great flourish the man to whom her song was "beyond the price of avarice." In *Martin Merrivale,* Killings also figured as the publisher and editor of the Literary Portfolio, which existed in fact as the Literary Museum.

Near Tremont Temple, with entrances on Hamilton Place, School and Winter Streets, is the Music Hall, recently descended to the level of variety shows, but for many years a distinctive institution not to be overlooked by any novelist wishing to faithfully portray Boston. "As all the world knows," says Henry James, in *The Bostonians,* "the opportunities in Boston for hearing good music are numerous and excellent, and it had

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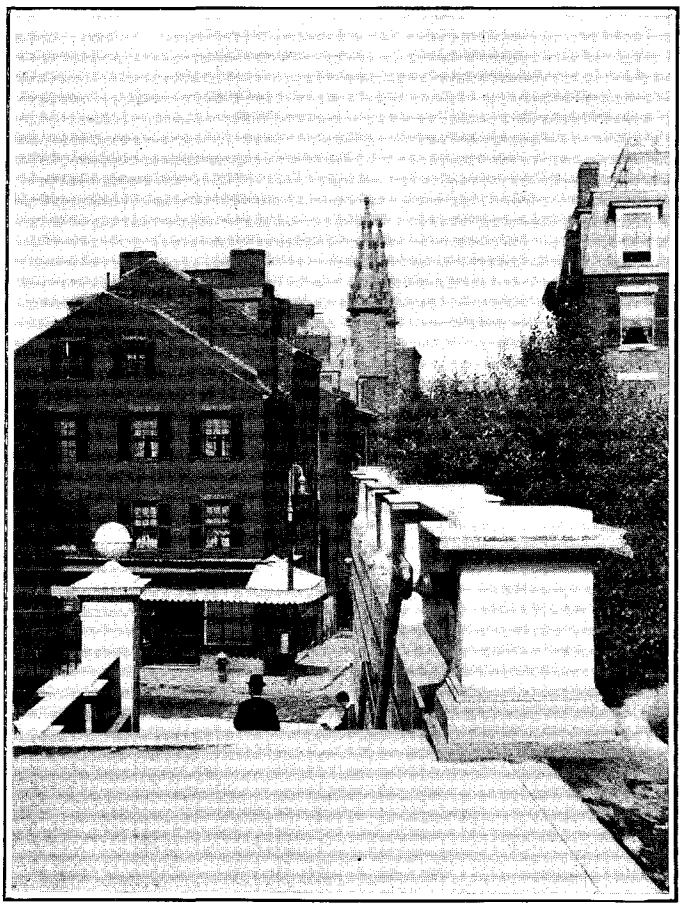
long been Olive's practice to cultivate the best. She went in, as the phrase is, for the superior programmes, and the high, dim, dignified Music Hall, which has echoed in its time so much eloquence and so much melody, and of which the very proportions and colour seem to teach respect and attention, shed the protection of its illuminated cornice upon no face more intelligently upturned than those of Olive and Verena." This was the hall daringly engaged for Verena's début, by Olive, who felt it was the only temple in which the votaries of their creed could worship. Little Dr. Prance described the place as pretty big, but not so big as Olive Chancellor's ideas—ideas for the emancipation of her sex, destined to be ruthlessly crushed by the masculinity of the determined Basil Ransom. Who does not remember how, suddenly coming to Boston for Verena, he found her appearance in Music Hall immensely advertised. "As he gazed down the vista, the approach for pedestrians which leads out of Winter Street, he thought it looked expectant and ominous." And that night we all know the expectant, impatient audience called in vain for Verena, who never made the great speech which was to liberate her sex from bondage, but was literally snatched bodily from the anteroom by her masterful lover, who dramatically whirled her off to live for him instead of for the "cause."

It was during a symphony concert in Music Hall that Truth Dexter, in the novel of that name, inwardly tortured by the thought that her husband did not love her, was taken ill and rushed precipitately from the building. To these Saturday evening concerts, accompanied, after he went blind, by the ever-devoted Kate, came Dan Howard, whom Miss Frothingham makes appeal so tremendously to our sympathies in *The Turn of the Road*. As Mrs. Staggchase's guest (Arlo Bates's *The Philistines*) Miss Merrivale is also taken to the concerts, "where a handful of people gathered to hear the music, and all the rest of the world crowded for the sake of having been there." These concerts are always preceded by a public rehearsal on Friday afternoons, which, in her *Boston Experiences*, Margaret Allston assures us no one enjoys, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, but every one respects, exalts, bends the knee, imbibes—yea, even unto the state of worship known at Beyreuth. Another novelist, Eliza Orne



"BEACON STEPS."—HOWELLS'S "A WOMAN'S REASON."

"Streets of charming houses over behind Beacon Hill and beyond the State House."—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Hitherto."*

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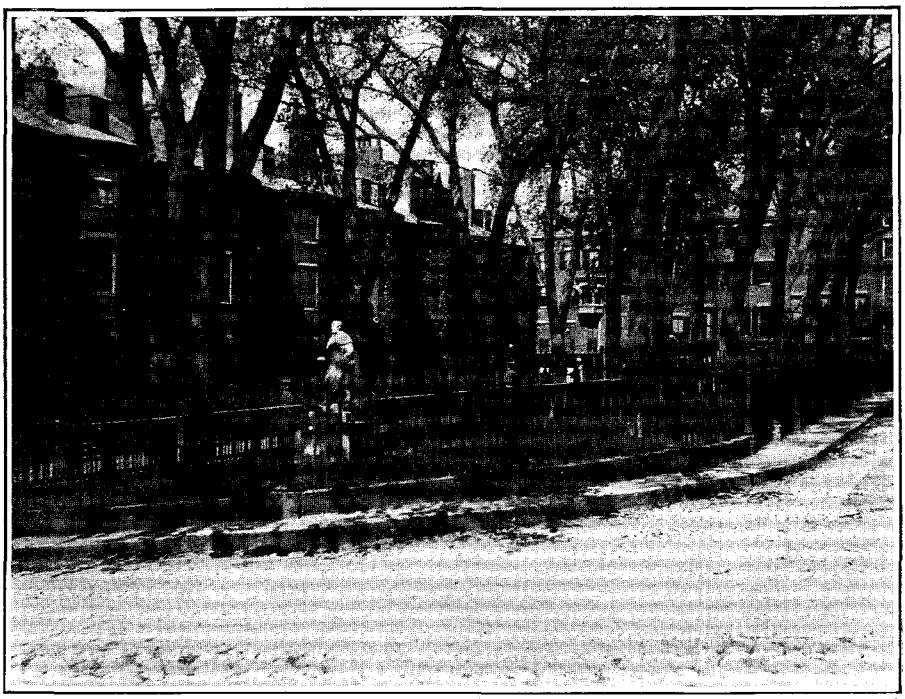
White, in her clever portrayal of a typical young woman of the Hub, unhesitatingly declares that Mary (*Miss Brooks*) went to the rehearsals from a sense of duty mingled with a desire to see her friends. John Graham, whom she dragged along, owned frankly to himself that he went to see Mary. It was only Janet, of the Brooks family, who really loved the music which "exalted her, and made her feel that there was no heroic deeds she could not do." Though the affair was called a lecture, in accordance with the



LOUISBURG SQUARE—FORMER HOMES OF LOUISA ALCOTT AND MR. HOWELLS.

"Having wandered into the neighbourhood of Louisburg Square, he suddenly recalled that one of the old household lived here."—*Helen Campbell's "Ballantyne."*

time-honoured custom of Boston, Crawford would have us understand it was a political speech An American Politician made there. In his audience was a little colony of Beacon Street. "It is not often that Beacon Street goes to such lectures, but John was one of themselves."

In Tremont Street, only a few steps away from the old Music Hall (the new one, called Symphony Hall, is out on Huntington Avenue), is the Studio Building, once the working place exclusively of artists, but now encroached upon by business in one form or another. Two of The Pagans, Arthur Fenton and Tom Bently, had studios there, where in reality occurred recently, said Mr. Arlo Bates in discussing this novel, far more brilliant and original talk among The Pagans than is the imaginary conversation he makes for them. Bently's studio, as he describes it, was the envy of all his brother-artists, with its "stuffs from Algiers, rugs from Persia and Turkey; weapons from Tripoli and India and Tunis; musical instruments from Egypt and Spain; antiques from Greece and Germany and Italy; and pottery from everywhere." Differing, but equally luxurious, was Fenton's where much that was dramatic occurs. In the same building, but far more of a workshop, was the studio of Allestree, with whom as Roweny and, later, Mrs. Keats Bradford, in the two books so named, Maria Louise Pool's heroine studied art before going to Paris.

III. In and Around the Common.

At the head of Park Street, which bounds the Common on the east, stood

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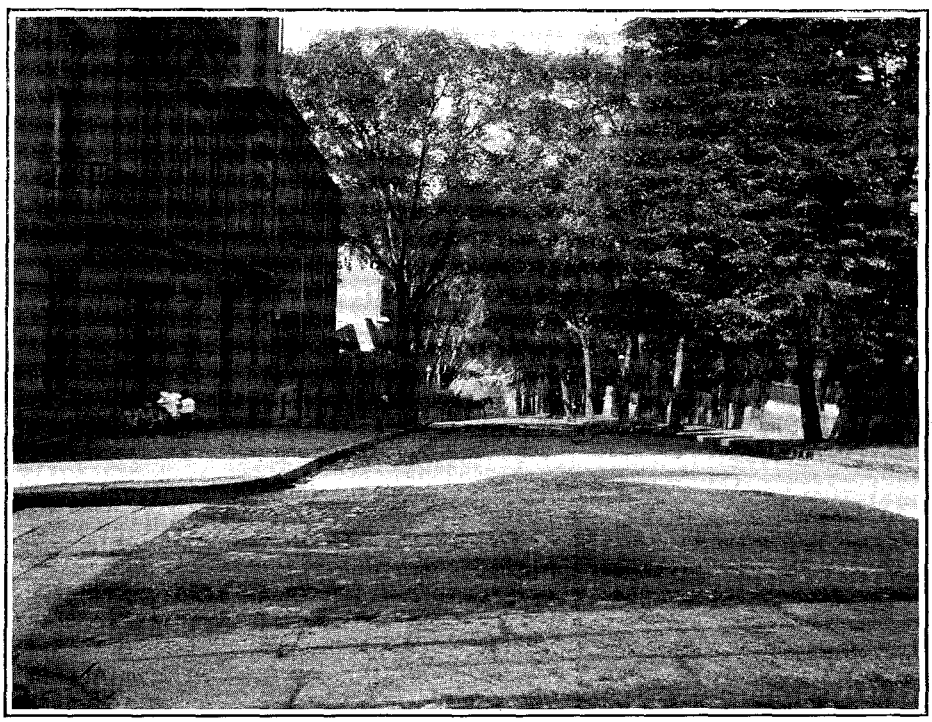
until within a few years the beautiful Ticknor mansion—during George Ticknor's time a rallying point for literary Boston, and likewise famed as being the house where Lafayette stayed during his visit in 1824. This is undoubtedly the house where Margaret and Laura lived in Mrs. Lousie Chandler Moulton's *A Letter and What Came of It*. Next door down the sloping street is the Union Club, shown, as is the mansion in the illustration, before either had undergone alterations. Sewell, Mr. John T. Wheelwright's *Child of the Century*, was a member of this club and, it will be remembered, entertained Strong at breakfast there. It is interesting to know that Mr. Wheelwright originally intended Sewell to be a kind of Yankee Pickwick who travelled about in search of adventure; but he got involved in the Mugwump campaign of 1884 and became ruined by what Mr. Wheelwright called, in speaking of him, "the fatal contact with politics." Just below the club, Roweny (*Mrs. Keats Bradford*) took an apartment because she liked the odour of business which in recent years has crept into the street. On the corner, facing on Tremont Street, is the Park Street Church, which Martin Merrivale attended. Opposite these Park Street buildings is the mall of the Common, which takes its name from the street to which it runs parallel. Like similar paths in the Common, its leafy arch has furnished inspiration to many writers. Howells, who presents varied phases of the Common, first introduces in *A Woman's Reason* Mr. Joshua Harkness at half past five of a hot summer day toiling heavily up this mall and finally sinking with exhaustion on to a bench, where he remained until an obliging policeman found a carriage to take him home. At the head of this mall Bartley Hubbard and Marcia (*A Modern Instance*), taking their first walk in the Common, stopped to see the boys coasting under the care of the police, between two long lines of spectators. On one of the near-by benches Martin Merrivale and the little blind Alice sat many a day



"The perfect Gothic arch formed by the trees that line both sides of Mount Vernon Street."—*Helen Reed's "Miss Theodora."*

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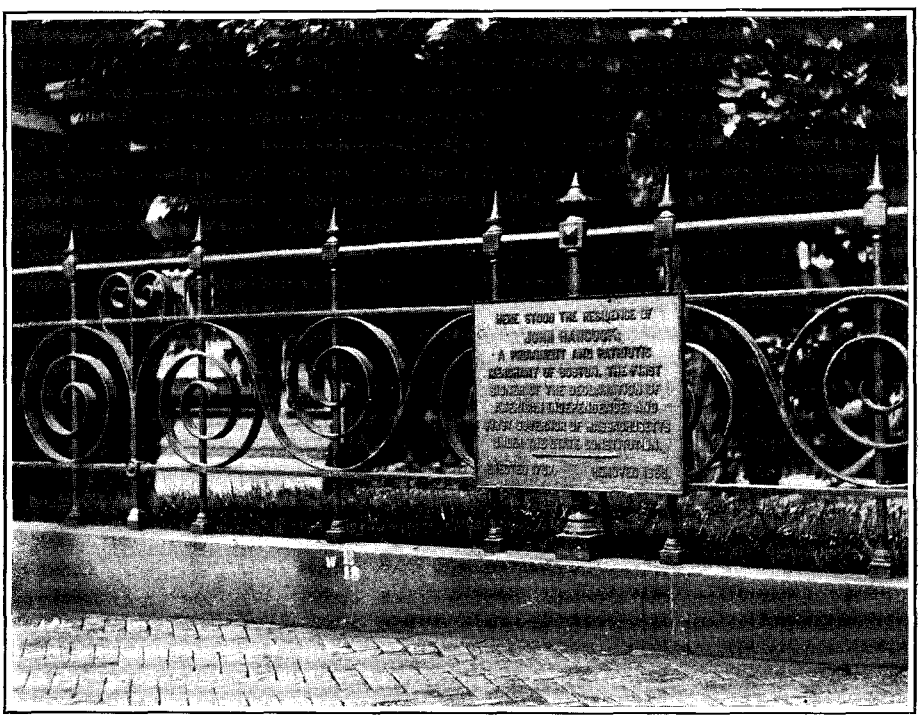
while he described to her the beautiful slopes and regal trees about them. The gentle Alice, though a fictitious character, was suggested to Mr. Trowbridge by his friendship with a woman who was an interesting psychologic study, she having remarkable prophetic visions, as Alice did. No doubt Martin and Alice in their walk down the mall often encountered the telescope man whom Holmes has immortalised: "Ever since I had a ten-cent look at the transit of Venus, . . . through the



"We turn away from the old mansion so easily conjured up by the imagination and see in reality, on a low iron fence, a tablet which marks the site upon which it stood."

telescope in the mall," he says, "the earth has been wholly different to me from what it used to be." As in the Doctor's time, ever cheerfully ready is he to-day to show the wonders of the planet.

The Common with its malls and well-regulated intersecting paths is not quite the sunny meadow and pasture for cows Lionel Lincoln found it when he came to Boston, nor, indeed, Agnes Surriage, years before him. Soon after Lionel's arrival the bucolic rusticity of the scene was somewhat broken by the quartering of British redcoats on the Common. In *The Rebels,* Lydia Child also refers to the British drawing up as if to blockade the town, stretching a long line of tents here and there, surmounted by the red cross standard.

And over all the open green,
Where grazed of late the harmless kine,
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets shine.

Job Pray told Lionel he objected to the soldiers, because they starved the cows: "Boston cows don't love grass that British soldiers have trampled on." Many a time in those anxious days Lionel, listening for a stir of soldiery on the Common, "heard only the faint lowing of cattle from the meadows." What would seem to us now as strange a spectacle as the cows was the spinning craze, which led the belles of the colony to bring their wheels to the Common. This novel scene Bynner describes in *Agnes Surriage.* "Rows of young women with their spinning wheels were busy at work

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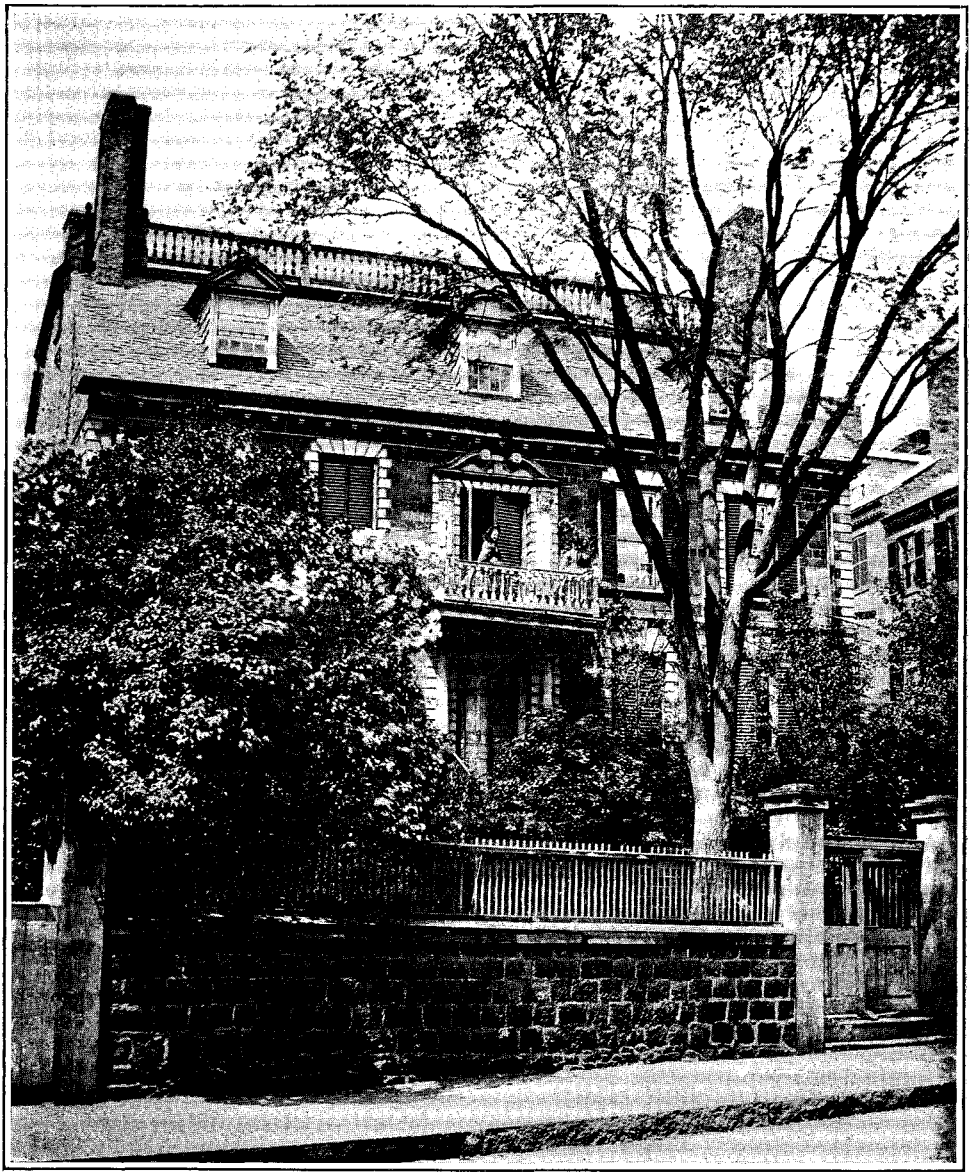
in the open air," he says, "while elderly men and matrons went up and down the hill to give them countenance and keep at a distance the gaping crowd. 'Tis the fashion," Frankland explained to Agnes, enjoyed the admiration of the swains close at hand, and he laughingly hurried Agnes away lest she join the ranks.

To the literary rambler the Common holds no walk so full of interest as "the



"Nan lived in an ancestral home where British officers had danced stately minuets when Massachusetts was a colony."—*Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's "Miss Eyre."*

"to encourage industry and thrift; these are the daughters of our most substantial citizens come forth here to give an example to the meaner sort." From the coquetry of the pretty minxes he suspected they long path," running down from Joy Street southward to Boylston Street, which the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress walked together. At the head of the path the ginko-tree under which he suggested

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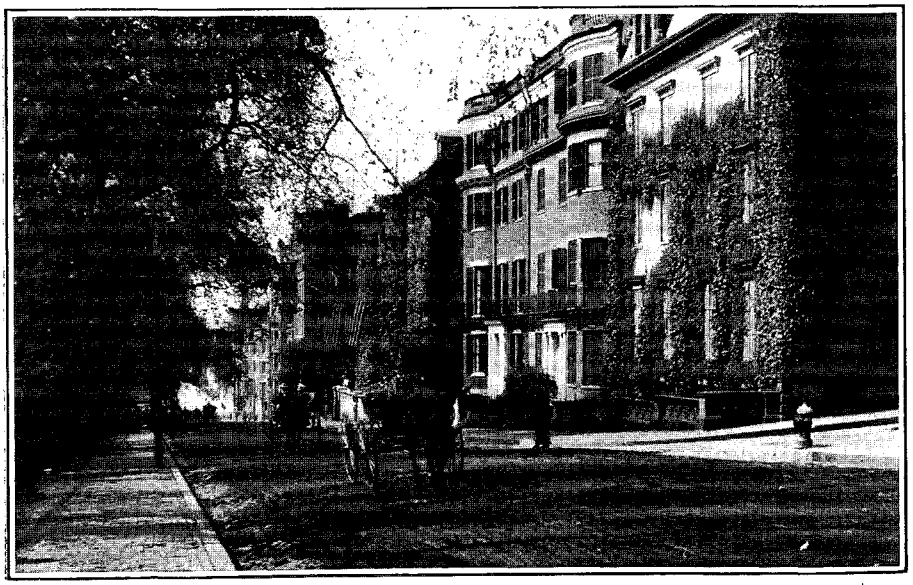
"'Will you take the long path with me?' 'Certainly,' said the Schoolmistress, 'with much pleasure.' 'Think,' I said, 'before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!' . . . She answered softly, 'I will walk the *long path* with you.'"—*"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."*



"The iron gate which, between stately stone posts shut off the domain of the Frostwinches from the world."—*Arlo Bates's "Puritans."*

"A row of stately fine old houses, with little plots of lawn in front and high iron fences."—*A. S. Pier's "Sentimentalists."*

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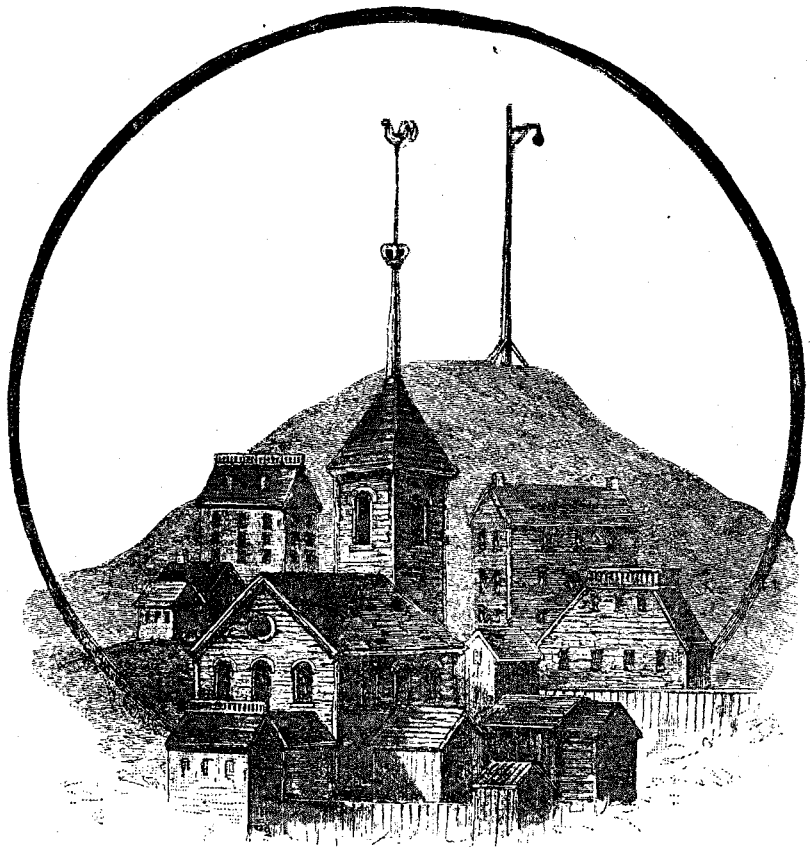
that she sit—seeing how perturbed his proposal had made her—is still standing, and no doubt its delicate, fluttering leaves whispered their secret to the neighbouring tree-tops. As we all know, the Schoolmistress declined the proffered seat with a soft "I will walk the *long path* with you," which meant that they were to part no more. How delightful to have been the old gentleman who met them about the middle of the way down, walking arm in arm! That must have been about opposite the Frog Pond, where Ben and Ernest (Helen L. Reed's *Miss Theodora*) often went skating and where Mr. Howells shows us Lemuel Barker, *The Minister's Charge,* bathing his face in the water while other people were asleep on benches all around the pond.

On the Tremont Street mall used to sit old Mr. James Bowdoin (Stimson's *Pirate Gold*) for half an hour before breakfast every morning, walking over from his home in Colonnade Row across the way. Near the Bowdoin's residence stood half way down on West Street the Latin School, attended by Wheelwright's Child of the Century and Philip Sanderson, in Mrs. Otis's *Barclays of Boston.* Just around the corner, on Mason Street, is "The Old Elm, that subterranean retreat known to bachelors and busy husbands," where Truth Dexter's father-in-law heard his son unpleasantly discussed. To return again to the Common and cross it southwestward, we come to the beautiful Beacon Street mall, which seemed to Lemuel Barker a kind of



"One stately summit from its shaft shall pour
Its deep red blaze along the darkened shore;
Emblem of thought, that, kindling far and wide,
In danger's night shall be a nation's guide."
—*Holmes.*

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grove, so attractive and homelike that he lingered on one of the benches, where misfortunes soon befell him. Later in his career he took a memorable walk through this mall with Madeline Swan. Here, too, sat Bartley Hubbard and Marcia (*A Modern Instance*) in pleasant weather to watch the opening of the spring.

IV. Beacon Hill and Street.

Around the green, in morning light,
The spired and palaced summits blaze,
And, sunlike, from her Beacon height
The dome-crowned city spreads her rays.

True to the traditions of the Bostonese, all the fiction writers of the city pay their tribute to the State House with its splendid gilded dome. "High in the air, poised in the right place, over everything that clustered below, the most felicitous object in Boston—the gilded dome of the State House," writes Henry James in *A New England Winter*. Mrs. Campbell's Ballantyne, in her novel of that name, returning to Boston from the West, stretched his arms to the gilded dome, as if he would embrace it and all Boston at once. And the Autocrat's most celebrated saying is, "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." Again and again he lovingly reverts to it. "Boston," at another time he writes, "has glorified her State House and herself at the expense of a few sheets of gold-leaf laid on the dome, which shines like a sun in the eyes of her citizens, and like a star in those of the approaching traveller." On the eastern side of the State House has been erected a shaft to mark the site of the old beacon which first threw its light across the adjacent waters.

One stately summit from its shaft shall pour
Its deep red blaze along the darkened shore;
Emblem of thought, that, kindling far and wide,
In danger's night shall be a nation's guide,

sings the poet of this old hill and beacon. The stately summit was frequently climbed by Lionel Lincoln and his comrades for a better view of the doings of the town. Here the scene of the novel opens in April, 1775, with a large group of spectators "spreading from its conical summit far down the eastern declivity," all gazing intently on a distant sail making toward the harbour. Under the beacon, beside the tall post that supported the grate, Ralph, echoed by Job, reproached Major Lincoln for his loyalty to the King's cause. Down its steep decline, in their childhood, Lincoln's cousins, Cecil and Agnes, many a time went coasting.

On the northeast corner of Beacon Street, in a house recently torn down, lived My Kinsman, Major Molineux, the hero of one of Hawthorne's romances. The real Molineux was a zealous patriot who died in 1774, and a rather amusing light is thrown upon Hawthorne's story of him by a contemporary writer, who says: "It is a curious irony of fate that Major Molineux should have a false place in literature at the hands of both Longfellow and Hawthorne." The despite done to his memory by the former is less serious than that of the latter. In the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in the prelude, the poet writes of the famous hostelry:

And flashing on the window pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade,
The jovial rhymes that still remain,
Writ near a century ago
By the great Major Molineux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

If the reader will turn to *A Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales*, it will be seen that the kind of immortality given him by Hawthorne is of doubtful value; in short, it completely reverses his character and sends him down to posterity as a hated Tory, tarred and feathered by his outraged neighbours. At the culmination of his story Hawthorne writes, "Right before Robin's eyes was an uncovered cart. There the torches blazed brightest, there the moon shone out like day, and there in tar and feathery dignity sat his kinsman, Major Molineux." All of which may be resented by the historian; but fiction is not fact and the charm of Hawthorne lies in his romancing.

East of the site of the Molineux house is the Hotel Bellevue, where for many years Louisa Alcott stayed when she came down from Concord. Opposite it stands the old Athenæum, soon to be removed to the Back Bay, but on its

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present site a landmark and distinctive Boston institution. This aristocratic library has been frequented by many characters in fiction. In *The Barclays of Boston* Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis tells us that old Mr. Egerton daily read the newspapers there; Henry James's Mrs. Daintry (*A New England Winter*) made remarkably free use of it; two of his *Bostonians,* Olive and Verena, in pursuit of their studies, had innumerable big books from it; in *Hitherto,* Mrs. Whitney's Hope Devine was a little bit shocked at standing face to face with the Venusses, and had been half afraid of the Laocoon. Janet Brooks (*Miss Brooks*), Mary's younger sister, took shelter in the vestibule on a stormy day, and to her infinite relief and pleasure was there discovered later by John Graham.

In colonial times and until 1863 there stood just west of the State House, on Beacon Street, the Hancock mansion, than which, as all who recall it will testify, there was never a more stately or picturesque house. It was surrounded by a beautiful garden, and many a Bostonian can yet sniff the delicious fragrance of the lilacs which clustered about the door and over the wall, perfuming the whole neighbourhood in the spring. Its owner, Hancock, its traditions and associations are richly historical, and it is not without fictional interest as well. It attracted the attention of Lionel Lincoln and Captain Polworth, who, looking down from the platform of the beacon, saw the smoking chimneys, which to them indicated that the "rebellious master" was at home. It is probable that this was the house Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis had in mind in picturing Mr. Egerton's home in *The Barclays of Boston.* Calling it the Amory mansion (*Miss Eyre*), Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton also uses it as a setting for her Nan Amory, who "lived in an ancestral home where British officers had danced stately minuets when Massachusetts was a colony." Nan is introduced to us in the thick of a Theosophical winter. "It always is the something winter in that wonderful city," says Mrs. Moulton, "but perhaps nothing else had ever quite so forcibly taken hold of it as did Theosophy. If you went out to drink five-o'clock tea and shake hands with your neighbours, you found the company broken up into groups, and in the centre of each one some eloquent woman discoursing of reincarnation, and Karma, and Devachan." Reluctantly we turn away from the old mansion, so easily conjured up by the imagination, and see in reality on a low iron fence a tablet which marks the site upon which it stood.

A few steps up the street, in a house now occupied by Dr. Paul, we can imagine dear little Mildred Wentworth (T. B. Aldrich's *A Christmas Fantasy*) in her blue room overlooking the Common, having her deliciously fantastic day-dreams in the midst of her new Christmas toys. Farther down the hill, at No. 40, is the stoop where Margaret Allston had one of the first of *Her Boston Experiences,* and which house, she says, is in the one block in that locality where certain families honourably continue their ancestral line. In the middle of this block is the vine-covered, ultra-exclusive Somerset Club, where Warren Hartwell put in half his days before he met Margaret Allston. It was also the rendezvous of Marion Crawford's American Politician and his friends, one of whom, Vancouver, was particularly fond of standing in one of the semicircular windows and watching the passers-by. On the corner below is the smaller Puritan Club, likewise a haunt of Warren Hartwell's; and of Vernon Kent, one of the sentimentalists in A. S. Pier's novel of that name. The atmosphere of this locality is sympathetically expressed by Margaret Allston, who says she "always peers around for a fleeting glance of Priscillas, John Aldens, or other far-away people who rightfully belong among those quaint old houses, still breathing out history and romance."

V. The West End.

For the western and northern slopes of Beacon Hill many novelists have a strong predilection, notably Mr. Howells, who, particularly on the northern side of the Hill, finds in the homely life of the unfashionable residents ample material for the portrayal of certain types of Bostonians which he presents to us with such fidelity. These are "those old-fashioned thoroughfares at the West End of Boston which are now almost wholly abandoned to boarding-houses of the poorer classes. Yet they are charming streets," and in

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them lived the Hallecks, the Hubbards (*A Modern Instance*), Lemuel Barker (*The Minister's Charge*), Dr. Olney, Rhoda Aldgate and Mrs. Meredith (*An Imperative Duty*), and many other of his fictitious characters. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, too, is partial to this locality with its "streets of charming houses without any modern improvements over behind Beacon Hill and beyond the State House." In her recent story (*Miss Theodora*), Helen Leah Reed gives us a delightful series of pictures of the old West End.

No. 9 Beacon Steps (Howells's *A Woman's Reason*) is given as the residence of Joshua Harkness and his daughter Helen. "Beacon Steps is not Beacon Street," he says in the novel, "but it is of like blameless social tradition." As an actual street it never had any existence in fact, but the name was suggested to Mr. Howells by a short flight of steps which lead down from the State House to Temple Street, and though no definite house was intended, this was the locality he had in mind. In another of his books (*A Modern Instance*) his Clover Street is in reality Myrtle Street, where a few doors from Joy Street is the little house rented by the Bartley Hubbards. "The house seemed absurdly large to people who had been living for the past seven months in one room; and the view of the Back Bay from the little bow-window of the front chamber added all outdoors to their superfluous space." To the east of them, at 63 Hancock Street, is the boarding-house to which Janet (*Miss Brooks*) came in search of young Rheinhart. Passing down Derne Street and through Bowdoin Street we come to Bulfinch Place, on the right, called Canary Place by Mr. Howells, who finds lodgings there for the Bartley Hubbards shortly after they came to Boston. Here, too, on the southern side of the street, is the Hotel Waterson, described in *The Minister's Charge* as the St. Albans, where Barker worked in various capacities until (in the novel) the hotel burned. North of this, on Bowdoin Square, is the Revere House, in and around which transpires much of *An Imperative Duty*. The Bartley Hubbards also stopped at this hotel, where "he entered his name on the register with a flourish." Brilliantly lighted Bowdoin Square and the high pillared portico of the Revere House were also wonderingly observed on his wanderings by *The Minister's Charge*. This hotel was one much patronised by Mr. and Mrs. Howells during their residence in Belmont when, attending social functions or the theatre in Boston, they found it more convenient to spend the night in town. "Some colour of my prime impressions has tinged the fictitious experiences of people in my books," Mr. Howells says in his *Literary Friends and Acquaintances*.

If we now climb "those up-hill streets that converge to the State House," and stop at the top of the Hill, we come directly under the shadow of the dome, to "that commodious nook which is known as Mt. Vernon Place," in which resided Henry James's Miss Lucretia Daintry (*A New England Winter*)—delightful Miss Lucretia, "who wore her bonnet as scientifically poised as the dome of the State House . . . and had in an eminent degree the physiognomy, the accent, the costume, the conscience, and the little eyeglass of her native place." Just north is Mount Vernon Street, on which lived an astonishing number of fictitious persons, whose literary creators give it a preference over Beacon Street as an aristocratic residential thoroughfare. A fine old house, No. 41, at the corner of Joy Street, was the home of Miss Mehitable Quincy, whom we meet in Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's *Miss Eyre*. This house has further literary interest from the fact that it was the home of that brilliant woman novelist and social leader, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, who wrote *The Barclays of Boston* there. A few doors down, on the same side of the street, is No. 48, the home of the Corey's (Howells's *Silas Lapham*). This house is now a small hotel, called the Curtis, but was formerly the home of one of Mr. Howells's friends, and its entrance and part of the interior remain as he then knew and described it. To many, Bromfield Corey is by far the most delightful of Mr. Howells's creations, and it is with pleasure that we meet him in more than one of the author's books. No one forgets that memorable dinner given for the Laphams by the Coreys, in the reading of which we can scarcely be made to believe that we are not actually attending it, so

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strong is Mr. Howells's realistic touch. So familiar do we become with the dining-room that we are keenly interested in the rest of the house, and delighted when we are permitted to wander into Mr. Corey's sanctum, the library, where Lemuel Barker (*The Minister's Charge*) "found himself dropped in the midst of a luxury stranger than the things they read of in those innumerable novels. The dull, rich colours in the walls, the heavily rugged floors and dark wooded leathern seats of the library, where he read to the old man; the beautiful forms of the famous bronzes, and the Italian saints and martyrs in their baroque or Gothic frames of dim gold; the low shelves with their ranks of luxurious bindings, and all the seriously elegant keeping of the place, flattered him out of his strangeness." Corey, it will be remembered, was alone at home while his family were at the shore, because he "would rather be blind in Boston than telescopic at Beverly or any other summer resort."

Looking down from the Coreys, we get a most beautiful view of "the perfect Gothic arch formed by the trees that line both sides of Mount Vernon Street" (Helen Reed's *Miss Theodora*). At No. 59 we find the home of the poet and novelist, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. His near neighbour is Mrs. Buskirk (Pier's *The Sentimentalists*), who lives in one of this "row of stately fine old houses, with little plots of lawn in front and high iron fences; they were of four high-ceilinged stories with well-proportioned bay-windows and deep vestibules, in which were tall jars of plants and palms." In his *Two Bites at a Cherry*, Mr. Aldrich speaks of crisp crocuses blooming in these little front yards in the spring.

Mr. Arlo Bates rarely has an actual house in mind in describing residences, but so real to him are homes of his characters that he has fallen into the way, he says, of inserting an imaginary house in the desired locality. So, though the fiction rambler may not literally number them, he can pretty safely conclude that in this block of Mount Vernon Street lived Mrs. Gore (*The Puritans*), in whose drawing-room occurred the Persian reading when "Persian was the latest ethical caprice," . . . and one form of the "ethical jugglery, the spiritual and intellectual gymnastics such as the Bostonians love." Here we also find "the iron gate which, between stately stone posts shuts off the domain of the Frostwinches (*The Puritans*) from the world, and marked with dignity the line between the dwellers on Mount Vernon Street and the rest of the world." And would any less exclusive neighbourhood have satisfied the wealthy and well-meaning Mr. Calvin who "was regarded by Philistine circles in Boston as a sort of reincarnation of Apollo"? (*The Philistines.*) Judge Rathmine, whose fortunes were so closely intermingled with *The Curse of the Old South Church*, lived in splendid style here. A view of this charming block of houses was to be had by the Kents (*The Sentimentalists*), who lived directly opposite in a "thin, flat-fronted house," by which Mr. Pier meant any one of the several that answers to this description. Below, the Kents at No. 82, lived the happy-go-lucky Sam Randolphs (*Miss Brooks*), with whom the Brooks girls stayed. On the steps of this house Janet had that chance encounter with John which so changed the current of her life.

John T. Wheelwright, to whose *Child of the Century* we have made allusion, lives at No. 99 Mount Vernon Street, and near by, in quaint old Louisburg Square, on the southern side, we find the former homes, a few doors apart, of Louisa Alcott and Mr. Howells. At No. 2 Silas Lapham and his associates first came into being, though the book was not completed until after the novelist had moved to Beacon Street. In this Square John (*Ballantyne*) found charming Mrs. LeBaron living; and overlooking the Square, on Pinckney Street, was Marion's former home, where years later, advised by Mrs. LeBaron, Ballantyne found lodgings in the then "anti-modern street." This house is No. 73, given over to boarders or lodgers, among whom might have been discovered Craighead (*Truth Dexter*) before he married. The character of this once aristocratic street is in these days very similar to the change in other parts of the Hill. This is remarked upon by T. B. Aldrich in his *Two Bites at a Cherry.*

Frances Weston Carruth.

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FIVE NOVELS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

George W. Cable's "The Cavalier."*

In *The Cavalier* Mr. Cable gives us a very lively story of love and adventure in the days of the Civil War. Excepting for the stagnation that occurs wherever the heroine and the hero fall to pondering over-much the question of the good of their souls, the plot runs with unusual swiftness and ease, and one is constantly pleased, sometimes delighted, by the author's absolutely simple, unaffected way of writing.

To say that the novel itself was pleasing, however, would be to admit the enjoyment of some pretty bald melodrama. While there are flashes in the book, notably the little descriptions and pungent details of the manners and conversation of the day, that remind us of the artist who wrote the Creole fiction with which Mr. Cable's name is always associated, it is lamentably true that these are but momentary flashes, interpolations, in a story which is both too glaringly unreal to be impressive and too conventional to be interesting. The opening chapters are so good that the plunge into bathos later on is all the more irritating; the whimsical account of the boyish young Confederate and the clerks' mess is an addition to the literature of the War, but his subsequent adventures with Coralie, the wild-eyed, and her villainous husband, are the kind of thing the boy would probably have imagined for himself, not what one looks to find in a novel of Mr. Cable's.

The main incidents are staged in the thick of some fierce guerilla fighting at the front, where the characters have opportunities of darting about surprisingly, appearing now in the full limelight glare of prosperity and romantic passion, now in the brooding darkness of some difficult, dangerous emprise. There are several highly effective curtain-drops. Take, for instance, the raid upon the dance at Gilmer's plantation house.

It is smothering hot in the crowded, candle-lighted room, while outside "the lightning fills heaven and earth, it shows the bending trees afield, and the thunders peal at each other as if here were all Vicksburg and Port Hudson, with Porter and Farragut going by." The noise crashes upon the ears of the unflagging dancers as they sweep through the arches of a Virginia reel, to a contraband fiddler's electrifying tunes. They know nothing of the stealthy approach of the enemy until they are surrounded and surprised by the men in mud-splashed uniforms. Then we have:

> Cries of masculine anger and feminine affright filled the hall, but one ringing order for silence hushed all, and the dance stood still with Ned Ferry in its centre. In his right hand, shoulder high, he held not his sword, but Charlotte's fingers lightly poised for the turn in the arrested dance. "Stand, gentlemen, every man is covered by two; look at the doors; look at the windows." The staff captain daringly sprang for the front door, but Ferry's quick boot caught his instep and he struck the floor full length. Like lightning Ferry's sword was out, but he only gave it a deferential sweep. "Sir! better luck next time!—Lieutenant Quinn, put the Captain in your front rank."

All of which is very gallant and graceful, and it is accompanied by a drawing in which every trace of the mud splashes has been properly obliterated.

Here is a scene which is typical: The Yankee captain lies on his death-bed in a Confederate mansion, nursed by Coralie Rothvelt, the strange, intense, passionate worker for the Southern cause. The bugle rings out the reveille. "Being a soldier," says the woman, "you want to die like one?"

> "Yes, oh, yes!—the best I can. I'd like to sit half up—and hold my sword—if there's no objection. I've loved it so! It would almost be like holding—the hand that's far away. Of course it isn't really necessary, but—it would be more like—dying—for my country."

He holds the sword naked in his hand, and then he asks for a song, a soldier's song. At first she sings a hymn, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" and the Yankee prisoners in the yard take up the strain. The dying man then lifts a hand, demanding a new favour.

*The Cavalier. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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I did not catch his words, but Charlotte heard, and answered tenderly, yet with a thrill of pain so keen she could not conceal it even from him.

"Oh! you wouldn't ask a rebel to sing that," she sighed, "would you?"

He made no rejoinder except that his eyes were insistent. She wiped his temples. "I hate to refuse you."

After an inward struggle she begins to sing the "Star Spangled Banner," and the crowd of prisoners below, after hearing the first two lines in awed, ecstatic silence, begin at the third warily to raise their voices—"let the Captain hear us, one verse through, if every damned fool of us dies for it," they cry in defiance of the indignant guards. And the command to fire does not come.

As a death-bed scene, this is "played up," as the expression is, to the limit; perhaps, we may say, a little beyond it.

Theatricality predominates in the book; yet there is something else there, too; the South is in it in a very real way, in the persons of the Misses Camille, Estelle, and Cecile, with their *naïve* suddenness in love affairs, in the descriptions of the country and plantation life, and—to come down to even more prominent facts—in the presence of the "nigger" and his everlasting mule.

Carl Hovey.

II.

Robert Barr's "The Victors."*

The subject with which this book deals is one that arouses interest the length and breadth of the land. Who has not heard of Tammany Hall? And who is not curious to understand the conditions that have made the leader of that remarkable organisation the autocrat of the greatest city of the New World? It is a question whether a perfectly convincing novel dealing with Tammany Hall will ever be written. Tammany men are suspicious; they are inordinately quick at detecting the observing attitude. They are abnormally sensitive when it comes to submitting to the inquisitive, critical gaze. One must approach them ingenuously, sincerely, persistently, and with no thought of ultimate literary effort to get near them and see things from their peculiar point of view. The man that understands Tammany best is probably the one least able to write about it.

In *The Victors,* however, Mr. Barr has given us a tolerably truthful picture of New York life in its relation to Tammany. It is a picture that lacks proportion, to be sure. It is incomplete, and is marred, besides, by some false touches. It is not subtle in detail, nor does it contain much, if anything, that is new. None the less, it has a distinct fascination as the background of a tale that is interesting as such, told with much charm in its sentimental episodes and with brilliancy in its main features.

Patrick Maguire, who becomes the boss of Tammany Hall, is a notable creation. Let no one look at him as a portrait, for Mr. Barr has carefully avoided drawing him as a portrait of any one Tammany politician living or dead. Judging by the frontispiece, one would say that Maguire was Big Tim Sullivan. Psychologically, however, he is a composite. He is a truthful picture in the main of the typical Tammany politician. He has flesh and blood; we have seen him before, we know him. He is a glib talker, with a brazen self-confidence and a never-failing resourcefulness. He is keenly intelligent in a practical way, though dull otherwise. He reads human nature instinctively and manipulates it deftly to his own profit and with satisfaction in the art of doing so. He would rather be friendly than not, and would stick by a friend through thick and thin. At the same time he looks on friendship as a means to mutual material profit. Friendship out of the question, he will fight with fist or craft, whichever may serve best his purpose. It is men like him that rise to power in Tammany.

Mr. Barr has depicted another phase of Maguire's character that is true to nature. Maguire has a code of morals of his own. Most men would call him dishonest; he believes himself to be essentially one of the most honest of men. His ingenuous explanation of his probity after a particularly shady transaction is as characteristic as it is amusing. On the other hand, however, Mr. Barr describes Maguire in the height of his power as

*The Victors: A Romance of Yesterday Morning and This Afternoon. By Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company. $1.50.

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dissipated. Now, it is a fact that the strong men in Tammany are not dissipated. They are not, as a rule, even moderate or occasional drinkers. Some of the most powerful of them never in their lives tasted liquor or tobacco. Power in Tammany is won by hard work and kept by constant vigilance. Again, Maguire is frequently spoken of, even addressed, as the "Boss." Mr. Croker is called boss only by anti-Tammany people. It would be a breach of etiquette for a Tammany man so to address him. He is sometimes called "Chief;" sometimes, but not to his face, "The Old Gentleman." But almost invariably the Tammany man speaks of him and addresses him as "Mr. Croker," and that most respectfully.

The early part of Maguire's career, as a narrative, is far more convincing than the latter part. The episode of his management of a local campaign in Michigan, with which the book begins, is brilliantly sketched, with a genuinely humorous touch and a vivid background of local colour. Maguire's career in New York, however, frequently borders on the extravagant. Its close is little short of the fantastic. The difficulty lies in the fact that Mr. Barr is attempting to suggest Tammany and at the same time avoiding a description of things as they really are.

The careers of Benjamin McAllister and James Monro enable Mr. Barr to sketch some phases of New York business life. When the reader is introduced to these two young men they are peddling in Michigan. They pause to watch a summer sunset and try to voice their aspirations. When these aspirations are realised later in the form of a huge department store on Sixth Avenue, the young men see nothing incongruous in the outcome, and appear to be satisfied. Some of the incidents in the careers of the young men, remarkable as they appear, are, I believe, accurate reports of real happenings. McAllister is the emotional type of business man. He believes that God is a silent partner in his department store. He has imagination and ideas. One has not to look far for the model from which he was drawn. Monro is of the prosaic type, practical and steady-going. The absorbing struggle of the young men for success, their ups and downs, their despair and their final triumph, all these are reported graphically.

But Mr. Barr does not write only of politics and business. He tells of three young women and love-making much of it. These gentler pages of his book he has sketched delicately, with unusual charm. Pretty is the word I should apply to them. In short, the interest is varied, the scenes are many. With the text "To the victors belong the spoils" in mind, Mr. Barr has written an objective commentary on the money measurement of success, which is probably the most salient characteristic of American life today.

Walter Strong Edwards.

III.

IAN MACLAREN'S "YOUNG BARBARIANS."*

I have some hesitation in *not* saying offhand that this book is the best piece of writing and Scottish character-photography that Ian Maclaren—as distinguished from Dr. Watson—has yet published. But I recall that one-third of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush,* which is the distillation of *Sunt lachrymæ rerum* from the stoically borne agony of Scottish family affection, and that one-third of *The Days of Auld Lang Syne,* which is the cream of the dry Old Moderate Walter Scott humour which sees into the foibles, but neither pretends nor seeks to see into the deeds, of men. So I content myself with giving it as my opinion that *Young Barbarians* is the most enjoyable book its author has written, and, from the literary point of view, at once the least ambitious and the most successful. Every man with any sense of humour is a grown-up schoolboy, and it is as such that Ian Maclaren looks on Bulldog, and Speug, and Nestie, and the satellites of these bright particular stars of Muirtown Seminary. No doubt *Young Barbarians* will be said by many critics not to have the "strength" or "inevitableness" of the eternal *Stalky & Co.,* and if "inevitableness" means the exploration of the slums of boy nature and the placing not only of old heads on young shoulders, but of almost sub-tropical viciousness—a very different thing, by

*Young Barbarians. By Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

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the way, from sub-tropical vice—into young English hearts, Ian Maclaren's book will not stand comparison with its predecessor and rival. Nor can it be claimed for him, as it can be claimed for Mr. Kipling with perfect truth, that he is, in the sense that Dickens was, the special correspondent for present-day humanity. But I doubt if ever what Sydney Smith termed "the simious schoolboy delight of giving pain to others"—tempered and rendered comparatively innocuous by the public opinion which is always to be found in a public school, at least of the "day" sort—was ever more agreeably or more truthfully exhibited than it has been in the hero-imps of Muirtown Seminary, and especially in that prince of dunces, practical jokers and strategists, the immortal Speug. It is quite certain that even Ian Maclaren has never given a better representation of dour Scottish stoicism and pride than Dugald MacKinnon, *alias* Bulldog, the teacher of writing, arithmetic and mathematics in Muirtown, the remorseless martinet who loves his cane as he loves the young Red Indians he has disciplined into manliness with its help, the friend of the fatherless, and the secret cherisher of lower-animal pets. He is as good a satirist as the cynic of *The Bonnie Brier Bush,* but never bores you with his satire. He is as good a stoic as Drumsheugh; and then he is not a pathetic failure, but a successful individualist. He leads his own life, dominates boys, brother-masters, parents and magistrates alike by sheer force of character, retires from work when it suits him, declines a pension because he neither wishes nor requires it, and succumbs only to the kindness of his "laddies." But why, oh why, does Ian Maclaren go into the pulpit disguised as Dr. Watson and preach a little *Vanity Fair* sermon on life in general at the close of Bulldog's? Why does he represent Bulldog as calling Nestie to him and pointing to a "rough, weather-beaten coaster" dropping down with the tide? "Newer and swifter vessels would take her place in the days to come, but the old craft had done her work well and faithfully, and now the cleanest and kindest of Scots rivers was carrying her gently to the eternal ocean." Thackeray or—Diabolus! As a matter of fact, what Bulldog did was to take Nestie by the ear, tell him *Sat est vixisse,* and ask him to translate the sentence, which, of course, that spluttering but delightful little incorrigible ignominiously failed to do.

But there are characters in *Young Barbarians* quite as good as Speug, and incidents quite as happy as the retirement of Bulldog. The soldierly Dunc Robertson, the "useful" (as athletes would say) Jock Howieson, the spirited little English boy Nestie protected of Speug and his partner in mischief, and the "typical" French Count who, exile and alien though he is, dotes on his "dogs," are valuable additions to the Ian Maclaren gallery. The fight between Muirtown Seminary and the rival schools is told with great vigour; and the parting of the gentle little English minister with his son and life is told at less length, but with greater self-restraint than the death of Dr. Maclure. On the other hand, Ian Maclaren exhibits some of the defects of his virtues. One gets tired of Moossy and Mr. Byles, the two "failures" of Muirtown Seminary; and Bailie MacConachie, the Goliath of the town, is overdone, and his drunken double is a mere caricature. There is a touch of journalistic theatricality in the "exciting finish" of the "triumph of the seminary" at cricket, and in the curing of Bulldog by giving him a sight of his cane. Dunc Robertson was born to death in war, but not Speug. That young rascal's inventiveness should have found scope in the revolutionising of an old, good-going, sleepy business concern. When all this is allowed, it remains to be said, and said with the cordiality of a Scottish hand-shake, that Ian Maclaren has produced one of the best, pleasantest and healthiest books of the year; a work, too, which marks a distinct advance on the author's part as an artist. Boys will revel in it, and "grown-ups" should not allow its cover to mislead them into the belief that it is "merely a Christmas book."

William Wallace.

IV.

Alfred Hodder's "The New Americans."*

The novel of manners is most important in matter and manner when it deals

*The New Americans. By Alfred Hodder. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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with the theme that Mr. Hodder has chosen—the difference in character and expression between one generation and another; for then it goes beyond the bounds that restrict the study of a special class or community into the broad field of national forces and development. What the new Americans represent, as distinguished from the old ones—those of yesterday—is of much more importance than they themselves or their affairs, interesting as these may be.

The New Americans is a novel of manners in this more significant sense. Naturally, therefore, it is also a study in femininism. The women of to-day differ from those of yesterday even more obviously than the men of to-day, with their lack of dogma and consequent elasticity, differ from their fathers. Women occupy in this book a space in proportion to that they hold in the public eye (the newspaper), and in the lives of the men their contemporaries. They are shown as we know them—as some of us know some of them—and with an utter absence of the pictorial or "keepsake" point of view. They are ambitious, one and all, eager, prehensile, independent even when most dependent, and above all bent to the uttermost, consciously or unconsciously, on using man for their own purposes. They are nearly all at the beginning "nice girls"—that is, to quote, princesses without principalities, except as some man will give them his to mismanage. And they expect—just the earth, no more. This, at any rate, is the feeling of the men of the story. Their feeling toward contemporary woman is one of intellectual irritation, that she should expect so much beyond her deserts. They see the "nice girl" making it "a point of honour to go through life quietly demanding everything and giving nothing;" they see her as "a prodigious egotist, who fancies that she has earned the kingdom of heaven if she reluctantly allows herself to be adored." They detest the idea of her, they have a catalogue of bad names for her—probably because they foresee their doom, and know that soon or late they must succumb to her.

And these nice girls lie and cheat. Or, let us say, they manœuvre. But that is because they are so tremendously eager, so positive, because they want things so much, so much more than the men want anything. "I have never known a man who was ambitious; I have never known a woman who was not." Then, woman's ambition granted, how is she to satisfy it? Through man, of course. Man is "an animal with a special instinct making him a woman's natural prey;" he is "her breakfast muffin, her spring bonnet, her maid-of-all-work."

Women then in this story make use of men—up to a certain point. Cecily sends Howard Lidcott into politics because he is not good enough for her in private life. Isabel and Nannie get Alan Windet married—Isabel, who loves him, helping to marry him to Nannie in order to keep him away from Cecily, whom he cares for. Dora Crispin, a soubrette, is Howard's mistress, and when she thinks his support is about to be withdrawn from her, tries to kill him in Cecily's presence. Cecily then marries him, and attempts to manage him into a political career. Isabel, still bent on getting and keeping Alan's chief interest for herself, tells the crippled Nannie that Alan married her from a scruple of conscience and without love.

And the result? The reward of all this feminine toil and trouble? Failure in every case. Isabel completely fails with Alan. Cecily finds her instrument break in her fingers. Not one of them gets anything she wants. And the reason is to be found in the character of the men. The fact is, that instinct which makes man woman's natural prey is counteracted by a certain rigidity, stolidity, which manifests itself when least expected. Man is weak as water in woman's hands, but he has a trick of crystallising suddenly. The best laid schemes of women gang oft agley because of this unforeseen resistance. It is sometimes a manifestation of the ideal of honour which is one link between the old generation of men and the new. In its private and personal phase this ideal is stringent as ever, as Alan Widet and Urrey show us; in its public phase it is capable of an elasticity incomprehensible to Alan's father; permitting, for example, yellow journalism to be used as a means to a political end. "Ideas existed to be put in practice, not to inspire imbecilities of Quixotism; ideals existed not as goals to be attained, but, like points of the compass, to enable a man to lay a course definitely; and men and women existed to be manip-

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ulated." These are Alan Windet's opinions. But Alan, under the spur of his ideal of private honour, is capable of an imbecility of Quixotism—marrying a girl in whom he is not interested simply because the idea had been conveyed to him that he had led the girl to expect him to offer himself. He is capable also of perfect loyalty and of superhuman politeness to her afterward.

Cecily, on the other hand, seems to have had an ideal of public honour, since her husband's manifest disinclination to follow the straight line in politics she has marked out for him separates her from him. But Cecily deceived her papa. In fact, each one of the women of the story is more disingenuous than the other, and there is among them a very scanty allowance of private honour—judged, at least, by the masculine standard—hardly enough, indeed, to go round. As for Isabel, who started out in quite a gallant, slashing manner to manage Alan's destiny for him, she schemes like a man and lies like a woman, too—and all in vain. And Cecily's one example of high-mindedness brings on the catastrophe: a friendship grows up between her and Alan, Alan in consequence withdraws his political support from Howard, and Howard kills him.

And, by the way, when the book ends there is not a single real marriage in it; moreover, no children have been born. In a way this is typical of our very advanced generation; but it suggests melancholy reflections as to the chances of the next generation for writing books about us.

Neith Boyce.

V.

Basil King's "Let Not Man Put Asunder."*

An author who attempts to handle the divorce question in one short novel is indeed audacious. But Mr. King has plunged bravely into the subject, and he has come out of it much better than might be expected. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder" has served as text for many a sermon. There is no sermon here, however. Mr. King works out his problem in a somewhat novel fashion. In the first place, everybody in the book gets married, then everybody gets divorced, then nearly everybody gets married again. But this does not work at all. The first husbands and the first wives crave each other. They see the wickedness and the shame of it, and they see for themselves that the law cannot successfully divorce that which has been as one flesh. Take, for instance, Dick Lechmere, who puts away the wife whom he loves because she sins against him. The years drag on, and he becomes a wanderer on the face of the earth. Even the sin cannot kill the love. It is still there, and Felicia is still his wife. When most lonely and miserable, Dick runs across Petrina Vassall, who has divorced her husband, Dick's old friend, for a mere selfish whim. She, too, is lonely and miserable. They imagine that, understanding each other's past, they can mould the future to suit themselves. They marry. Then begin months of awakening for Petrina as she realises that she loves Harry Vassall, has always loved him, in fact. She is his wife—no one's else. Then what is she to Dick? She has entangled herself in a horrible web from which there seems no escape. While her mind is filled with thoughts of Harry she discovers Dick kissing the miniature of his first wife. And thus it goes on. One stormy night Felicia, weak and ill and poor, comes to the door and begs admittance. Petrina's first impulse is to drive her away and keep her from Dick, but her better instincts prevail and she drags her in. Felicia dies in the arms of Dick, who forthwith kills himself. Here is a touch of melodrama.

Then, too, there is Lady de Bohun, who divorces her husband for a caprice. She has children grown, and the complication is much more serious. In talking over the matter with Petrina, she says: "A woman should be either single, married, or a widow. To be divorced is nothing at all. For a free woman with a husband, or a free man with a wife, there is no place. Society isn't organised to receive them." Lady de Bohun finds out many other things when it is too late, and when Sir Humphrey marries a young friend of hers, life is never quite the same again.

*Let Not Man Put Asunder. By Basil King. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

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All these strange elements are cleverly blended together. Mr. King evidently knows Boston pretty thoroughly, and in that town many of the scenes are laid. Harry Vassall, the New England Puritan, and Petrina, the New England Pagan, are excellent character sketches. The dialogue is very bright at times, and the book is undeniably readable. Petrina literally wallows in modern thinking and Bohemian living, and yet at the last she comes back tremblingly to the man who represents that which is clean and wholesome and well worth while.

F. M. Mandeville.

LONDON'S HA'PENNY COMICS

The lower-class Briton takes his humour as sadly as all other forms of pleasure. His wit, like his love, is grim and deliberate. There are few Nonconformists to the doctrine of the Metempsychosis of the Joke. The same "funny" situation, hall-marked and stereotyped, whether it be the slap-stick of the music-hall stage or an orange-peel disaster in his comic paper, will always provoke a dutiful snigger. Unless some jest is stolen from a foreign periodical, you will find scarcely any variation from one week to another in any of the lower-class humorous weeklies.

I speak, be it understood, particularly of the lower classes. A comparison of British and American wit upon higher planes might not redound indubitably to the credit of our own humorists. We are too bored by the ubiquitous tramp with his tomato can, the coloured poacher of chicken-coops, the Hebrew clothier and the Irish hod-carrier with his goat, to indulge in much patronising comment upon the jokes in *Punch*. We are newly afflicted with a recrudescence of the "catastrophe" form of wit in the Katzenjammer Kids of the yellow supplements to the Sunday papers, and that perversion has all but spoiled for us the old delight in their prototypes, "Max und Moritz." We have created our own lower-class humour, and fed it upon pictures where the somersault is represented by dotted whirls, and visible stars proceeding from a cracked head gives artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. And, may Heaven forgive him, even Gus Dirks himself, the Moses who might have led the comic drawing into the clean, fresh domain of fancy, has succumbed to the demand for a cataclysmic *dénouement*.

This inevitable mishap is the *sine quâ non* of the British "Ha'penny Comic," usually exploited in a "series" describing in successive pictures the discomfiture of a grotesque hero. Week by week one may, if one can, follow the career of Ally Sloper or any one of his numberless imitators through his wit-stupid misadventures.

Upon the order list of Toler Brothers, who supply the newspaper shops, one finds over a dozen "Ha'penny Comics"

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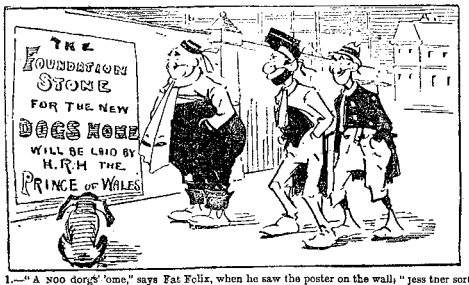
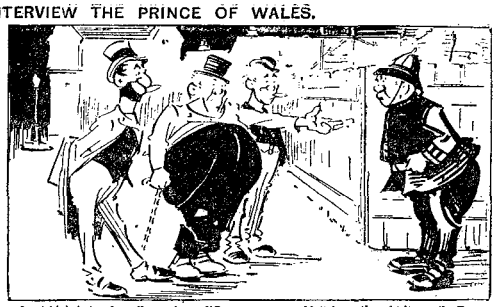
THE THREE BEERY BOUNDERS INTERVIEW THE PRINCE OF WALES.



1.—"A NOO dorg's 'ome," says Fat Felix, when he saw the poster on the wall; "jess tner sort o' crib as would soot me—nuffin' ter fink erbout an' yer grub served hup reglar, an' wot's this? foundation-stone laid by ther Prince o' Wales. Wot o' me pippins, we'll 'av ter be on that job."



2.—A high hat and a collar makes a difference; you wouldn't have thought it was the Beery Ones at first glance, but so it were. They looked so aristocratic that they quite took the fat peeler's breath away, and when Fatty presented an old pawn-ticket for a card, he said "Parce bon, me lad," without looking at it.

published weekly in London. Fathering these broods of humorous papers are several syndicates, each of which sends out from two to five "comics," one hardly distinguishable from another in shape, size, price or quality. The Harmsworth Brothers, for instance, publish *Chips, Comic Cuts,* the *Comic Home Journal* and the *Funny Wonder.* The heroes of their "adventure series" are:

"Chokee Bill and the Area Sneaker,"

"Weary Willie and Tired Tim," and other unmentionables.

These sheets affect pink paper, and run "bloods" of the most sanguinary character. A "blood," like a "series," is a technical term in the trade. A blood is the first cousin to the American half-dime novel, a lurid, melodramatic romance.

The Trapps-Holmes syndicate own and issue the *World's Comic,* the *Coloured Comic, Larks* and *Funny Cuts.* Here we find the caricatures and exploits of

"Frog-Faced Ferdinand and Wooly-Whiskered Watts,"

"Bat Eared Bill and Mooching Mike,"

"The Three Beery Bounders, Fat Felix, Nosey and Fly Flipper," etc., etc.

The Pearson Brothers are responsible for *Dan Leno's Comic* and the *Big Budget,* the latter consisting of four papers in one, with its comic, adventure, blood and editorial departments complete.

Most of the illustrations are too unspeakably vulgar for reproduction, but my diatribe would not be credible did I not quote from the texts, and submit in proof a few of the "cuts" that delight the cockney coster and giggling housemaid. Under each drawing in the series is a slangy explanation of these wretched attempts at fun, as stupid as they are coarse. Such are the purlieus of British literature.

I have exhausted my adjectives in this presentment, and if any one desires to investigate further, the illustrations I annex must speak for themselves. To an American, the only amusement the "Ha'-penny Comics" can afford is that gained from a view of the inside workings of the editorial offices. It is not, however, often so amusing for the impecunious artist, for he is dependent upon the caprice of the editor, and even if a sketch is accepted, he must often wait weeks

BAT-EARED BILL AND MOOCHING MIKE EMBARK IN THE WILD BEAST BIS'NESS.

1.—"BIS'NESS hov got a bit slack in the ole country, matey," growled Mike, "but we're goin' to make our fortunes as wild lion 'unters." "Anything for a change wot scoops in ther canaries," responded Bill.

2.—Our bold hunters had got an A1 copper idea for crossing the deserts. It made the wild beasts a bit wilder. "Come along, chappies," chirrupped Bill, "you can all come later on!"

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WEARY WILLY AND TIRED TIM SCORE ONCE MORE.

1. Willy and Tim are once more on the wander. This time they've put up at the Wobbly-winkle Islands, and weren't the natives flummergasted, that's all! "Tim," gurgled Willy, "this toggery has caught on a bit—they think we're the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs out on the razzle." "Don't be frivolous," gurgled Tim; "tend to business, can't yer?"

2. Presently they came to a curious looking show. "This is the object of me search!" yowled Tim. "Ser-lave, hopen up the Perlace of Mystery!" The serlave didn't quite see it at first. "Sankwankwum!" quoth he poetically. And when Willy looked up the native dictionary, he found this meant, "Blowed if I will." But—

before it is paid for, if, indeed, he ever receives the paltry sum that is due him.

A majority of the editors have the appearance of boys of eighteen who have been trained to stand warming their coat-tails at the fire and say pompously, "No, Mr. Joker, your work is hardly up to our standard; you'd better try it again. I'll be glad to look at any drawings you bring in any time, you know!" Often the editor drives a hard bargain at wholesale, and I have known of one who bought forty pen-and-ink drawings for a pound, cash down. A few fortunate artists, friends of those in authority, get steady employment, doing four series regularly each Wednesday night, and living riotously upon the proceeds for the rest of the week. One syndicate has an organised staff and pays two pounds a week, their slaves grinding out "comics" from 9 till 6 every day, jokes provided.

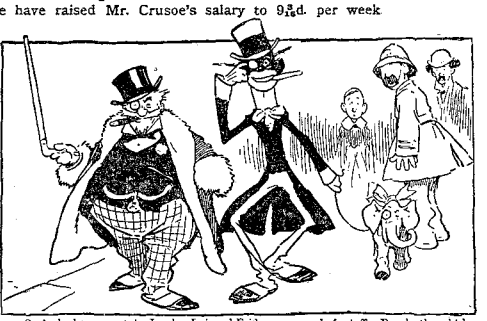
Monday morning at the office of the *Big Budget* discovers a row of artists lined up in front of the counter of the cashier's office. It is pay day, and each contributor, provided with a copy of the paper, takes his place in the queue and points out his drawing on the broadside, is paid his eighteen pence per sketch, signs his receipt, and gives place to the next in the row. If the pay is somewhat small, here at least it is sure and prompt; at other offices he may have to come and go for weeks, implore, threaten, and even run the risk of personal violence, before he collects his half-crown.

There are many such struggling Bohemians in London, happy-go-lucky prodigals, now with gold in their pockets and silk hats on their heads, then chewing their pencils in their "bed-sitting-room, back," waiting for some ignoble inspiration. Some draw fashion-plates for the ladies' weeklies and are visited by stylish, but headless women, gowned in the latest mode. Some sell their drawings through the agency of a pretty girl, who "has a way" with the susceptible editors.

But the most interesting clan of all to me was a trio of artists with whom I became fast friends in Chelsea. They had all studied art in Paris, and had transplanted their Bohemia from the Quartier Latin to the Old Queen's Road. They painted when they could spare the time,

THE COMIC ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, ESQUIRE, AND HIS MAN FRIDAY.
In accordance with the wishes of numerous readers, we have raised Mr. Crusoe's salary to 9½d. per week.

1. I'd made a bit of a pile, one way and another, among the niggers, so I thought I'd give Friday a treat and take him to Barnum's—yes, Barnum's. I meant to go to London on board the fish I'd caught, and show the nigger around. We had a happy voyage, and fairly quick, too, 'cos our cruiser made about three hundred knots an hour, which was pretty fair for a small craft.



2. And when we got to London I rigged Friday up no end of a toff. People thought he was Ranji in disguise—but he wasn't. "We'll make a hit if we stay here long enough," I said to Friday. "How do you feel in your new togs?" "A bit squeezed—like the Frenchies in Africa!" chortled Friday. "Or the Boer people down South," I murmured.

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but their rent was paid, when it *was* paid, by comic "cuts." The firm name was Etienne St. Michel Du Prix, and no matter which one was responsible for joke or rendition, that glorious pseudonym adorned the lower right-hand corner of the drawing. The boldest of the three made periodical trips to the city to dispose of the work and to bully editors into acceptance and payment. I dropped in on them one night at seven, and found them rather dubious.

"Come out to dinner at Mac's!" I said.

"No, thanks; we're not going to dine to-night!"

"Why not?" I inquired, as I helped myself thoughtlessly to one of the three biscuits on the mantel. They regarded me wistfully.

"Oh, we're not eating dinners," said one Du Prix, and he went to the window and gazed out as anxiously as Sister Anne on the tower of Bluebeard's castle. "What time is it?" he asked, fingering an empty pocket. There was, at least, nothing there but a pawn ticket.

"Mont ought to be here by this time," said the other Du Prix, taking one of the two remaining biscuits.

Suddenly there was a whistle below. The two Du Prix almost fell out of the window. Some one came up, three stairs at a time. It was Mont, *alias* Du Prix, 3d. He waved a bit of orange-coloured paper over his head, but his coat was a sight for a seamstress.

"I got it!" he cried. "I had an hour's beef with the editor of the *Joker,* and he promised to run the drawings next week. I told him they had already appeared. He said the cashier was out. I said I'd wait till he came back. Then he tried to put me out, and we broke two chairs and tipped over a table in the scrimmage. Then I sat down and waited four hours. Then, let's see—three of 'em and the office-boy rushed me. I caught hold of

A PURVEYOR OF "HA'PENNY" HUMOUR AT WORK.

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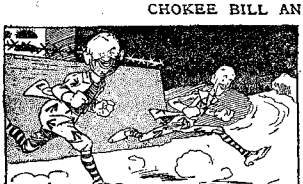
CHOKEE BILL AND AREA SNEAKER RUN FAIRYFOOT (THE FAT COPPER) IN.



1. Deer Mister Edditer,—We've had a rummy lark this week, an' no error; in fact, wun of the rummiest as 'as ever bin had by yores trooly. You see, me an' Area had just done a guy out of gaol—

2. An' half way home we come across a small boy carryin' a barsket. Well, as we wos in a bit ov a hurry-like, I-was for goin' on, but Area stops to examine the basket. And it wos lucky 'e did so.

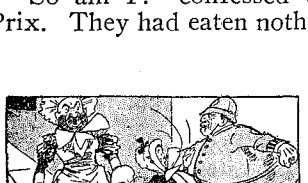
3. 'Cos there wos two pritty ladies costoomes in 'em, and in about 'arf a tick we wos dressed as abuv, strollin' about the place as proud as two queens. Area wos me daughter an' I wos his mamma.

the lintels of the door and laughed at them. Finally he sat down and wrote out a cheque for seven-and-six. I told him the bill was fifteen bob. He swore, and I sat down again. Then he wrote another cheque, and I left with all of my coat I could find, and I put my shoulder through a window on the way, to even things up. Let's come up to the 'Six Bells' and cash it. I'm hungry."

"So am I!" confessed the other Du Prix. They had eaten nothing but "Petit Beurres" all day. Then we all proceeded gloriously up Cheyne Walk in the direction of the "Six Bells."

This is a true story, but I must not tell you the names, for two of the Du Prix have since become famous. One attained distinction as a field artist in South Africa; the other became the "Latest Literary Success." But I believe poor old Mont is still holding up the *Big Budget!*

Gelett Burgess.



4. Well, we weren't none too soon changin', for in half a jiffy, round the corner, comes Fairyfoot arfter us. An' bein' in sich a hurry, 'e couldn't stop hisself, an' ho cum whack into Area—every pound of him

5. It was a joyful meetin', Mister Edditer, 'cos there wos no wun else about, an' so Area an' me took him in hand, so to speak, an give him a gentle torkin' to, like as abuv. It was very joyful.

6. Then, wen he couldn't speak, we took him to the police-station, an' give him in charge for attackin' two unprotected females. The inspector was such a nice man, too!

Yer 'umble, CHOKEE.

25/6/00

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THE HOLY PLACE

At silver of grey leaves; at look of lace
  About a woman's throat; at little feet,
  Curled close in hand that clings; at stir of sweet
Old gardens; at the flow and dip and grace
Of sweeping fabric; at the phantom race
  Of shadow ripples in the tides of wheat,
  Where great, still spirits murmur as they meet—
Souls see their God as in a holy place.

What of the wrinkled face, the poor, coarse hand,
Dead leaves and ruined walls, and fields that stand,
  Rattling stark husks? Of little feet that stray
  From clinging hands, and never find the way?
He knows no holy place for whom the clod
Stands not an altar to the living God.

Zona Gale.

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WARWICK OF THE KNOBS

A Story of Stringtown County

BY JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER XXIII.

"PAP, CAN'T YO' SEE THET I'M HOME AG'IN?"

As pass the days in the country, this highland country between the North and the South, where conditions exist that are to be found in no other part of America, for two months did the days come and go during the periods following the incidents recently related. In his home, Warwick, the lonely old man of the Knobs, read his Bible as faithfully as he had done before his afflictions began, but, as usual, the larger share of each day was devoted to labour in the field. A solitary figure he now toiled, where a short time previously, as years are numbered, three boys had been his company, but one only was now living, if, indeed, he yet lived, for no word came from Joshua, the absent youth.

When services were to be held in the island church, and only then, did Warwick leave home. He recreated only when sleep closed his eyes at night, unless the singing of a psalm or the morning, noon and evening prayer, or the study of the Word, might be called recreation. Never did the sun rise before this man kneeled beside his bed and offered his praises to God for His great goodness to man; never did a morsel of food pass his lips before thanks had been given the Giver of all blessings for His bountiful love and His no less just judgments on elected man, a sinner. And so, as has been said, passed the sixty days succeeding the departure of Joshua for the North. If Warwick thought at all of the lost son, he made no expression of the fact; if he were in the least concerned as to what the future might have in store for himself and others, he gave no external indication of the same, unless it might have been once when, the sixtieth day after Joshua left home, he laid his Bible carefully on the table and stepped to the fireplace, over the mantel of which was suspended the great bear gun that, long since changed from flint to percussion, was an heirloom from the past. Taking down the gun, he carefully inspected its various parts, wiped and cleaned the barrel, which had been so well oiled as to be free from rust, removed the lock and oiled its various parts and finally examined the percussion tube to make sure it was open. When assured of its condition, he returned the gun to its place.

The redbud tree and the dogwood in the thickets had commingled their contrasting bloom when Joshua left; since that day young squirrels were more than half grown; robins had nested and reared their young; the woods were in mature leaf; blue grass was rank in the fence corners; planting time had passed and the day of thunder showers was again upon the land. A year and more had passed since the reader met Warwick for the first time, and this, the anniversary of our introduction, we find Warwick again in that same room reading his Bible. But instead of the artless, bright daughter then by his side, she who is now one year older, but one year, sat alone in the farthermost corner of the room.

This morning Warwick had not even started for the tobacco field, as was his custom. Instead, after breakfast was over, he had taken his Bible and with hymn-book by his side had alternately studied the Word and sang fragments of hymns, which, however, were so familiar as to render it unnecessary for him to refer to the printed pages. Deep was the uncultivated voice of this man, rich in tone, full in volume; when Warwick sang, the Knobs about caught the echoes. He had just concluded a chapter of the Sacred Word, and then had raised his voice in the well-worn favourite:

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

At this point a familiar form appeared in the open door. It was Joshua.

The father made no movement other than a sign of recognition. He raised his eyes from the volume and then returned them to the page; intent was he on the lessons in the chapter. The daughter, with a joyous exclamation that came unbidden to her lips, for in the surprise she momentarily forgot herself, sprang up. Then, as a flood of bitter emotions crushed upon her, the joyful cry changed to a

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wail and she sank upon her knees beside the cradle.

With a glance at his father, Joshua turned to his sister. The overgrown youth, in two short months had lost the stoop in his shoulders, and now stood fully an inch taller than when he left; seemingly he had changed from rustic clown to self-reliant man. Raising his sister in his arms, he pressed her to his breast. Not more tender could have been the mother of that unfortunate daughter than was big-hearted Joshua, as he gently stroked her hair and held her caressingly thus for a time, and next, with a clean, new handkerchief, as she raised her face from his shoulder, wiped the tear drops. And when at last she stood alone before him, strengthened by the kindly words and the hearty embrace, he stooped over and gazed intently on the sleeping babe and touched its little cheek with the tip of his rough finger.

Then he turned again to where sat his father, and, standing before the austere man of God, no longer speaking as might a boy to a parent whom he feared, Joshua said:

"Pap, can't yo' see thet I'm home ag'in?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

"LET'S GO TO THE NEXT ROOM, PAP."

Then it was that Warwick laid down his book and arose. Grasping the hand of Joshua, he gave it one of his relentless squeezes, such as made most men wince, be they ever so strong. Not so Joshua, he whose hand had been cast in the Warwick mould, and whose grasp had been seasoned and strengthened by a life of toil in the tobacco field in summer and by the axe in winter. Palm met palm and coarse fingers closed about fingers not less coarse. The youth whose touch had just been so tender with his sister became now as aggressive and relentless as that of a traditional Warwick should be; he gazed into the eye of the father and gave back to him the grasp of a kinsman, gave it back with interest; for the first time did the man before him experience the sense of pain in a handclasp; for the first time did Warwick writhe. Warwick had met Warwick, and the touch of youth had prevailed. If Joshua had intended this to be a test of strength, well had he shown his prowess.

"Pap," said he, as he dropped the benumbed hand of his father, "can't yo' see thet I'm home ag'in?"

"And feel it, too, Joshua, my son."

With these words the minister reseated himself and pointed to an empty chair. But Joshua remained standing.

"Be seated, my son."

"Pap, I've been a fool and yo've been a fool. We're all fools, we ov the South thet's left livin'."

"What do you mean, my son?"

"Pap, ef yo'd done before the war what I've done sence, thar wouldn't hev been two dead Warwick boys and a——" He looked at his sister, but said no more.

"What do you mean, Joshua?"

"I mean thet I've travelled, pap, and I've travelled with my eyes open, too. I don't blame yo' fer not havin' travelled. Yo're livin' a thousand years behind the times, and don't know et. I blames the men we Southerners trusted, who did travel, and who came back and told us people who live in these hills, and others who live in the Southern swamps and the pine woods and the cotton fields and sugar plantations brother said covers the South—I blames 'em, I say, fer tellin' us we can whip the Yankees. Them's the fellers I blames, pap, fer gettin' us inter this devilish war."

"Never mind the Yankees, Joshua. You did not go up North to look at Yankees."

"Pap, we're raw material yet. Ef them Yankees had our Gunpowder and Big Bone hills they'd sink wells to the bottom ov 'em to see what's down at their roots. Ef they had our Big Bone mire, they'd dig the muck over and sell a million dollars' worth ov ivory and mammoth bones fer colleges out ov thet swamp. Ef they had these poplar timbers and these walnut knots and trees, they'd build poplar furniture and skin et with slices ov walnut knots and make a hunderd fortunes. But we cuts these fine trees down and deadens these woods and burns 'em up an' scrapes the yaller dirt fer a crop ov terbacker, and in two years, when the soil washes down to the creek, we makes another deadenin'. We works all winter to clear a bit ov ground to raise terbacker on the next summer, and in two years we hev to chop another patch out ov the woods. We acts like we did when the Indians war here, pap."

"Never mind how we act, Joshua. I say that you had an errand North. Tell me the result."

"Pap, I went North fer one thing, an' I found another. Yo' don't know nuthin' about the North."

"Tell me about what you went North to *do*."

"Pap, thet country's bigger'n what I thought

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the world is. I rode and rode till the ocean stopped me, and all along the sides ov the track one town after another squatted. They war es thick es bees on a black sugar tree; there warn't no countin' the towns, and at the end ov the trip, whar I run ag'in the ocean, ships stood in dozens and hunderds. Then I rode and rode ag'in, on one side the ocean and on tother side the land, and, Lord, pap, the houses, the towns, the ships I've seen. There warn't no end to 'em. Then I turned ag'in and rode and rode, and looked and looked and got tired ov et all, fer wharever I went the towns spun along, and wharever we plumped ag'in the ocean the ships stood like wild ducks on a pond. Pap"—Joshua pointed to the Bible—"thet book ov yourn is up in some ways, but when et comes to tellin' 'bout what's goin' on in the world now, et's a mighty long way behind the times."

"Joshua, tell me of your trip."

"Thet's what I'm doin', pap. Every town I went through is full ov Yankee soldiers, and every soldier has his nose p'inted toward the South. Thar's oodlins of 'em, pap. And every house has other men gittin' ready to be soldiers, when them who are wearing the blue are gone, and behind them are a crop ov boys growing up to be soldiers by the time these last are gone. Every ship thet comes from out thet ocean brings a load ov Dutch and Irish, who git into the war, one way er 'nuther, by the time they touch the shore. We're fightin' all the world, I tell yo', pap."

"But to your own business North, Joshua. I care nothing for this."

"And then I travelled West, pap, and rode through miles and miles ov land that God Almighty cleared, land whar corn grows fer the askin' ov et. No trees to cut down, no sidehills to wash into the creek, no bottom to the soil, no stones, no bones, no nuthin' to break a plough er dull an axe. Everywhar corn and wheat grows like weeds, oodlins ov acres ov corn and wheat, 'nough to feed them soldiers till their grandchildern what ain't cut their teeth yit grows up to fight. Pap, what I wants to know is why our people who travelled North before the war didn't tell us these things. We kin all be killed and leave a Yankee army bigger'n ours war at first. Why didn't our men who travelled give us a fair show by tellin' us we war fightin' them slathers ov men in the North and all Europe besides and the Almighty with His corn fields and oceans and the Dutch and Irish thrown in. I tell yo', pap, yo' might es well try to dam Gunpowder Creek with an armload of straw es to keep back thet army by fightin' 'em with the men we kin raise in our woods and fields. The whole world can't whip them people."

That Warwick was becoming impatient at Joshua's evasive and provoking replies was indicated by his tone as he endeavoured to press his son into relating his personal experiences with the Rock-hunter, but Joshua seemed equally determined to escape, or at least delay the issue.

"I tell you that these things do not concern me. You started North not to study corn and wheat and ships and oceans—"

"And then the factories, pap," interrupted Joshua. "I walked and walked in one city and then in another and another whar the mills war built up ag'inst the sky and hadn't no bottom ner no end to 'em. Girls and boys and women war in them mills, makin' shoes by the carload and blue garments by the shipful. Hunderds of mills, some ov 'em with a dozen chimblys, each chimbly bigger'n a yaller poplar-tree, and some ov them mills with trains ov cars running clear through 'em. In they go at one end loaded with logs and iron, and out they come at tother end loaded with guns. I saw 'em run barrels ov flour into one side ov some ov them mills, and boxes ov crackers war dumped out ov tother side; droves ov hogs walk into the back door ov them slaughter houses, and yellow hams and cured side meat are carted out the front. The hogs and flour jest turn to meat and bread while they pass along; the shoes and uniforms and guns and sech jest tumble out by the trainful; and men fer soldiers jest spring up everywhar like grasshoppers. I say, pap, what's the use ov us tryin' to fight sech people?"

"The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong," said Warwick, turning now to his refuge, the Scriptures.

"Pap"—and Joshua pointed to the Book—"them people North don't take no stock in thet Book. I didn't see no man with a Bible in his hand sence I've been gone. Ef they hev any Bibles, they keep 'em in the cellar er in their iron safes, I reckon. I didn't see no man singing psalms, and I didn't hear no man talk 'bout the Lord. Ef they trusts the Lord, them Yankees does et on the quiet. Some ov 'em, mostly women, slips into their churches on Sunday and sits a while on cushioned seats and then comes out and shets the house up fer a week. I didn't see no Northern man carry a Bible in, ner no man take a Bible out ov meetin', and while I heard a power ov cussin' on the streets, I never heard no Bible talk. I tells yo', pap, thet Book ov yourn don't mean

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business North, an' the Lord don't seem to lay et up ag'in the people who cusses and swears, no more'n He helps sech folks as yo', who prays and sings psalms and sits with the Book on yer lap."

"Joshua, this is sacrilege. 'He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust,' says the Word."

"I tells yo', pap, the Lord seems to be mighty kind to His one-day people and devilish tough on his seven-day man."

"Tell me of the Rock-hunter, sir. I demand it." Warwick's eye flashed; the final word of his son was more than he could bear.

"Pap, can't yo' see thet I don't want to talk." The boy glanced at his sister.

"But you must talk, Joshua."

"The Lord knows, pap, thet I didn't come home till the last day of the two months. I've wandered everywhar and back ag'in, puttin' the day off. The Lord knows, too, thet I've tried to keep my tongue off the Rock-hunter sence I got home. Let's go into the next room, pap."

CHAPTER XXV.

"SISTER, THESE THINGS WHAT'S COMIN' ARE FER MEN TO HEAR."

Now occurred an unlooked-for interruption. The girl, who to this time kneeled by the side of the rude cradle, but who, with eyes fixed on her brother, had intently listened to every word that passed between them, now slipped before the door that led to the next room, and standing in the open way, gazed steadily upon the men, who but for Joshua's last remark might have been presumed to have forgotten her presence. Joshua's manner, as his eyes met those of his sister, changed from that of an antagonist, confronted by one he proposes to resist, to one subdued by a power that he could not withstand. The changed glance was marked by a correspondingly subdued tone, as he said:

"Sister, these things what's comin' are fer men to hear."

"But you speak now of *him,* Joshua. I am his wife."

The strong lad trembled visibly. A tear sprang to his eye and then he instantly shrank back into the bowed-shouldered boy who left the Knob two months before. Hastily brushing the drop with his coarse coat sleeve, he turned to his father.

"Pap, yo' remembers once yo' said thet no more disgrace could come to the name of Warwick? Yo' forces me to say it, pap; I've gone and awfully disgraced the name yo' give me."

Then the father arose. He placed a hand on each shoulder of his son, exactly as, two months before, in that same room he had done with the rebel soldier who told his pathetic story. Gazing full into the eyes of the boy, Warwick stood momentarily thus as if undetermined whether he had heard aright or whether he were seeking words to reply.

"Speak again, Joshua, my son, my last son."

"Sit down, pap. Yo' forces me to tell it, yo' and sister, but the Lord knows I've tried to keep et back. Sit down, sister." He placed a chair for the girl.

"Pap"—Joshua pointed to the bear gun—"ef yo'd go North with thet gun on yer shoulder and thet Bible under yer arm, them Yankees would guy the beard off yer face. They'd put yo' in a cage and show yo' to their children as the wild man jest out ov the Gunpowder Hills. But thet ain't what I'm after sayin' now. When I left the Knob, I struck through Stringtown fer the North. I thought thet I'd jest got to go back ov the river to find the Rock-hunter and shoot a hole through him and then come home—thet is, ef I didn't git shot myself. But Lord, pap, I rode on the cars a day and a night and another day before I come to his town. And when I got off the cars, I felt es green es a gourd, fer things war not like they are here. I walked 'bout the streets a bit, and then hunted fer a tavern to git my dinner."

Joshua turned to his sister. "Sis, won't so much talk wake the baby up? Hadn't yo' better go into the next room?"

The girl shook her head and gazed silently at her discomfited brother.

"It's es fair fer one es fer another, I guess," he said. "I made sister talk a heap in this room, and now I'm being paid back."

Abruptly Joshua turned upon his father. "Did yo' preach the mercy text, pap?"

"I did not preach 'the way of the transgressor—' "

"I didn't ask yo' what yo' didn't preach," interrupted Joshua. He turned to his sister.

"Sis, yo' begged me to give the Rock-hunter a chance. I couldn't git them words out ov my ears. Yo' stood on the Knob by the side ov the old house es I left home, and when I got North, I couldn't shet my eyes to the picture yo' made agin the sky. Thet's the beginnin' ov the shamin' ov me, pap. I couldn't hear nuthin' but sister's last words. I couldn't see nuthin' but sister's face. Pap, yo' remembers the dream ov sister. Yo' remembers, too, thet when sister come back and told how the Rock-hunter lied to her, yo' said thet no more

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sorrer could come to yo', thet the end war there?" His father made no reply.

"Pap, I says thet I've disgraced the name ov Warwick more than sister ever did, fer she believed in the man she loved. I knew what I did when I did et. Can't yo' let me go now? I don't want to talk."

The voice of the old man trembled. "Your story, Joshua. This is no time for trifling."

"After I got my dinner thet day in the town up North whar the Rock-hunter lives, I asked ef anybody could tell me whar his home war. I showed the card he give me in the terbacker patch, and the man said the Rock-hunter's daddy war the richest man in town. Said he, 'The big factory's his'n, and half the men and women and girls in the town work fer him and live on him. He owns 'em all.'

"'I don't keer fer thet,' I answered back. 'I don't intend to work fer him, ner live on him, and he don't own me ner never will. What I wants to know is whar he lives.' And the man told me.

"Lord, pap, you ought to see thet house and them grounds. The front yard is like a checkerboard ov flower-beds and sech like. There are stone walks, stone people and stone waterspouts; big-leaved plants and funny bushes, and in the pond I passed was red and white and yaller fish ov the colour of frosted leaves. The front steps are made ov tombstone marble, pap. They are white es snow, and I hated to walk on 'em, but thar warn't no other way ov gittin' to the door, so I tiptoed up and knocked. Somehow, I didn't like to step on thet tombstone stuff jest then, fer I knowed what I come North fer meant business to the tombstone man. I had to knock three times before the door war opened; and when I war let in the hall and showed thet card the man answered thet the Rock-hunter war away, but thet his mother war home, and before I knew et—fer I felt awful awkward—I war tooken to another room, whar she sot with a little girl by her side. Sister," Joshua said, turning again to the girl, "won't this talk make yer head ache?" But the listener made no reply, and gazed intently at her brother.

"I jest stood in the room, holdin' my hat in my hand, raw material, pap, without sense 'nough to say a word, and I stood until she got up and asked in a kind way what she could do fer me. 'Nuthin' thet I knows ov,' I answered. 'I come to see *him*.' And then I handed her the card.

"'My son Lionel?'

"'Yes'm.'

"'He is in college. Who shall I tell him called?' she said in a way thet showed she war curious consarnin' me, and I guess she had reason to be, judgin' from my looks and manner.

"'I'm Joshua Warwick, mam, from Kaintuck, and my business is with this boy.' Hadn't yo' better go out ov the room, sister," abruptly asked the speaker.

Again the girl shook her head, while Joshua continued:

"The lady come to me with her hand held out, jest like we do here. She shook my fingers, fer she couldn't half reach round my hand, and then she passed my hat to the waiter. Then she set a chair fer me herself, jest es polite es ef she had been one ov us and me one ov 'em.

"'Come here, Mary,' she said to the little girl. 'This is your brother's friend from Kentucky.' The little one come an' shook hands and then stood lookin' at me, and I felt like a fool, pap. But et didn't last long, fer the woman talked a streak, and I'll tell what she said es best I can.

"'Lionel wrote about you all. He told us of your father, the minister. I hope he is well?'

"'Yes'm.'

"'He told us of your country, your hills, your Big Bone springs, your creeks, and oh, so many things new to us people of the North.'

"'Yes'm.'

"'He told us of you, Joshua, of your wonderful strength, of your cute answers, of your love for the South, and he said that he could now understand how you could all be rebels and be patriotic, too. He told us of your many sacrifices.'

"'Yes'm.'

"She talked a blue streak, pap, and when she stopped fer breath I asked:

"'An' didn't he say nothin' about no Warwicks but pap and me?'"

The sister of Joshua now slipped forward, and with uplifted face gazed into that of her brother, who abruptly stopped and then reluctantly continued:

"She looked at me mighty funny-like and answered: 'Only your father and you, Joshua, and your two brothers in the Confederate Army.'"

A smothered cry came now from the sister, who sank into a chair, which, however, Joshua seemed not to observe, continuing:

"'They've both been killed, mam. Didn't he say nuthin' 'bout no other Warwick?'

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" 'Is there another?'

"Her manner changed, pap. She seemed startled and looked like a guinea chicken in the grass with its head up.

" 'Yes'm, a sister, mam, a girl ov the same name as the little one here. Didn't he say nuthin' 'bout *our* Mary?'

"She shook her head and asked: 'Have you a Mary, too?'

" 'Yes'm, and thet's what I came from Kaintuck to see 'bout.' Lord, pap, but the woman turned white and then said: 'You came to see Lionel about your sister Mary?'

"She read in my eyes thet I meant business, I guess, and then she began to tremble and drew her little one to her side, reminding me ov a mother hen, what sees the shadder ov a hawk.

" 'Yes'm, but I didn't come to see his *mother,* mam,' and I turned fer my hat. 'Yo'll excuse me, mam, fer havin' talked at random. Yo' see, I can't think quick and sometimes my tongue runs away. I've said too much now, mam, and I hopes yo'll fergit et. I'm powerful sorry, mam, but I'm raw material and don't mean no harm—'

" 'You must not go without telling me about your sister. What had Lionel to do with her? What brought you so far to see my son about your sister? I must know—'

"Pap, I saw thet poor mother's face, jest like I felt sister's. They mixed themselves together. I saw her draw thet little girl close to her side, es ef she loved her like I loves sister.

" 'Thar's devilment enough done to us Warwicks already,' I said to myself, 'and more to come. She's going to git an awful slice, too, an' I'll not hurry her share ov et.' Et war a cowardly thing fer a Warwick to do, but I lost my grip, pap. Them two faces war too much fer me.

" 'Mam,' I said, 'I didn't come to see *yo'*. I war travellin' a bit, an' jest stopped off to see *him*' (I held the card out), 'an' I didn't mean to speak a word to yo' 'bout sister, ner nuthin'. I've been a fool fer sayin' what I done.'

" 'Your sister, Joshua, what about your sister and Lionel?' she asked, not paying any 'tention to what I had said. 'What about your sister?'

" 'Nuthin', mam, only thet when yer son was at our house he met Sister Mary an' she grew to think a power ov him. She's a girl, mam, and mus'ent be blamed. Et's jest to tell him thet after he left the Knob sister got married, mam. Thet's what brings me to stop off here, thet's all, mam.' "

CHAPTER XXVI.

"PAP, THE LAST WARWICK OF THE KNOBS IS A COWARD."

"Then I left the home ov the Rock-hunter, pap, and started on the hunt ov him. Et don't consarn us now es to how I found the place. Talk about yer schools. I never would hev guessed sech a place war a school. There war fine walks, fine drives, fine houses, and grass, and trees, and flowers, and sech. Thar war brass an' tombstone figgers ov men and women, some ov 'em dressed and some not half dressed. Them Yankees hev a powerful likin' fer sech things. There war ponds and water spouts and the Lord knows what not. It war like lookin' fer a needle in a haystack to look fer the Rock-hunter in thet crowd. Ef thar war one, thar war a thousand fellers, grown men, pap, not boys, goin' to them schools in them big houses. Et war a flock ov schools. I didn't say nuthin' and didn't ask no questions, but stood 'round and watched, playin' thet I war lookin' at the tombstone figgers and sech, but keepin' my eye on whoever came in sight. I knowed ef thet Rock-hunter war goin' to thet school, he would hev to pass my way some mornin', and he did. I cotch a glimpse ov him first, fer I kept my eyes skinned, an' he warn't expectin' me. I ducked my head and put a tree 'twixt us quick, and when he passed I took after him keerless like. He didn't see me, but I kept my eye on him. Next, he went in one ov them big schoolhouses and I waited outside, killin' time one way and 'nuther.

"Pap," said Joshua, changing the subject, "thar's a man up North who looks jest like Judge Elford—the same face, the same white whiskers, the same sliding walk, the same everything. Ef I hadn't known the judge war in Stringtown, I'd hev been sure et war him. I saw him twice while I war slippin' around." Then Joshua abruptly resumed his story.

"When thet school let out, the Rock-hunter went to another school, and then another, me follerin' him. Lord, pap, but a feller what learns all thet them big schools teaches must know a power ov book stuff. But ef book stuff makes sech mean fellers es Rock-hunter, I'd rather be raw material. Long 'bout dinner time he come out and started off, me trackin' ov him. Yo' bet, pap, I kept my eye on thet feller an' I never let up till he got whar he lived. I'm a gump, pap, but not green 'nough to tackle a feller like the Rock-hunter in daylight in his own livin' place. I jest laid low

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and studied the ground, not countin' the days, fer I didn't care fer the days. They ain't worth countin' in sech a case es this. I found out his feedin' times and his comin' and goin' times, fer after trackin' him all the way from Kaintuck, there mus'ent be no flash in the pan. 'Joshua, the time's mighty close when yo've got to make a spoon er spile a horn,' I said to myself. One night he went out, and I watched the door till he come back, and when he went in the house I pulled the side knob and waited. When the door-waiter come, I said thet I wanted to see the Rock-hunter, giving the door-waiter his name. 'Jest show me up, I said; I'm from home.' I knocked on the door, and es et opened I jest stepped inside and shet et quick. Then I turned the key, and then I turned round and looked down on him, who hedn't hed a chance to see my face. He saw it then, pap."

"Not a word did I say, but stood lookin' down in his face, and he a-shiverin'. I didn't intend to speak first. It did me good to see him shiver. Lord, pap, but he warn't proud then. I'd hev liked fer some ov them factory fellers he owns to hev seen their master shiver.

"'Thet you, Joshua?' he said, after a bit, tremblin' like.

"'Didn't yo' ask me to come an' see yo' ef I ever got North?' And I shoved the card he giv me in the terbacker patch into his face. He kept a-shiverin' and got whiter. Lord, pap, he looked skeered.

"'Thet you, Joshua?' he said ag'in, fool-like.

"'Yes, and I hain't got my hair cut, neither. Warn't yo' lookin' fer me er pap er some one from our section?' I asked, kinder keerless like fer one who felt es hateful es I did then.

"'Keep yer hand off thet rope,' I said, es I saw him git up and edge toward the bell cord.

"'What kin I do fer yo', Joshua?' he asked after a bit, and then I pinted back to the cheer.

"'Set down, Rock-hunter, while I ask a question.

"He settled into the cheer monstrous limber-like, and then I asked:

"'Didn't we treat yo' fair, we who live down in the Knobs?'

"He didn't answer.

"'Ain't et a square question, Rock-hunter? Didn't we treat yo' fair?'

"'Yes,' he said.

"'Rock-hunter, I don't intend to spend no words, but I wants yo' to listen to my story and see ef I tells et on the square. We who live down in the Knobs hev our own way ov settlin' accounts, but we want to be fair. Jest listen while I talk, and ef I speak a crooked word, hold up yer hand, fer et's come to be a life matter, and I don't want to go home feelin' thet I did yo' bad or didn't give yo' a show. Now, keep your ears open.

"'We lived in the Knob country, pap, sister and us three boys. We lived well, fer we had all we wanted, but I knows now et warn't much, when I see how yo' folks live. But ef any people war happier than we war onct, the Lord did mighty well by 'em. Then this devilish war broke into Stringtown County, and some ov us people went North to fight and others South to fight. But we couldn't all go to war, and I had to stay home to help pap. Them war bad days, Rock-hunter, but not half es bad es the day thet brought yo'.' I stopped talkin' fer a bit, to give him a show, but he didn't say nuthin'.

"'Then Brother Samuel war shot, and next Brother Ezra; but we don't count sech things bad by the side of what yo' done. Am I talkin' straight, Rock-hunter? Hold up yer hand ef I git crooked?' He didn't say nuthin', but jest shivered, and I went on.

"'Then sister come home and told her story, and I started North next morning and went straight to yer home. I saw the place where yo' live. Lord, but yo've got lots ov things. I saw yer mother and yer sister, too. Yo've everything yo' want, Rock-hunter—fine clothes, fine horses, fine house, fine garden and lot. Yo've got a rich pap and a sister Mary and a mammy thet loves yo' jest like es if yo' all war common people. It war a mighty chance yo' hed to be good and make folks happy. Lord, ef I'd only had sech a chance! We Warwicks down in the Knobs hedn't nuthin' much but sister, and she a timid, trustin' bit ov a girl. Jest this little one lamb ov a girl war all we had, Rock-hunter, after brothers went to war, 'ceptin' trouble and sorrer 'nough, because of the war, to drive any man but pap crazy. And then yo' come and sister trusted yo'.'

"I stopped sudden-like and he looked up.

"'Why didn't yo' kill her, Rock-hunter? Why didn't yo' choke her life out in thet hotel whar yo' left her, and then slip off to yer fine home and yer mother and sister. Thet's what sech high-bred cusses es yo' are fit fer. Why didn't yo' choke her life out first and skip off next? It would hev been easier on sister and not half es bad on pap and me.'

"Pap, I war gittin' fired up. I wouldn't hev give a copper cent fer that feller's hide ef he hed raised a hand then, but he didn't. 'Am I talkin' straight?' I asked, but he kept still.

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"Sister"—Joshua turned to the girl—"jest es I war ready to stick the pig, I thought ov my promise to yo'. 'Rock-hunter,' I said, 'let all them things pass. Sister's home ag'in, home in the old house on the Knobs, and thet's what I'm here fer. I told her thet when I found yo' I would say, "Sister's waitin' fer yo' to come back." Rock-hunter, won't you go back to sister?'

"I spoke mighty soft then, fer I wanted to give him a show, but I felt awful devilish, pap. He shook his head. I guess my beggin' question made him think I was afeard, fer he got peart all of a sudden and brightened up.

" 'Rock-hunter, what yo' did to us, who took yo' into our home, is too mean fer any man to do and live after; but killin' yo' now won't save the name ov Warwick, and thet's what comes first. Rock-hunter, won't yo' go back to sister and show our people thet she is a good girl?' He didn't say yes, sister. Then I tried another move.

" 'We thinks a heap ov our old home down in Kaintuck, but the honour of the Warwicks, livin' and dead, is worth more than land and horses and terbacker. Now, I'll make an offer, Rock-hunter, and it's powerful hard fer me to talk about doin' et, too. I don't ask nuthin' bad er wrong, neither. Jest be fair, Rock-hunter, to us, who've been fair to yo'. Pap'll make yo' a deed to the farm, and him and me'll give yo' all we've got ef you'll come back and save sister. Then pap and me'll go off from the old place ferever.'

" 'I can't think of it, Joshua,' he said, very pert-like. I guess, sister, he thought thet I'd got afeared.

"Then I took out the flower yo' sent him. 'Rock-hunter, sister handed me this little blue flower when I started North. She said, es near es I kin recollect: "Tell *him* I picked this violet from where we sat together beside the lilac bush in the front yard of the old home on the Knob. Tell him I love him yet and will forgive all ef he will come back to me and show my people that he's my husband." ' " Joshua stopped.

"Sister, I wish yo'd go into the next room." But the white-faced girl shook her head.

"Pap, this is whar the disgrace comes in, the shame thet struck the last Warwick ov the Knob. When I spoke ov sister, and thought ov her beggin' fer the Rock-hunter's life, the grit in me begun to slip away. I saw sister's white face, like es she was in the room the day I left, like es it is now. I heard her last words beggin' ov me not to kill her husband. Then *his* mother and thet little sister ov his'n come, too, and them faces all mixed together and——. Kin yo' stand et, pap?"

"Stand what, Joshua?"

"The shame, pap, the shame thet's come to yo' and sister, to Brother Ezra and Samuel what's dead—the disgrace I've brought home from the North."

"Speak, my son."

"Pap, yo' onct said thet no more sorrer, no more shame could come to the name ov Warwick." The youth hesitated, then spoke slowly, pathetically.

"Pap, them women's faces kept lookin' at me; they stood out before thet ov the Rock-hunter. I couldn't stick a knife into him without cuttin' them through; I couldn't shoot him without the ball went into sister. I've got to say et, pap, the last Warwick ov the Knob's a coward." The boy covered his face with his hands and shrank away from where his father stood.

"A coward by the name of Warwick," the voice of the old man trembled as he spoke. "Joshua, a coward by the name of Warwick has no right to live." He seized the unresisting youth by the collar and gazed into his eyes. The grasp was like a vise, the garment cut deep into the neck.

"Could you not have jumped from the train and struck your head against a bridge pier, sir?"

The youth cast down his eyes.

"Could you not have thrown yourself into the ocean you have told about, and drown the word coward from out your ears?"

No reply.

"Where was the pistol, the weapon you handled so freely when last we sat in this room? Could you not have saved the name of Warwick the disgrace of cowardice? Had you no thought of the line of brave men behind you; of the soldier brothers who died in behalf of the Confederacy; of your disconsolate sister, who, God knows, has enough to bear without a brother's added shame; of your father, the old man on the Kentucky Knob, *the last Warwick of the Knob?* For if the name coward rests on you, sir, it shall not stain the name and besmirch the blood of Warwick." The intensely earnest man pointed to the door and gave the unresisting youth a shove that sent him spinning.

"Out of the house of Warwick, out and off."

But the boy stepped back and with downcast face replied:

"When I'm through with the story, pap, the

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story thet I come back from the North to tell, I'll go away ferever, and yo' and sister kin fergit my name." Then he continued:

"The Rock-hunter got up and took a book and wrote out a cheque, while I stood lookin' at him, wondering what he war up to.

" 'Take this, Joshua, and go back to the Knob, and forget all these things. Live—'

"He didn't say no more, pap, fer I grabbed him by the ears and squeezed his head till his eyes bulged out.

" 'Yo' devilish sneak, yo' black-hearted imp, do yo' think there's money enough in the North to buy a Warwick's shame? Ef yo' say one word more, I'll wring yer neck twice round, er stick a knife through yer ribs from behind and out yer front. Burn thet paper, yo' skunk, burn it quick.' Lord, but I was mad. 'Rock-hunter,' I said, 'ef the faces of sister and your mother fades out of my sight, thet's the last of you.' Pap, it war all I could do to keep my hand off the knife down the back of my neck, and ef I hedn't stuck my revolver into my pocket muzzle up, I'd hev bored him sure, fer I war fingerin' the place the handle should hev been."

" 'Don't yo' say no more words like them, Rock-hunter. Et'll be sartain death ef yo' tries et on.' He quivered like Big Bone mire when yo' shakes et with yer foot, pap."

Abruptly the speaker turned to his sister. "Sis, I didn't want yo' to hear the end ov my story, an' I tried to git yo' away. You hev sorrer 'nough to stand ov yer own, without listenin' to yer brother's disgrace. The faces I've told yo' 'bout kept in my head. I saw 'em in the air; I heard the voices of thet feller's little sister and mother and ov yo', too, sister. I wanted to run a knife through him. I wanted to shoot him full ov holes, to choke the life out ov him, but them innercent faces kept before me. Jest like milk turns ov a sudden to clabber, I hed turned to a coward. It war an awful disgrace to the name ov Warwick, but I couldn't shoot through yo', sister, to hit him.

"Pap, everything thet's spoke er sounded sence thet night hes cried coward at me. The locomotive thet brought me home puffed *cow-ard;* the bells rang *cow-ard;* the Yankees all looked *coward* at me. Everything and everybody looked et er said et. And when I struck Kaintuck, the crows cawed *cow-ard;* the birds sang *cow-ard;* the buzzard sailed around and looked down, es ef he'd never seen a coward before. The horses' feet played the word *cow-ard* on the pike; the cow in the pasture looked through the fence and blinked her eyes and then raised her head and moo-ed *coward.* And when I got to the foot ov the hill one old bull-frog, settin' in the edge ov Gunpowder, raised his head and croaked *cow-ard.* Pap, thet's how et feels to be a coward. Everything and everybody knows et, but I stood up straight and faced 'em all till I met yo', pap, and stood up then, too, and the time's comin' when no feller'll say coward when he speaks to er about Joshua Warwick."

The tone of the voice of the speaker was intensely sad; the bowed head, the quiver of the tongue, told of the anguish of spirit to the youth, to whom family tradition, as well as education, had from infancy taught that there could be no greater disgrace than that of cowardice. To him, the shrinking of the hand in that critical moment was an act of deepest shame. Pathetically did he hold out his arms toward the sister whose wrongs he had failed to avenge.

"I couldn't help et, sister, I'd turned coward, but I'm not afeard of any man livin'. Et wasn't because I'm afeard of gittin' shot er cut er hurt, sister, thet I disgraced the name of Warwick." Then to his father, who stood gazing at him with face as stern as if it were carved out of stone:

"Pap, I did my best to be a man. I took my pistol out ov my pocket. 'Shoot me, Rock-hunter, shoot me quick, fer I hain't a right to live.' But he jest set still a-shiverin'. It warn't no use, pap. I couldn't git them faces out ov my way, and he hedn't no grit. I'm a coward. The last Warwick of the Knobs a coward, pap."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"FORM, AND VOICE, AND KNOB WERE GONE TO HIM FOREVER."

The old man raised his hand and pointed to the door.

"Go."

The youth turned toward the door, then stopped as if to speak again, at which the old man repeated the word and added:

"The end has come, the end of Warwick of the Knobs. Go."

"I'm goin', pap. I come back to say et warn't no use fer yo' to start North, and be made fun ov by them Yankees. I couldn't bear to see yo' made fun ov. I didn't want to tell this story, but yo' made me do et, pap. I'm goin', but first I wants to look over the old place, to see the hills and knobs and creeks ag'in. I wants ter see the terbacker patch, the cliffs, the pigs and cattle and horses and sech.

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I wants to see the grave whar mother lies. I wants to see the row of Warwicks in the old graveyard."

"Where you can never lie."

"Thet's true, pap, no coward sech es me hes a right in thet row."

The youth turned to the door. The father cast his eyes upon his book. The girl-mother kneeled down beside the cradle and buried her face in the coverlet. After a time the measured tread of the youth again sounded. He crossed the room and took his sister in his arms.

"Sister, it's an awful shame I've brought on yo' all, but soon I'll be gone to the war, and then yo' and pap kin fergit the name ov Joshua." The girl, sobbing, clung to his form, but he gently unclasped her arms.

"Pap, I'm goin' now to the old graveyard, whar mother lies, and say good-bye, and then off to the war and git shot. I'll join General Morgan, er git killed tryin'. And ef I find Morgan, et won't take me long to git killed, fer whar Morgan is, the bullets fly thick enough not to miss my big, cowardly body."

At this point the girl took from her neck a bit of silk, a miniature flag, bearing two red bars. The youth laid it in his clumsy hand.

"Brother Ezra's flag, Mary, the flag yo' gave him when he left fer the South?"

"Yes, Joshua."

"Ef et ever comes back, sister, I'll not bring et, and there'll be no white stripe left." Then he turned to his father.

"Pap, it's a long way to the South. Mayn't I have Stonewall?"

"Stonewall is now ridden by a brave Union soldier. I gave the horse to teacher Henry, who has enlisted in the Northern army."

"Stonewall gone to the Yankee army? Brother Ezra's horse?"

Just then the sound of a wagon on the creek road broke upon the ear. Then came the ring of merry voices, a picnic party going to Big Bone Springs for a frolic.

Interrupting his sentence, Joshua pointed toward the party. "Pap, may I ask a question on the square?"

"Go on, sir."

"Ef yo' hed let sister go with them young folks a year ago, do yo' think she would be crying all alone beside a cradle now? Wouldn't it hev been better fer her to dance and sing, pap, than to hev this sorrer? What harm would et hev done the Lord, pap? If yo' hed listened to sister's dream, thet come out ov nuthin', es you say, would Brother Samuel hev been shot, would the Rock-hunter hev hed a chance to make the trouble he done, would I be a coward?"

"The Lord willed it all."

"Pap, the Lord hes willed a power of devilment to us Warwicks thet I don't see the good ov."

"Nor can I, nor do I try, but I, sir, call it righteous affliction. Somewhere in God's all-wise handiwork comes a place for these trials. I who see not the future, nor the connection our lives have with others, cannot say how God makes use of the afflictions He has sent us to bear. But I have faith in that they are for the best. Were it not so, infinite wisdom would not have planned this chain of sorrow and shame. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Now came from the picnic party a chorus of voices, and then one stronger than the others struck a familiar verse, that came clear and distinct to the house on the Knob.

"Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away."

Joshua looked at his father and next he pointed to the Bible, but said no word.

"Good-bye, pap." He held out his hand. "We'll never meet ag'in, fer I'll git killed in the war, and thar ain't no chance fer *me* to meet yo' in heaven. It's a monstrous hard and bitter life I've led, pap, and it's tough to be damned ferever after it's gone, but I've got to stand et."

Then he folded his sister in his arms. "We'll meet ag'in, sister, yo' and me, in the awful place God's sendin' us to." Then Joshua touched the cheek of the baby with the point of his index finger and turned to the door, passing from thence down the road toward the creek at the base of the Knob. To his ears came now the voice of his father, great Warwick, the last Warwick of the Knob. Full and strong, without a tremor, its volume filled the valley and echoed from the surrounding knobs:

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above."

For a last farewell the youth raised now his face to the home of his childhood. The form of his sister was yet to be seen in the doorway; she leaned against the casing, her face buried in her handkerchief.

Then Joshua passed behind the honey locust-tree, and form, and voice, and Knob were gone to him forever.

THE END.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Any friend of the drama might be stirred by a visit from the two greatest actors of England, in a repertory of eight plays, of widely different nature. So much real material for thought has absorbed me, for one, and made my satisfied mind neglect some things altogether, *Eben Holden,* for instance, which may have been a loss to me, but the output of novels and dramatisations of them promises soon to require the capacity of a Macaulay. I can keep up with all the plays that even Mr. Clyde Fitch can write, but each one of them does not involve the preliminary reading of a long novel, which is to their advantage. That the latest of them, *The Way of the World,* had any other conspicuous merit, was not apparent. It furnished five acts of mingled frivolity and dulness, that would hardly bring a thimbleful of good into the life of any human creature—an observation which might seem rather heavy artillery to turn on a play in a country where the theatre is not supposed to appeal to intelligent beings, except for Mr. Fitch's prominence. A young man whom, however absurdly, the English papers persistently name "the American Pinero," really ought to imitate some of Mr. Pinero's thoroughness and keep some proportion between the amount he has to say and the number of plays he takes to say it in. *The Way of the World* shows, what had already been proved in *The Climbers,* that Mrs. Clara Bloodgood is a fascinatingly skilful, indeed almost flawless actress of society comedy, of the kind furnished by Mr. Fitch, but it does nothing else, except to spin out a perfunctory plot to notable length by commonplace arts of the theatre. Let us, therefore, return to higher themes, and try to repeat once more the oft-told merits of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

My memories of Booth and Salvini come from such an age that they cannot be judged. They have left a glamour without any material to tell what I should think of them were they to act in New York to-morrow. No man whom I have seen on the stage since my dramatic standards were formed compares in depth and range with Sir Henry Irving. In three weeks he has given to New York seven portraits from his repertory, each the work of a master, and the whole including characters as dissimilar as virtue and vice, power and senility, or distinction and vulgarity. There have been three rulers out of history; one crooked in means and arbitrary by nature and training, but affectionate, courageous, high-minded, lovable; another cruel, distrustful, treacherous, cowardly, small; a third one of the master spirits of the world, abrupt, almost harsh, incessantly active. Then there is one of the British soldiers who helped to overthrow this Corsican, an old man, mumbling and reminiscing, on the edge of the grave, and dying at the end; there is an ordinary good citizen of the French Directory, whose feelings are racked with the thoroughness of melodrama before being solaced; there is the villain who resembles him in form and face as absolutely as he differs from him in deed and soul; and there are the tortured murderer of *The Bells;* and, lastly, Shakespeare's immortal and many-sided Jew. A fai coming in, this, for three weeks and one man. The searching test of seeing the same actor attempt so many feats in so brief a time left me with a greater admiration for Sir Henry than ever before. His genius gained and his shortcomings diminished in importance. When a man takes you into unaccustomed and stimulating regions of the imagination, you think less and less of even such unmistakable faults as inaudibility or peculiarity of pronunciation, and as for choppiness, caprice in the division of sentences, arbitrariness of pauses, they be-

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come, when one is once under the spell, almost virtues, often used to gain startling effects of vividness, like the idiosyncrasies of Browning and Meredith. The greatest change which I experienced was in Shylock. It may not inspire confidence in one's infallibility to retract publicly what one has violently asserted, but such purgations are needful to keep the mind alive. A Shylock was imprinted on my taste by Booth which made it almost impossible to welcome a contradictory view of the character; and it required several returns to Sir Henry's Jew to open my mind to the belief that the interpretation was as just as it was subtle. This is not to abandon the love of the more sympathetically tragic Jew; it is only to harbour two great portraits of the same vast dramatic figure; and Heaven knows Shylock is deep and vital enough to be faithfully painted by artists as various as truth is many-sided. The Irving view of Shylock is primarily intellectual, and it is sympathetic only so far as sympathy can survive after a ruthless portrayal of every vindictive and sordid trait, individual or racial, due to the nature of the man or to the persecution of his tribe. Throughout the play the extenuating circumstances are given by Sir Henry with no more persuasive eloquence than the pitiful consequences. That Antonio has spat upon his Jewish gabardine, has called him dog, hated his sacred nation, railed at his thrift, called him barren metal and his enemy, we know, and we see him inflicting religious degradation, family humiliation, and almost business ruin upon him at the end; yet these wrongs to the Jew and the sufferance which is the badge of all his tribe are not allowed, as they so easily can be, to throw into the background the cruelty, the cunning, and the penuriousness of the creature whose hatred is partly theological, as Antonio's is, who plans so elaborately to feed fat his ancient grudge, who loves his daughter no more than his ducats, and wishes her dead at his feet with his jewels in her ear, who says he never felt the curse of his nation before her unfilial robbery, and whose heart is as stony throughout as his fate is hard. Sir Henry allows Shylock to remain as much the villain of the play as the martyr, and the longer this sterner conception has been forced to remain in my mind the more welcome it has been there. Championship of a maltreated race is subordinated, and the impersonal vision of serene art is substituted for the glow of moral sympathy. When Shylock meets his doom, and staggers, shattered, to loneliness and disgrace, we have, perhaps, less than we might have of the pity which takes his side and hates his persecutors, but in full measure that broadened and chastened sensibility which we translate "terror and pity," which leaves us humbled and docile before the mighty contradictions of our fate.

With this relentless depiction by Sir Henry, Miss Terry's conception of Portia is in perfect harmony. Rising from the easy gayety of the first scenes to the silver eloquence of the trial, the rendition ends not on that noble note, but on a careless, frank, almost burlesque treatment of the comedy which follows, and thereby balancing, with its detachment, the tone in which the Jew was painted, and leaving, with its calm ignoring of everything but joy, a total feeling which is like what we imagine of that impartial, almost morally indifferent eye with which the greatest dramatist observed the struggles of this world.

Of the other figures which Sir Henry undertakes to show in this repertory, all less complicated and less baffling than Shylock, each brings out some greatness of his art, even his Napoleon, far outside of his temperament and natural appearance as the Corsican lay, and needing, as it did, a constant effort to remain within the character, which the actor accomplished through the breadth of his mind, the completeness of his skill, and the honesty of his artistic purpose. One of these parts is almost wholly a picture. The veteran of Waterloo is a simple problem psychologically, but Sir Henry makes a wonderful spectacle of him, whether as he drinks his tea or as he throws up his arms and ecstacy radiates from his face at the sight and sound of passing troops. The spectacle to the eye is always a dominating and impressive element in an Irving study, and every detail in the motion and position of his face and body has a graphic plastic value. His Louis XI., thorough, almost over-elaborate as it is analytically in the working out of the cowardliness, cruelty, superstition and mean malice of the kingly cur, paints itself

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first of all on the visual sense. The woman who went with me this time saw visions of the wicked and grotesque old man through two succeeding nights, and I, who am almost without picture imagination, remember this royal viper in his habit as he lived, sharply seen, not recalled through conclusions reached about what the monarch was or what the actor intended. This sinking of all the complicated illustrations in so vivid a sense of the whole is the surest proof of creation, and nothing more thoroughly created, more like a reincarnation, than this Irving Louis is known to me in acting.

There are two other villains on the list, and how different they are. The Mathias of *The Bells* is wholly unlike any of the other men in this variegated group—a plain man, a burgomaster, regulated in society, fond of his family, who can almost endure the memory of his one temptation and crime until a coincidence of dangers shatter his nerves and drive his haunted soul to destruction. It seems a pity that the brilliant exhibition of this collapse should be mixed with too much extrinsic ornament, bells audible to the audience, visions realised in the scenery, startling noises in the kitchen, a trial scene much too actual; but this tendency to give everything a stage setting seems to be, on a lower plane, related to that tendency toward giving form and shape to imagination which is so large a virtue in Sir Henry's acting. The remaining criminal, Dubosc, of the *Lyons Mail,* is a more impressive figure to me than Mathias, partly through the absence of these extrinsic distractions. His whole nature is written on the actor's face and in his gait and voice, and no external illustration could do anything but detract from the effect. Although the *Lyons Mail* is merely an exciting play, with melodramatic elements, it is as good a vehicle as Sir Henry has for the employment of his technical skill, and there is no more striking proof of his mere ability, apart from the intelligence and the imagination which are needed in deeper parts, than the two natures which he paints in this play, with almost no difference in attire, and with form and features the same and undisguised, yet one breathing calm benignity and family affection, the other reckless power and fierce depravity. Such a feat shows the actor's remarkable virtuosity as brilliantly as his King Charles shows his spiritual fineness and charm. Without the exquisite shading, the gentleness, the patient courage, the dignity with which he makes the Stuart ruler lovable and explains the affection which he inspired in better men, Sir Henry would not be the actor he is; but there is another side to histrionic genius, the artist of insight, responsive to all chords of feeling, must also be master of his trade, and in the *Lyons Mail* he gives, along with much of his inevitable intellectual distinction, an exhibition of sheer acting ability which is in itself a delight and almost a mystery.

His companion, the woman who has in the last thirty years left an unforgettable fragrance in the English acted drama, has felt the touch of time more than he, but she can still do what none else can do so well, and now, in the gravity of later life, she can teach her younger followers how Shakespeare should be played, how one beautiful kind of poetry means the youth of the soul, the bright light of enjoyment, quick impulse, the absence of convention, emotion free and happy, sympathy prompt and transitive. Those who look to the body first must necessarily miss attributes which have helped to give Miss Terry her hold upon the hearts of two nations, but for me at least it is easy to forget, as I see her, that we are mortal, and to sink myself in what her abundant and radiant spirit stands for and expresses, in the rich fancy and light vigour of Portia, in the expert and kindly sport of Nance, in the slight character but warm heart of Queen Henrietta, in the perfect ease of Madame Sans-Gêne. There are now inequalities in each of these characters, but none the less not only is each rendered fascinating by that charm of impulse which Miss Terry has so long showered about her, but in each she shows, especially, perhaps, in Nance, that in her case also great technical skill is a necessary element of high success in acting, and Ellen Terry, with all her endearing temperament, could never have taken the place she holds were she not also remarkably mistress of her trade.

About this relation between temperament and skill, Miss Terry has recently expressed in print an opinion which fairly

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puts a not unusual fallacy. "In this matter," she says, "I hold quite a different opinion from a critic of my acquaintance. I recall his speaking of a clever young actress, and noting with warm approval her interpretation of a character quite out of the range of parts she liked to play and was temperamentally fitted to play. He seemed to think her achievement finer than a greater success in parts suited to her could be. So it was—from the point of view of the player. But what of the public? Our audiences naturally desire the best results possible on the stage. I myself love to take a part which presents immense difficulties to me, and to overcome them if I can. But I feel sure that I play better those characters that are easier for me. An actress always puts a good deal of herself into the character she is playing." Miss Terry admits the value, "from the point of view of the player," of acting parts which are not mere expressions of temperament. Surely the interests of the player and the interests of the public in this respect are one. If variety of experience, if the acquisition of technical solidity and impersonal artistic power of expression is a good "from the point of view of the player," it is because it enables him to gain a more honourable fame and live a more interesting life, through becoming an exponent of more and better things. What could be to the advantage of the theatrical public more clearly than such progress in the actor? There are plenty of "nice girls" everywhere, and pretty men also, who can walk through their careers to the delight of a large number of matinée audiences, but when we meet a real talent, there is as much reason to give it plenty of exercise as there is to train a good natural voice for singing. It is because the young player to whom Miss Terry refers has in her the stuff which welcomes difficulty and seeks obstacles to conquer that her progress has been so rapid. Had she sat down forever on the line of parts that came easiest to her she would have done little. What first gives hope of progress to the observer on the watch for new talent is the instinct in any young actor for expanding, the restlessness to do more, to stretch and adapt his personality, not to limit it and wallow in it. Miss Terry says she plays best those parts which are easiest to her. No doubt; but she plays those parts far better than she would if she had never played any others. She knows her business from A to Z. She knows it as only an actor who has played many and varied parts can know it. She is better as Madame Sans-Gêne, Portia, or Nance Oldfield than she is as Lady Macbeth or Volumnia, but she would never have been what she is in high comedy if she had not been born with the enterprising disposition that endeavours and acquires. Heaven dowered her munificently with charms of impulse, lightness, gayety, and grace, but had she never done anything but let these gifts rest, had she never put her talents out at interest, she would not have become the foremost English actress of her day. When she frisks as Nance or when she jests with Nerissa she is, perhaps, most the Ellen Terry of nature, but when she draws herself up for the magnificent rebuke to Shylock, or when she plays the Queen in *Charles I.*, she is the intelligent actress, whose experience in many kinds of work has made her more proficient even in these parts for which she has been so well suited by nature. Who is to say what Sarah Bernhardt is fitted for? Is it *Phèdre l'Aiglon,* or Sardou? Because she is so absolutely an artist, she gave a superb rendition of Roxane in *Cyrano de Bergerac.* It is not one of the parts by which she will be known to posterity, but she would not be known to posterity at all unless she had in her that plasticity of nature and catholicity of sympathy which has enabled her to cover so wide a domain with her art, new conquests making her more efficient in old triumphs. Explaining the other day her plan for reviving many of her former dramas in a series of matinées, she said: "What charms me in this prospect of putting on these plays is to take up my old rôles, to retouch them, to make them, if I can, something different, and in any case to bring to them something that is new. It is the same pleasure that the painter feels, or the author, in taking up an abandoned work which he has loved, making discoveries in it, correcting and improving it. Such is my hope."

There speaks the real art spirit, the soul, which, for two matinées each, at an assured money loss, was willing to furnish new scenery and new dresses and rehearse new actors for all of these dramas;

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Racine's *Phèdre* and *Andromaque,* Rostand's *La Samaritaine, La Princesse Lointaine* and *l'Aiglon,* Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules, Tartuffe, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and *Le Médecin Malgré Lui,* Sardou's *Théodora* and *La Tosca, Hamlet,* Dumas's *La Femme de Claude* and *La Dame aux Camélias,* Mendès's *Médée,* Sudermann's *Heimath,* Alfred de Musset's *Lorenzaccio* and d'Annunzio's *Dead City.* Or take the case of Sir Henry Irving. Would he ever have reached a position so far ahead of all other living English actors if he had been the sort of nature that feebly recognises limits to its possibilities? When he was playing melodramatic parts well, should he never have ventured on Shylock and Mephistopheles? which contains "a good deal of himself," as Miss Terry puts it, Dubosc or Luserques, Dr. Primrose or Louis XI., the veteran of Waterloo or Charles Stuart of England? Again, it may be admitted that his fame will not rest on his Napoleon, since in looks, voice, figure and gait the emperor was most unlike Sir Henry's nature, but again it must be asserted that he would never have been the Louis, the Primrose, or the Mephistopheles he is if he were not blessed with the spirit which could take hold of even Napoleon and show the true artist in his interpretation of him.

It is just this righteous ambition, this stirring of the soul for new victories, that makes the actor-manager so much superior to the mercantile manager. This latter gentleman grows rich, while Sir Henry, for all the money he has made, remains penniless. The mercantile manager, unless he needs a particular form of advertisement for a favourite, finds ruts in which his players fit and please and keeps them there. Charles Hawtrey has come so near to this topic, in a bold and wise article on the American stage, that it is a pleasure to quote him: "I think it is a question whether the production here of so many of our London successes, with your actors repeating a performance, instead of creating a part, is not putting a limitation to their artistic progress which is as bad for the artist as it is profitable to the gentleman 'presenting' him. I think it would be better for the dramatic art of your country if some encouragement were given to your new playwrights, and your actors were permitted to 'present' themselves in home-made plays in which they 'created' and not imitated the leading rôles. But this is one of the drawbacks to the 'running' of theatres on a purely commercial basis." It is all part of the same thing, the substitution of certainty, of smoothly running department stores, for the uncertainties, struggles and varied glories of independent art. Sir Henry best illustrates the value of the actor-manager system, and we shall soon see that Mrs. Campbell, giving us some of the best of modern plays, in a high spirit, with an admirable company, illustrates it too. She is a woman filled and driven onward by the power of the artist's fire. I have not seen her Lady Macbeth, her Juliet, or her Rosalind, but I know that without the character which insists on exploring all the heights, for success or failure, she could not be the Mrs. Tanqueray, the Mrs. Ebbsmith, the Mariana or the Mélisande she is, and she could not be the most interesting woman on the English stage among the generation younger than Miss Terry. Actor-management has its faults, no doubt, although we in England and America owe to it the best we have. It is not comparable as an ideal to the Comédie Française or the theatre system of Germany, but it is an exaggeration resting on truth of what Mr. Forbes-Robertson recently remarked, that all the plays of importance were produced by actor-managers, and that all the vicious plays were, almost without exception, produced by men who were managers only; because the actor's ambition is the higher and his intelligence the more that of the artist.

Two plays new this month to New York have much of the quality of true inspiration in them, of that combination of feeling for life and happy gift for its fresh presentation to which we apply all our best words, ranging up from art to genius. Sudermann's *Johannisfeuer* will be seen by few Americans, because it could not run a long time in English and because we are so addicted to expensive meretricious dressing of plays that none of our companies can afford to produce a drama for a month, lest the public say it was "a failure," dreaded word that keeps our theatres places in which amusement is seldom combined with the satisfaction which remains after the curtain falls and, like any harmonious arrange-

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ment of beauty and truth, seems to increase the value of our daily life. As thousands will see the other comedy which has this worth of inspiration, we may leave *Johannisfeuer* with a mere regret that the Irving Place Theatre stands so solitary in the able production of numerous works of living art. *Quality Street,* by J. M. Barrie, is a comedy in which the flavour is made by an exquisite relish for delicate values in human nature and an alluring dexterity in playing along the line over which the fantastic and the actual exchange their friendly greeting. It has a finer literary quality than any play in English since *The Little Minister,* and it has the same individual almost eccentric stage methods which puzzled critics and made success for that admirable expression of the spirit's unfettered fun. Had the date for turning this copy in to the printer not been the morning following the performance, I should have gone again immediately to write down lines to prove the assertion that single phrases in this fragile masterpiece are worth more than the whole of an ordinary good play, because no amount of conventional skill can be reckoned at all with one flash of the talent that takes a fresh hold of life and uses a fresh gesture in its presentation. Among men who are writing English drama to-day not the most skilful is Mr. Barrie's equal, because Heaven has given him something which no other power has the ability to bestow, a measure, however great or however modest of that light or flame which believers and infidels alike agree to term divine. This is no attempt to place Mr. Barrie or to estimate the amount of inspiration and instinctive felicity which he has. It is only an assertion that he has it, and that whether it be a touch of genius or a larger donation of the same commodity it places him apart. Moreover, his talent is uniquely adapted to the stage. Breaking all stiff dramatic rules, it is instinct with the essence of the dramatic, and the stage is its natural home. *The Little Minister* could not be ruined even by the distortions and crudities inflicted upon it by an ignorant management, and *Quality Street,* although it invites a handling as delicate as Jane Austen's, calmly and assuredly humorous, sly casual, genial, refined, still lives through common horseplay and vulgar extravaganza. Mr. Gilbert always rehearsed his own operas. We can imagine what they would have lost without his oversight, and all spectators who may be jarred at the cheap discords in *Quality Street* should try to imagine how those episodes would have been handled under the supervision of the author. A comedy which is now fragile, now broad, now minutely true and anon pure fantastic play, is excessively difficult to perform, and when the guiding hand was a well-meaning but heavy one, there were inevitably results which reminded one less of Jane Austen than of coarsened American farce. No man is blameable for not doing what he is unfitted to do, but he may be blamed for insisting on controlling what he must ruin. The individual actors are in no way responsible, although the public must attribute to them what only experience can tell us is beyond their domain. To speak only of the star, Miss Maude Adams should be heartily praised for the good part of her work and not scolded for the inharmonious and erroneous parts. She possesses an unusual and widely attractive personality, and she has the power of acting many things decidedly well. If she is Barnumised and tempted to sacrifice the fine ascending career which might easily be hers for a cheaper popularity, through the use of louder and more insistent methods, less docility to her parts and the atmosphere of her plays, she is only one victim to the big signboard and gross receipts standard of American dramatic art. There is no actor in the United States whom I would so gladly see turned, before it is too late, to the better uses of the art of which she might be, to an even higher degree than she is, one of our sweetest and most winning exponents.

Norman Hapgood.

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HERE AND THERE

I.

Newspaper Criticism of the President.

Several years ago, in discussing American political journalism, we wrote the following words:

The most painful form which its unfairness takes is seen in the harsh and often outrageous criticism which it showers upon our public men. The most conspicuous instances of this can be found in looking back upon the newspaper assaults that have been made upon our Presidents. Thus, turning over the files of the American press, we read of Washington as an embezzler; of Jefferson as an atheist, an anarchist and a libertine; of Adams as a tyrant, and of Jackson as a bully, a border ruffian and an assassin. Van Buren was accused of stealing gold spoons from the White House; Buchanan was styled a traitor. The stock epithet applied to President Lincoln was "the Illinois baboon." President Johnson was habitually described as "a drunken boor." What was said by the newspapers of our later Presidents, from General Grant to Mr. Cleveland, is fresh in the memory of every person of mature age.

How utterly insincere and meaningless is all this hideous abuse may be seen in the fact that it is hushed into silence just as soon as the object of it passes out of the political arena into private life. No breath of it ever lingers in the allusions that are thereafter made to him by even the bitterest of his late opponents. And this sudden silence is at once the condemnation of his slanderers and a striking tribute to his own character. In sober truth, no President has ever deserved any of the personal abuse from which he has suffered so outrageously. There have been Presidents like Taylor and the elder Harrison, who were men of mediocre capacity; there have been Presidents like Jackson, who showed an autocratic spirit and an imperfect comprehension of the proper function of the executive; there have been Presidents like Polk and Buchanan, who made grievous errors of judgment; there have been Presidents like Grant, whose mistaken confidence in others brought grievous reproach upon themselves and upon their administrations; but there never yet has been a President of the United States who did not earnestly and honestly endeavour to discharge the duties of his great office with sobriety and dignity and patriotism, and for the highest good of the entire nation. And whatever mistakes may have been made, whatever errors of judgments may have been committed, there never yet has been a President in whom the keen sight of his countrymen can to-day detect the slightest taint upon his patriotism or his personal honour. And this is a wonderful and inspiring thing—a thing for which every patriotic American should thank God daily; for it is the vindication of democracy, and so long as it is true it must remain among the imperishable glories of the American Republic.

The assassination of President McKinley brought into great prominence this whole question relating to newspaper criticism of the President. Mr. McKinley had been very severely criticised during his first administration because of his policy in the Philippines, which was described as bloodthirsty and tyrannical; and also because of his alleged sympathy with the Trusts. This criticism was often very sharp, and it was sometimes expressed in writing and sometimes in the form of caricature. No sooner was he dead than all the newspapers which had supported him began to denounce the newspapers which had attacked him, and to declare that these were morally responsible for his assassination. In the excited state of public opinion at the time a good deal was even said about the desirability of a law to limit the freedom of the press in its animadversions upon the Chief Executive of the nation.

Now, of course any such proposal as this is contrary to the whole spirit of our institutions, and quite impracticable from every point of view. In the first place, an attempt to curtail the freedom of the press would excite passions much more dangerous than any that can possibly be aroused by the perusal of newspaper criticism. The countries in which the Chief of State feels most insecure against violence are precisely those countries in which the press is muzzled. In the second place, who is going to draw the line between criticism that is legitimate and criticism that is not? If an editorial writer actually believes that the President is violating the Constitution, and that the liberties of the country are in danger, he may be absurdly mistaken; yet

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on the other hand, circumstances might arise when that very thing would be true. Indeed, the most severe attacks on President McKinley's policy were not attacks for which the so-called "yellow journals" were responsible, but they were attacks uttered by such sincere and high-minded men as Senator Hoar and ex-Secretary Schurz—both of them Republicans—and by newspapers of great ability, such as the *Evening Post* of this city. It is unthinkable that a press censorship should ever be established in our country; for in its practical operation it would mean that the opposition would have to abstain from all newspaper criticism of the party in power. Moreover, if it be held that journalistic attacks upon the President are likely to lead to his assassination, it logically follows that journalistic attacks upon Cabinet officers, governors, mayors and all other public functionaries are likewise provocative of murder; and therefore we should have at once among us a privileged class of citizens, and our newspapers would be restrained not only from assailing the policy of President Roosevelt, for example, but also from speaking harshly of Mayor Ashbridge of Philadelphia, and Mayor Van Wyck of New York.

To state this proposition is to demonstrate its absurdity. As a matter of fact, it cannot be shown that any President ever lost his life because his assassins were influenced by the reading of newspaper denunciations. Least of all was this true in the case of Leon Czolgosz, whose dull, irrational mind is known to have been affected solely by the oral teachings of Emma Goldman. There is no connection traceable between the fact that President McKinley's public actions had been severely censured by a portion of the press, and the other fact that he was assassinated. Indeed, the opposition organs were much less virulent than has often been the case in our party contests. Even the yellowest of the yellow journals never said a word in disparagement of Mr. McKinley's private character, and when they called him a tyrant, every sane man knew that this was simply a rhetorical way of expressing disapprobation. In 1871-72 the *Sun* and *Tribune* of this city were describing President Grant as a nepotist, a military dictator, a drunkard, a silent partner in rings[redacted] conscious tool of Fisk and [redacted] bringing on the panic of Black[redacted] Compared with this awful stre[redacted] personal abuse, the attacks upon McKinley read like fulsome comp[redacted] ments. General Grant was not assass[redacted] nated, and Mr. McKinley was; but neither fact proves anything at all.

Yet ought not the American press in some way to be restrained from making frantic and sometimes vile assaults upon the character of the man who represents the Republic before the world? It surely ought; but this restraint should come from the growth of a public sentiment among us which would regard as offensive any sort of criticism which transcends the courtesies and decencies of life. As a matter of patriotism and of national self-respect, to say nothing of good taste, Americans should teach themselves to feel that gross invective against the President is an insult to the whole people whose ruler he has been made by the will of the majority, in which we have been taught to acquiesce. We believe that such a sentiment is growing stronger with our countrymen each year; and that while it will never try to check the severest possible criticism of the President's public policy, it will spare the man and respect the dignity of his high office.

In the meantime, Americans may console themselves with the thought that, reckless though the press in this country often is, it never attains to that spirit of cold-blooded malignity which animates some of the Continental journals, notably the French. Any one who was in Paris during the brief Presidency of Casimir-Périer, and the longer one of Félix Faure, must remember with disgust the vile stream of scandalous innuendo and ferocious blackguardism that was poured incessantly upon these two men by the innumerable gutter-sheets of the boulevards. Nothing so depraved and so diabolically ingenious in its power to blister and blacken and degrade ever soiled paper in our country. The strict libel-laws of England and the vigour of the courts in enforcing them when appealed to have ensured in the press of that country as a whole a greater reserve in the attacks that are made on public men; yet even there one can find many papers

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viewed as too much beneath
ıor notice, and these are often
ıth coarse invective. Fifteen or
y years ago, the Queen herself was
ways spared by these journals, and
slanders were disseminated far and
e unchecked. Moreover, in England
re is often an intense bitterness of
eeling back of newspaper denunciation, and from this our public life is free. All native-born Americans view the violent rhetoric of partisan newspapers in very much the spirit in which they would regard the professional polemics of two lawyers who thunder at one another all the morning and then go amicably out to luncheon arm in arm. But in England political hatred is very apt to extend to social intercourse and to find startling expression in the retirement of private life. When Gladstone, for example, was making his great fight for Home Rule, it was by no means unusual to hear advanced Conservatives freely uttering the wish that the fine old man might not live to carry out his policy; and English gentlemen at their dinner-tables were known to drink to his speedy death. Happily, our party strife never goes so far as this, and, therefore, there is all the greater reason for believing that our press will before long fitly represent the true feeling of the best-natured nation in the world.

II.

The Booker Washington Episode.

A number of subscribers have written us to ask for some expression of opinion on the subject of President Roosevelt's dinner invitation to Mr. Booker T. Washington, which has caused so much excitement in the South. We think that the common sense of the whole matter is very plain. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in his private capacity, when out of office, has undoubtedly the right to entertain at dinner whomsoever he may please, without its being anybody's business whatsoever. President Roosevelt, the head of the nation, has also the right to make any one his guest. But if he does so, he must do so with the full understanding that not even the simplest action of the President of the United States can ever be the action of a private individual or free from consequences. If he felt that in asking Mr. Washington to dinner he was standing up for a principle, or gaining something for himself, or for his public policy, or for Mr. Washington—why, well and good. But we think it perfectly obvious that as a matter of fact there was in this case no principle involved, and nothing whatsoever to be gained, but, on the contrary, much to lose, both from the standpoint of the President and from that of Mr. Washington.

President Roosevelt has cherished the very laudable ambition of rehabilitating the Republican party in the South, and of making it worthy at least of the respect of its opponents. He could hardly hope that during his term of office so great a change of political sentiment would occur as to alter the political complexion of the Southern States; yet his policy was none the less wise, far-seeing and patriotic. By needlessly affronting the most intense of all the prejudices which Southern men and women are bred up to cherish as their very life, he has at a stroke made absolutely certain the utter failure of his larger policy. There is no use in saying that the race feeling at the South is unreasonable or unchristian or absurd. We do not ourselves regard it as wholly so, and the history of the years of Reconstruction serves in part as a defence for much of it. Yet even if it were unreasonable and unchristian and absurd, its existence is a very potent fact, and the true statesman deals with facts, and takes them as they are and not as he would like to have them.

From Mr. Booker Washington's point of view, his acceptance of this casually given dinner-invitation was certainly unfortunate. He knew better even than the President just how the whole affair would grate upon the nerves of every Southern white man; for in carrying out the noble work that he has been accomplishing, he has made it an especial study to do nothing to offend this sentiment, but rather to do everything to soothe and tranquillise it. In his Atlanta speech, the one passage which gave him fame is that in which he spoke of the two races—the white and the black—as being in all things social separate, like the fingers,

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while one like the hand in all that makes for progress and true civilisation. Mr. Washington had for years lived faithfully up to this admirable sentiment. By his tact and self-effacement he had won the good-will of the whites; and in consequence it seemed as though he had discovered the true solution of the problem inherited from the Civil War, and lurking as a perpetual men[ace] perity and order. Now, in a[n] has partially undone the work o[f] ade, and has wrought more injur[y] noble cause than he can make go[od] many a year. As was true of Pre[s.] Roosevelt, Wr. Washington had not[hing] to gain but very much to lose.

H. T. P.

THE WAR SPIRIT

He sat behind his roses and did wake
With careless hands those passions grim
That naught but War and Blood and Tears can slake,
And naught but years can dim.

So o'er their wine did Great Ones sit and nod,
Ordaining War—as it befell:
Men, drunk with drum and trumpet, talked of God,
And reeled down blood-washed roads to Hell.

Arthur Stringer.

LITERARY LONDON

Is it possible to increase indefinitely the numbers of the book-buying public? Some of our authors, at least, are firmly convinced that it is. They say that the cheaper a book is, the more widely it will circulate, and that the increased circulation will make up for the decrease in profit on single copies. They point to the death of the three-volume novel, and urge that the six-shilling novel should be brought down to three shillings sixpence or two shillings sixpence. Some of the publishers are at present going in this direction. It is no secret that one author at least, whose popularity is unchallenged, has determined to make a great experiment with his next book, which may conceivably be published in the autumn of 1902. For my part, I stand in doubt. The living novelists who flourished in the day of the three-volume novel complain of the change as all for the worse, and I think most publishers would say the same. In fact, the number of six-shilling novels which involve loss becomes so alarming that the wiser firms are touching them very charily. The average novelist is the person likely to suffer. It ought to be borne in mind that it is not easy to go back. Once accustom the public to books at a lower price, and they will rebel against any attempt at reversion to the old custom.

One of the most curious things about the book-buying public here is their resolute aversion to books bound in boards. There was a time when the yellow-backed novel at two shillings almost monopolised the trade at the railway bookseller's. Now it has practically disappeared. The publishers have found that by putting the books into cloth boards they can sell in very large numbers. The sixpenny novels are tolerated in paper covers simply because their price is so low. Some of the publishers of sixpenny novels think of raising the price to sixpence net, but I rather think the sixpenny novel in its present form has had its day, and that something new will be tried.

After all, the British public is not so bad as some would make you believe. I heard the other day that Mr. Grant Richards issued in his amazingly cheap and excellent reprints a volume of Emerson's Essays, and that 10,000 copies were im-

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mediately bought up, the larger number in the leather binding.

We had a remarkably pleasant gathering at the Whitefriars Club the other night, when Mr. Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine,* was the guest. Though I have heard some of the most brilliant men of the day on these occasions, I have never listened to a more entertaining, and at the same time a more instructive, speaker than Mr. Mead. He took for his subject "Some Literary Landmarks in England." It turned out that he had been investigating the places connected with the Pilgrim Fathers, and that in so scholarly and thorough a fashion that he was able to enlighten every man present, although one or two might be called experts on the subject. Mr. Mead complained, and very justly, that we did not take sufficient note in England of our historical and literary landmarks; but when he spoke of erecting statues to great men like Wiclif and Milton, some of us protested. It would be all very well if we had the power of making statues which would be a pleasure to look at, but will anyone say so who goes through the gloomy images of London? The man who would arrange for carting away half of them in the night would be a public benefactor. Mr. Mead, at the request of the audience, afterward gave his views on the relations between America and England, and the power of the New England element in the United States of to-day. He took an unhopeful view. The New England element did not now rule America, and would rule it less than ever. There was no possibility of England and America fighting under the same banner. He viewed a war between England and America as inevitable, and this war would be the result of a conscienceless commercialism. Mr. Mead, who was an early friend of Thomas Davidson, the philosopher, and of William Clarke, the brilliant journalist, is pursuing his various researches in London, and will be with us for some time. Such a man ought to be better known both in our country and in yours.

A very large number of books are in the market, and the bookbinders report themselves as exceedingly busy, which is a good sign, for nowadays publishers are very careful not to over-bind. But the booksellers are timid in their orders. Probably the prolongation of the South African War, which is exciting the utmost impatience, is beginning to affect trade, but it is too soon to speak with any confidence. Among the more successful books in point of sale is the life of Stevenson. It is comparatively brief, and contains very little new matter of importance, but it is a convenient summary of the whole subject, and is written in an excellent tone, so that on the whole its reception has been very favourable. Some 5000 copies were disposed of at a high price, a further proof, if proof were needed, of the undying interest in the personality of Stevenson.

In the world of journalism great attention has been attracted by the *Spectator,* which published various stories and suggestions about a sum of money given by Mr. Rhodes to Mr. Schnadhorst, the chief official of the Liberal party. I need not go into the story. The general feeling is one of astonishment that a paper with the antecedents of the *Spectator* should have taken it up and managed it so badly. Its career for many years has been singularly free from sensationalism and unworthy personalities. No doubt the lesson will be taken. I may mention what is not generally known, that Mr. Meredith Townsend, co-editor with Mr. Hutton, still retains his position. He is working on the *Spectator* as diligently as ever, though he now lives in Surrey. One of his daughters also shows literary faculties, and is interested in theological questions. It is a noteworthy illustration of what higher education is bringing us to, that Miss Townsend contributed a paper on "Immortality" to the *Spectator,* which was very ably criticised by Miss Dorothea Price Hughes, daughter of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, in her father's journal, the *Methodist Times.*

Mr. Maarten Maartens, the well-known novelist, has been in bad health, and has taken a house in Paris for the winter. He has now finished the long novel in which he has been engaged for a considerable time, but the book awaits serialisation.

Thomas Hardy's theory that the Immortals make sport of human beings goes back to Greek tragedy. It was promulgated, however, in the eighteenth century. I happened to be turning over

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Dr. Johnson's works and read his review of *A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil* by Soame Jenyns. The review is a masterpiece of sarcasm and pleasantry, and justly received the praises of Macaulay. Jenyns imagined "that as we have not only animals for food, but choose some for our diversion, the same privilege may be allowed to some beings above us, *who may deceive, torment, or destroy us for the ends only of their own pleasure or utility.*" Johnson's robust intellect makes great play with this fancy. "He might have shown that *these hunters, whose game is man,* have many sports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps and kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a ship, and stand round the fields of Blenheim or the walls of Prague, as we encircle a cock-pit. As we shoot a bird flying, they take a man in the midst of his business or pleasure, and knock him down with an apoplexy. Some of them, perhaps, are virtuosi, and delight in the operations of an asthma, as a human philosopher in the effects of the air-pump. To swell a man with a tympany is as good sport as to blow a frog. Many a merry bout have these frolic beings at the vicissitudes of an ague, and good sport it is to see a man tumble with an epilepsy, and revive and tumble again, and all this he knows not why." Johnson goes on to suspect that the merry malice of these beings finds means of enjoyment in the creation of authors. They make a poor wretch proud of his parts, and induce him to write, beginning perhaps with an ode or an epistle, and passing on to a treatise of philosophy. This explains to Johnson the production of most new books. "Many of the books which now crowd the world may be justly suspected to be written for the sake of some invisible order of beings, for surely they are of no use to any of the corporeal inhabitants of the world. Of the productions of the last bounteous year, how many can be said to serve any purpose of use or pleasure?"

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LITERARY PARIS

Paris seems to have returned to literary activity with a vengeance. The bookstalls are simply overloaded with new books. And at the same time events of all kinds are taking place, or about to take place, which set every literary man talking.

Of these events the most important is the presidential decree of October 12, which abolishes the "Comité de Lecture" of the Théâtre Français. This is no less than a revolution in the celebrated "Maison de Molière." For more than two centuries the comedians of the Rue de Richelieu have enjoyed the privilege of themselves selecting the plays to be performed on their stage, and now, by a stroke of his pen, President Loubet, or rather M. Leygue, the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, decides that the manager of the theatre will be free to select what he pleases without consulting them. Even Napoleon, in spite of his autocratic instincts, had not dared to go so far, and the celebrated Moscow decree of 1812, by which he reorganised the Théâtre Français, respected the rights enjoyed by the sociétaires since the time of Louis XIV.

The reasons for such a proceeding are not far to seek. Everybody knows that something had to be done, that a great many things in the old theatre needed attending to. The plays accepted and performed during the last ten years had, as a rule, brought to the Comédie neither fame nor money. Things had come even to a ridiculous pass when a few months ago a new play, *Chérubin,* which had been enthusiastically received by the committee, so signally failed on the occasion of its dress rehearsal that its performance before the paying public had to be indefinitely postponed. But a great many people think that the cause of the whole trouble lies in a lack of energy and mental strength in the manager himself, and they are, therefore, not a little surprised that Jules Claretie's shortcomings should be rewarded with his receiving dictatorial powers for the future.

The comedians, of course, were terribly excited. There was some talk of a general exodus, or of appealing to the

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Cour[illegible]asking to have the dec[illegible]et aside as against th[illegible]erate counsels seen[illegible] dignified protest wa[illegible]le company, with the [illegible]lly, at its head. The act[illegible]medians has been endorsed by th[illegible]s and actresses of all the other theatr[illegible]. In the newspapers the government has been defended by many and criticised by some. The most serious attack came from Gustave Larroumet, the dramatic critic of *Le Temps*. He took the ground that Claretie ought to have been removed, instead of having his powers enlarged. His articles were unmistakably a bid for his own appointment, and if things do not rapidly improve under the virtual dictatorship of the present manager, Larroumet's candidacy for the position will certainly acquire formidable strength.

Claretie's first act since the decree was the acceptance of a verse play by Catulle Mendès, *Sainte Thérèse*. Judging by Mendès's former dramatic efforts, one may doubt the wisdom of the selection. But it ought to be remembered that plays that are accepted are not sure to be performed. It was discovered, for instance, that in 1830 the manager who was appointed after the July revolution found no less than one hundred and twelve plays accepted by the Comité de Lecture! It was, of course, more than could be presented to the public.

What helped Claretie at the present juncture was that he is a member of the Académie Française. He had to be either removed or endorsed, and the cabinet, which had had recently several quarrels with the Academy, did not care to arouse its hostility again by the summary dismissal of one of its members. But no one need be surprised if, after awhile, when conditions have failed to improve, Claretie himself should offer his resignation and be succeeded by a manager whose first act would be the re-establishment of the Comité de Lecture.

There is talk of another, but not so serious a revolution. Edmond Rostand, it is said, desires to write his "discours de réception" in the Academy in verse. The Academy is so conservative that a novelty under its dome seems an impossibility. In the present instance, moreover, one may doubt the wisdom of the innovation. The secrétaire perpétuel, Gaston Boissier, who was interviewed on the subject, called Rostand's attention to one point which may well cause him to pause before doing anything rash. It is that his speech is expected to include a biographical sketch of his predecessor. And the idea of writing a poem about the life of Henri de Bornier is one that can hardly be entertained by any sane man. Another academician, not a dead one, is to be publicly eulogised soon, in the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne. This very month Berthelot, the illustrious scientist, completes a half century of teaching, begun in 1851 at the Collège de France, and his jubilee is to be the occasion of a great celebration. I find his name, by the way, among the authors of new books. A number of his lectures and addresses have just been collected in book form under the collective title of *Science et Education*.

Among eulogised men of letters it seems that I ought to mention Laurent Tailhade, the poet of the Anarchists. An article of his in the weekly paper *Le Libertaire*, in which he expressed the wish to have President Loubet and the Emperor of Russia killed, and which contained a eulogy of the murderers of Henry IV. and President Carnot, brought him before the courts. A number of literary men took the strange ground that his literary talent ought to have protected him against any prosecution, and at their head appeared Zola, whose written statement in his favour was from beginning to end an enthusiastic panegyric. The judges were not persuaded, however, and Tailhade will have to spend a few months behind prison bars. When he leaves Anarchy alone he is not without talent, as may be seen in his last volume of verse, *La Touffe de Sange*.

Other volumes of verse to be mentioned are a metrical rendering of Virgil's Æneid, by M. A. Motheau; a posthumous volume by Ernest Renan's son, Ary Renan, better known during his life as a painter than as a poet, *Rèves d'Artiste*, and a resetting of mediæval themes, *Chansons de Geste*, by M. Georges Gourdon. There is also what might be called a poem in prose, a new version of the old "chantefable," *Aucassin et Nicolette*, by M. Gustave Michaut.

I ought not to forget, among the poets

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of the month, Victorien Sardou, whom we are not accustomed to find in such company. He is the author of the words set to music by Saint-Saëns in his last opera, just performed, *Les Barbares.*

The readers of novels have only "l'embarras du choix" among new books. First I must mention René Bazin's *Les Oberlé,* one of his best books, an interesting study of family life in Alsace under the conditions created by the annexation of the country to Germany. Lucien Descaves's *La Colonne* may, to a certain extent, be called an historical novel. It deals with the tearing down of the Colonne Vendôme during the insurrection of the Commune in 1871. Few readers will, in spite of Descaves's talent, be in sympathy with him; as he sides with those who considered themselves justified, owing to their hatred of Napoleon, in destroying his majestic tribute to the soldiers of the Grand Army.

Pierre de Lano's *La Piaffe* is also somewhat historical in character, and also deals with events not very far removed from us. Other novels are more purely imaginative, for instance, *Les Robinsons de Paris,* by Georges Beaume, a study of provincial people stranded in the big city. We have a novel by the indefatigable Georges Ohnet, *Le Crépuscule;* another, of a very different kind by Henri de Régnier, *Les Amants Magnifiques;* a series of sketches by Madame Lescot, *Mariages d'aujourd'hui;* a collection of tales by Jean Revel, *Contes Normands,* and a "Roman pour les jeunes filles," *Héritier?* by Mary Floran.

The historians have been even more prolific than the novelists. We owe to them this month quite a collection of works of importance for the study of French history. I shall take them up in the chronological order of the subjects treated.

First, in this order, comes an exhaustive monograph on the hero of Gallic resistance against Julius Cæsar, *Vercingétorix,* by Camille Jullian, the most authoritative work ever published on this subject.

Next we have a study of one of the most interesting subjects in the political history of France under the Ancien Régime, *Le Parlement de Paris: Son Rôle Politique depuis le Règne de Charles VII. jusqu'à nos Jours,* by Professor E. Glasson, Dean of the Law Faculty of the University of Paris. I may single out, in order to show the interest of the book, the chapter relating to the circumstances under which Louis XIV. uttered the famous saying, "L'Etat, c'est moi."

Professor Crouslé's *Bossuet et le Prolestantisme* and Emmanuel de Broglie's *Catinat: L'Homme et la Vie* deal with other phases of the history of France under the great king.

The same period fills a good many pages of another book, the subject of which is not confined to a single period, Edouard Desbrière's *Projets et Tentatives de Débarquement aux Iles Britanniques.*

After this we must come to the Revolutionary and Napoleonic period, and first to Ernest Daudet's *La Conspiration de Pichegru et les Complots Royalistes du Midi et de l'Est (1795-97).* Joseph Turquan gives us a very readable monograph, *La Duchesse d'Abrantès,* and M. H. Weill an interesting work on Italy in the last years of Napoleon's reign, *Le Prince Eugène et Murat.*

From Frederick Lock and Maurice Dreyfous we have a new continuation of Lavallée's well-known *Histoire des Français,* forming the seventh volume of the work, and comprising the history of the Third Republic to the end of the nineteenth century. A curious incident of that history, the visit of the late Empress Frederick to Paris, is elucidated in Gaston Routier's *Un Point d'Histoire contemporaine.*

To all this we must add a collection of essays by Albert Sorel, *Etudes de Littérature et d'Histoire,* and a monograph on Disraeli, in the series *Ministres et Hommes d'Etat,* by Maurice Courcelle.

In books of recollections we have the concluding volume of Jules Simon's Memoirs, *Le Soir de ma Journée,* and two volumes due to the pen of Victor Duruy, *Notes et Souvenirs.*

I must leave something for next month, so I shall in addition to the above mention only one more work, a counterpart to Demolins's well-known book on the Anglo-Saxons, *L'Agonie d'Albion* by Eugène Demolder. I need hardly say that the South African War forms an important part of the work.

Adolphe Cohn.

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BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

For the past decade the high standards of the books for young people have left little to be desired, either in the text, the illustrations, or the form in which they have been presented; and to affirm that this year's supply shows no less merit than usual is to say all that need be said in its favour.

The reviewer of a quantity of new fiction may confess to a feeling of weariness at his task, but such cannot be the case when writing about the numerous juveniles that come from the publishers at this season. For here is no Barmecide feast, but one which for attractiveness, interest and variety is calculated to arouse enthusiasm; and the only regret is that one is no longer a child to enjoy its full flavour.

The most exuberant fancy, that has penetrated beyond the gates of Nonsense Land, has been employed to amuse very little folks, with mirth-provoking performances of pen and pencil, while for those who are older there is plenty of literature, so well adapted to different tastes and requirements that young girls will not be tempted to turn to grown people's books to find interesting reading; and the pernicious dime novels need not be feared, when the best writers for boys have prepared so many entertaining stories of adventure, sport, school, war and kindred topics.

Longmans, Green and Company publish *The Violet Fairy Book*, edited by Andrew Lang, an addition to this author's celebrated series of books for children. Mr. Lang's fine discrimination has never been more skilfully exercised than in the arrangement of these stories that have been gathered from Germany, Japan, Egypt, Africa and Australia. No pains have been spared to make the volume an attractive example of the bookmaker's art, and there are numerous pen-and-ink and coloured pictures by H. J. Ford. The list of new issues that comes from Macmillan and Company includes a collection of fairy stories, *The Reign of King Cole*, edited by J. M. Gibbon, which is modelled on much the same excellent plan. *The Bay's Odyssey*, by Walter C. Perry, in which the famous tales of the Greek epic are so well told that it promises to inspire a taste for reading Homer at length. Mrs. Molesworth's *The Wood-pigeons and Mary*, a very prettily written story, the author having blended the facts of Mary's every-day life with the dreams that her favourite pigeons brought her. And *The Youngest Girl in the School*, by Evelyn Sharp, the boarding-school experiences of a very natural little girl, who has been constantly with her brothers and is a good deal of a tomboy; her mistakes, trials, unhappiness and final contentment are narrated in a bright, lively way.

Cleveland Moffett's accounts of the perilous callings of the deep sea diver, the fireman, the locomotive engineer, etc., which have appeared serially in *St. Nicholas* and other periodicals, have been gathered into a volume called *Careers of Danger and Daring*, from the press of The Century Company. This will prove absorbing reading for all who admire courage and heroism shown in the faithful discharge of duty; the illustrations by Jay Hambridge, George Varian and others add very much to the text. Another first-rate book for boys, *The Junior Cup*, by Allen French, is brought out by the same firm. The scene is laid at a summer camping school, and the pages are filled with the lively doings of a lot of very real boys, their outdoor athletic life, and the manliness such training teaches.

Little, Brown and Company publish *Morgan's Men*, by John Preston True, the adventures of a cavalry officer during the Revolution. *The Captain of the School*, by Edith Robinson, with illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens, this being the merry history of a family of boys and girls who, in spite of very narrow means, keep their hearts light and their debts paid. *High School Days at Harbourtown*, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, which sustains the reputation of this popular author, and *Four on a Farm*, by Mary P. Wells Smith.

The Little Girl Series, written by Amanda M. Douglas and published by Dodd, Mead and Company, gains a new volume, *A Little Girl in Old New Orleans*. This is a sweet, wholesome romance for young girls, written in a delightful way. The child heroine, who is married by proxy to her cousin, escapes the terrors of the French Revolution by

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coming to this country. The social conditions of the time, the picturesque life in the old Southern city and on the plantations are charmingly described, and the amusing story is interwoven with many an instructive lesson in history. The firm also continue The Sherburne Series, by the same author, and *A Sherburne Inheritance* gives an account of this favourite family up to a quite recent date.

Six books for boys are issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, three of them being new Henty books, and the large circle of this prolific author's admirers need fear no lessening of interest in *To Herat and Cabul, At the Point of the Bayonet* and *With Roberts to Pretoria,* which deal with incidents of the first Afghan war, the British conquest of India and the Boer war.

Another important event in modern history—the opening of the Japanese ports—furnishes material for *A Son of Satsuma,* by Kirk Munro, and the bound boy on a New England farm who runs away to be a sailor goes with Perry to Japan. In *Lem,* by Noah Brooks, life in a country village in the early part of the last century is described; and *The Outlaws of Horse-Shoe Hole,* by Francis Hill, is a story of ranching in the West.

McClure, Phillips and Company add to this stock of admirable books for boys *The Princess of the Purple Palace,* by William Murray Graydon. Events succeed each other with such rapidity in this account of a young American's experiences in Pekin during the Boxer rising, and the interest is so well sustained that old, as well as young, people will take pleasure in reading it.

A new edition of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* is always sure of a welcome, and this one translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas, and illustrated by Arthur Rackham, has been published in a most attractive form by the J. B. Lippincott Company. From this firm comes also *Out of Bounds,* by Andrew Home, short stories about schoolboy pranks and fun. *The Belt of Seven Totems,* by Kirk Munro, in which the writer has unravelled some knotty tangles of Indian history at the time of the settling of the Plymouth colony, and has drawn a truly noble red man in the character of the chief Massasoit, whose adventures furnish the plot; *Celia's Conquest,* a pleasant story about some English children who have lived in France, and rebel somewhat against the change to gloomy London; and *Daddy's Girl* and *A Very Naughty Girl,* both by L. T. Meade.

The name of R. H. Russell has always been identified with handsome, finely illustrated volumes, and the standards of former years are well upheld by his sumptuous new edition of *The Heroes,* by Charles Kingsley. The text is too well known to require words of commendation, and the many black and white and coloured pictures by M. H. Squire and E. Mars are worthy of their inspiration. Among Mr. Russell's other publications are *Ten Boys from Dickens,* by Kate Dickinson Sweetser, illustrated by George Alfred Williams, an arrangement for youthful readers of the lives of Oliver Twist, Tommy Traddles and other favourites. The exact words of the novels have been retained as far as possible, and the characters are not carried beyond the limits of boyhood. And *The Merry-Go-Round,* a collection of exceedingly humorous verses by Carolyn Wells, with equally funny pictures by Peter Newell.

The Jamieson-Higgins Company issue *An Alphabet of Wild Flowers* and *An Alphabet of Birds,* two books that are as charming as they are instructive. Both of them are written by Gertrude Keeley and illustrated by R. J. Campbell. The author's familiarity with her subjects is shown by the great variety of interesting facts touched upon in the bits of explanatory text that are printed opposite the pictures. From this firm comes also *Young Folks' Uncle Tom's Cabin,* arranged by Grace Duffie Boylan.

The volume of *Literature and Art,* edited by John Denison Champlin, which Henry Holt and Company add to their "Young Folks' Cyclopedias," will prove to be a most valuable reference book for school boys and girls.

Maud Ballington Booth's *Lights of Child-Land,* published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, teaches sweet lessons of kindness and sympathy; the story is written in a captivating way, and the reader only regrets that it is so deeply shadowed with sorrow.

A picture of the explorer's little daughter who was born in the Arctic regions decorates the cover of *The Snow Baby,*

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by Josephine D. Peary, and there are a number of illustrations taken from photographs of her peculiar surroundings. Both this book and *The Fairyland of America,* by Herbert Quick, with pictures by E. W. Deming, are issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Maggie McLanehan, by Gulielma Zollinger, is a spirited tale of the West and the struggles of a young girl of Irish parentage; it is excellent in character and local colour, and is published by A. C. McClurg and Company. Another book for girls, *Her Sixteenth Year,* by Helen Dawes Brown, is from Houghton, Mifflin and Company. *The Round Rabbit* and other child verses, by Ayness Lee, which have appeared in various magazines, have been made into a little book by Small, Maynard and Company.

Among Lee and Shepard's numerous contributions to juvenile literature, *In the Days of William the Conqueror,* by Eva Murch Tappan, and *Betty Seldon, Patriot,* by Adele E. Thompson, may be specially mentioned.

Specially Illustrated Books.

Although there are many attractive books of this class, the palm must be awarded to the new edition of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* illustrated by Peter Newell. Harper and Brothers have tried to make it handsome and satisfactory in every way, and their efforts have certainly been crowned with success. There are forty full-page pictures, which show Mr. Newell's abilities at their very best; a portrait of the author, Mr. Charles L. Dodgson, forms the frontispiece, and E. S. Martin has written a short appreciative introduction.

We are glad to see again from R. H. Russell *The Ballad of the Prince,* by Alice Archer Sewall. The verses are as notable for the simple air of romance that children love as the drawings are full of character and æsthetic charm. Mr. Russell also publishes two gayly-coloured books, *Memoirs of Simple Simon,* by D. B. Keeler, illustrated by Charles S. Vandervort, and *Yankee Doodle Gander,* by Oscar Hunt von Gottschalck, who has made merry rhymes about some of the important events in American history and added amusing sketches to them.

The admirers of those remarkable sea-urchins, Topsy, Pudgy and Jimmy, will welcome the irresistibly funny *Urchins at the Pole,* by Marie Overton Corbin and Charles Buxton Going, with drawings by F. I. Bennett, which is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. From this firm comes also *Bright Days Through the Year,* the verses by Mabel Humphrey, and colour plates after water colours by Frederick M. Spiegle. *Cats,* by "Grimalkin," and pictured by Louis Wain, and two humorous books, *The Surprise Book,* by Nell K. McElphone, the drawings by Albertine Randall Wheelan, and *Proverbial Sayings,* by Gordon Browne, the latter having been first printed in England.

The A. Wessels Company issue new editions of *The True Mother Goose* and *Childhood's Songs of Long Ago,* both of them having notes and pictures by Blanche McManus. The first gives the nursery classic in a very complete and attractive form, and the second has done good service in familiarising the present generation with some of the songs that were written by the Rev. Isaac Watts.

W. W. Denslow, the editor and illustrator of *Denslow's Mother Goose,* issued by McClure, Phillips and Company, seems to possess a fund of spontaneous fun, upon which he draws with a liberal hand. The peculiar turns of his humour grow more amusing every time the book is opened.

Longmans, Green and Company have placed many little people in their debt by publishing another book about the Golliwogg; this time an account is given of *The Golliwogg's Auto-Go-Cart,* and the pictures and verses by Florence and Bertha Upton are as funny as ever.

From this press comes also a most attractive little volume, *Clean Peter and the Children of Grubbylea,* translated by Ada Wallas, and illustrated in a very pretty, artistic way. Macmillan and Company's *Old King Cole Book of Nursery Rhymes* is gay with coloured pictures by Byam Shaw. An enjoyable addition to the stock of children's songs and singing games will be found in *Old Songs for Young America,* which is published by Doubleday, Page and Company. Thirty-six well-known ditties, such as "Yankee Doodle," have been collected by B. Ostertag, who also signs the designs that accompany the music. The original airs have been arranged by Clarence Forsyth.

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Jingleman Jack, otherwise Jack of all trades, is a book which shows the crafts and trades of our time. The idea is well carried out, the verses are by James O'Dea, the pictures are by Harry Kennedy, and it is issued by the Saalfield Publishing Company.

From Rand, McNally and Company comes *The Pirate Frog and Other Tales*, by W. A. Frisbie, illustrated by "Bart"; and *The Owl and the Woodchuck*, by William Harold Neidlinger, illustrated by Walter Bobbett.

Pauline King.

A CHRONICLE OF OUR OWN TIMES

OCTOBER 10 TO NOVEMBER 10.

I.

THE ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

On *November 5* the government of the city of Greater New York reverted to its citizens through the defeat of Tammany Hall. How complete the defeat of Tammany was, and how unusual if not astounding was the corresponding victory for the political forces opposed to Tammany may be judged from the fact that New York is normally Democratic by not less than 100,000 votes, while the Fusionist ticket won the election by some 30,000 majority. The outcome was the result of a joint campaign waged by Independents and the Citizens' Union and Republican parties for some six months preceding the election; a campaign which so enlisted the sympathy of the press that from the time candidates were nominated Tammany could hardly obtain space, much less fair treatment for such arguments, mostly specious, as it had to offer. That there were both provocation and political expediency in magnifying the undoubted misdeeds and thievings of Tammany may be readily admitted; that the attitude of the press, taken as a whole, was partisan to the verge of hysteria, may, perhaps, be not unjustly inferred from the reflected glow in England of New York opinion, as appearing, for example, in that most staid and correct of journals, the London *Times*. "It is no exaggeration," said this paper on *October 25*, "to say that New York is now as unsafe as was a Western mining town a generation ago." "Shopkeepers, especially on the East Side, are in a state bordering on panic, while citizens out at night walk on secluded streets literally at the risk of their lives." And again in an editorial on *November 7* the *Times* referred to Tammany as beyond dispute "the most corrupt, brutal, and demoralising organisation that can be found in the civilised world, with perhaps the exception of the Mafia and the Camorra." With statements no less strong than these constantly expressed in New York, it was to be expected that the arguments of Tammany, even when valid, would be swamped in denunciation. Yet these arguments were not entirely negligible. The first was, that many of the evils and extravagances complained of in the city's administration were directly attributable to the Republican State Legislature at Albany; that the Legislature dictated the salaries of municipal employees, spent by proxy 83 per cent. of the city's $100,000,000 annual budget, planked down laws on the city like "so many pounds of beef," and ever by discriminative measures bore in mind that one part of the city was Democratic and the other Republican. Experts in municipal government had for many years besought the Legislature to quit passing special laws for New York and to let the city alone. But if now a Fusionist administration, closely allied with the Republican party, were put into power matters in that direction were likely to be worse instead of better.

The other Tammany argument was that long experience had shown that the Democratic organisation, whatever form it took, could not permanently be kept out of power in New York City; nor was any efficient combination of rival organisations likely to adhere together for more than two or three years at a time. Therefore, it was much more to the point to reform Tammany than to squelch it *pro tem.* And since the Tammany candidate for mayor, Mr. Edward M. Shepard, was a man of proved ability and integrity, the desired reformation of Tammany would be, with his election, if not accomplished, at least well under way. To

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this pleasing argument, however, it was at once pointed out with convincing effect by the Fusionists that every other important nominee on the ticket was a "straight" Tammany man, and that these nominees combined could outweigh Mr. Shepard everywhere in city affairs, except in the administrative offices.

Whether Tammany nominated "straight" organisation men throughout, from a traditional sense of loyalty to her accredited representatives, preferring to go down with affronting banners waving, or whether, as is more likely, the severity of the popular indignation was underrated, the error was in either case fatal. If the notorious Deputy Police Commissioner, William S. Devery, had been removed a week before the election, the supreme and sensational issue of the campaign, as to whether or not the police were to continue indefinitely as a private vice and crime-licensing bureau, would have come flat before the electors, the great deviser and organiser of the bureau being gone. But Tammany not only retained Mr. Devery, but insisted also in nominating as Judge of the Supreme Court the Mayor, Mr. Robert A. Van Wyck, a man whose irascible temper, obvious partisanship and outspoken prejudices rendered him utterly unfitted for the Bench. The Fusionist ticket swept county and city, overwhelming every considerable Tammany nominee and leaving to that ancient, spoils-fed organisation not one vestige of patronage, except such as might be derived from a handful of outstanding coroners. And it was a curious fact that of all the returns of the election, not one approached in popularity to that which told that his Honour the Mayor had brought up the tag end of a defeated ticket, running slothfully 20,000 votes behind.

Interpretations of the significance of the election were made voluminously on every side. But perhaps none of them equalled in appositeness that made in inelegant language by the Tammany leader of one of the crowded and illiterate East Side districts. "I'm not talkin' about Devery," he said; "Van Wyck was enough. The people like Tammany, but they won't let anybody monkey with the Supreme Court." And then, plunging into generalisation, he concluded: "When a party gets the big head and thinks it's a whole lot better than the people, it always gets trun down. Tammany got the big head the last four years, and it gets an everlastin' trouncin'. You can go just so far with the people and no further. Tammany went further."

II.

OTHER STATE AFFAIRS.

The Elections in Pennsylvania.

The news flashed over the country and everywhere claiming columns of space, that Tammany had at last gone down in deep water, tended to gloze over the fact that in Pennsylvania the Republican machine, less brutal but more unscrupulous and avaricious than the Tammany machine, had won without difficulty both in Philadelphia and in the State.

After the adjournment of the Legislature in June, with a record for steals, political and financial, said to be unparalleled in the history of Pennsylvania or of any other State, a Union party, composed of Independents and Democrats, was hammered together for the purpose of restoring in civic affairs elementary principles of honesty and representative government. The Republican District Attorney in Philadelphia, Mr. P. Frederick Rothermel, Jr., whom the machine had found to be too honest for their purposes, was nominated for his old office by the Union party, and the Union party nominated also on the State ticket candidates for the Supreme Court and State Treasurer, those being the only important offices to be filled. Throughout the campaign that followed, the Republican prints and lecturers drew attention to the excellences of President McKinley's administration, and argued therefrom that the State machine ought to be supported; privately the machine leaders stated succinctly that no offices meant no patronage, and no patronage was no money for anybody. The Unionists talked only of civic righteousness, and were defeated, though by small pluralities. In the elections of 1900 Mr. McKinley's plurality in the State was 301,173, and in Philadelphia 114,478; in 1900 Mr. William P. Potter's plurality for Republican Judge of the Supreme Court was 47,937 in the State and 32,977 in Philadelphia. More significant than these figures, however, was the fact that outside of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, the Republican strongholds, the Union ticket was uniformly victorious; and in Pittsburg, and more especially in Philadelphia, fraudulent ballots were believed to have been cast so extensively that from 25,000 to 30,000 illegal votes were estimated for Philadelphia alone. The possibility of such frauds has resulted from the fact that Pennsylvania has hitherto had no registration

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law, the constitution providing that "no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being registered." But by a constitutional amendment, passed after much popular clamor, and notwithstanding Governor Stone's opposition, by the Legislatures of 1899 and 1901 and ratified at the polls in the November elections, this constitutional provision is so modified that the next Legislature *may* enact registration laws for cities alone. If then the strength of the Union party is maintained until the election for members of the Legislature in November, 1902, so that a sufficient number of the State's representatives shall not be beholden to the machine, an effective registration law may finally be enacted for the curbing of gross election frauds.

The Governor of Massachusetts.

The election of Mr. W. Murray Crane as Governor of Massachusetts for a third term was unusual only because in so few States is a "business Governor," showing neither fear nor favour, enabled to keep in the good graces of the politicians who control nominations. Yet the strength of such a Governor with the people was well enough shown when Mr. Crane was nominated. No campaign for him was found necessary, not a rally was held in his behalf, and he himself never opened his mouth. Going to the polls on his record alone, he won by 60,000 votes in an "off year," and over an experienced and able opponent.

Of Mr. Crane's acute business sense, his dislike of further increasing the public debt, and his pleasure in strangling grab bills the press has given many instances. Probably, however, no other act of Mr. Crane's administration so added to his reputation as the condition which he brought the Legislature to attach, in 1900, to its consent to the lease of the Fitchburg Railroad by the Boston and Maine. The State at that time held as collateral for a loan $5,000,000 in common stock of the Fitchburg Road. This stock did not pay dividends, and was of such value that it was not carried on the State Treasurer's books as an asset. When, then, the Boston and Maine applied to the Legislature for an act to enable it in effect to buy out the Fitchburg Road, the Legislature passed the act, and incorporated therein the provision that the State would receive, "in full payment" of its Fitchburg stock, Boston and Maine 3 per cent. gold bonds par value $5,000,000. As the lease was otherwise invalid, the Boston and Maine accepted the "provision."

Mr. Gorman of Maryland and Ballot Reform.

The elections in Maryland resulted in a Democratic majority in both Houses of the Legislature. This Legislature meets on January 1, 1902, and its principal political function is to elect a United States Senator to succeed Senator George L. Wellington, Republican, whose term expires March 4, 1903. From 1881 to 1899 Mr. Arthur Pue Gorman, Democrat, was a Senator from Maryland, and his continued control of the Democratic machine and his determination to be re-elected so soon as a Legislature charged with electing a Senator was again Democratic were well known. In furtherance of that object, as stated by the Republicans, a special session of the Legislature of 1900 was convened on March 6, 1901, to construct a ballot law that should disenfranchise the bulk of the Republican coloured vote. The ballot law was approved March 21, and was on its face an eminently fair measure to prevent fraud and to eliminate ignorant voters, both white and coloured. It provided, first, that the official ballot should be arranged by offices instead of by parties; that is, that the names of candidates for each office should be grouped together and that the voters should mark a cross against each candidate voted for; second, that election officers should be allowed to "cross" ballots for the physically incapacitated only, leaving the mentally incapacitated to shift for themselves; and third, that all voters should be required to be *bona fide* residents of the State for not less than six months. The Republicans claimed that the measure was intended to disenfranchise thousands of honest coloured citizens whose only fault was independence of the Democratic machine; the Democrats answered that the measure was equally applicable to both parties, except, indeed, as to the last clause, which was enacted especially for the purpose of preventing "colonisation" by the Republicans. After the election returns had been announced, the Republicans stated that, while the ballot law had disenfranchised 30,000 Republicans as against 12,000 Democrats, the State had really gone Republican by some 10,000 majority, but that the Democrats, in order to upset this majority, had practised extensive fraud in counting the ballots, and that the election would accordingly be contested and taken to the courts.

Elections in other States.

Elections in other States were not numerous, nor were they especially significant. So far, however, as they had a bearing on national affairs, they seemed

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to show that the issues of the Presidential campaign of 1900 were the issues of 1901, that the decision of the voters on these issues had not changed in the intervening year, and that the Republican party accordingly stood pat and was not likely at the next session of Congress to wish to enact any radical legislation calculated to bring up new issues, with perhaps different results.

In Nebraska, Mr. Samuel H. Sedgwick, Republican, was elected Judge of the Supreme Court by about 7,000 plurality, and this although the Republicans had suffered somewhat in the campaign from a political scandal, and although Mr. William J. Bryan had temporarily relinquished the editorship of the *Commoner* to stump the State for the Democrats.

Ohio re-elected Governor George K. Nash and elected the remainder of the Republican ticket by a much larger majority than in 1900. While the death of President McKinley, with the succeeding wave of sympathy and eulogy that swept the country, might have accounted in part for the great plurality of 80,000, it was noticeable that the Republican leaders insisted throughout the campaign that the only questions at stake were national ones, and that the elections would indicate a vote of confidence or the lack of it in President Roosevelt, and in the continuance of Republican policies. And an added significance was lent the result from the fact that the Senators from Ohio, Mr. Marcus A. Hanna and Mr. John B. Foraker, were deeply committed to what may be termed extreme Republican measures, as for example, the ship subsidy bill and the maintenance without modification, and practically without reciprocity, of a high protective tariff.

In Virginia the Democratic ticket won by some 30,000 plurality, although it had been thought that for the first time in many years the Republicans had a fighting chance of carrying the State. But the negroes whom the Republicans relied upon to vote against the threatened limitation of the suffrage by the Democratic Constitutional Convention proved, as they often have in such cases, to be singularly apathetic and cast rather less than more votes than ordinarily. As the suffrage was practically the sole issue of the election, the decisive defeat of the Republicans leaves no check on the dominant party, either in the way of disenfranchising the negroes in the Convention or of proclaiming the new constitution in force by means of a legislative enactment instead of submitting it to the ratification of the voters.

Corporations Taxed in Chicago.

On *October 24* the Supreme Court of Illinois handed down a decision directing the State Board of Equalisation to assess the property of corporations at the same proportion of their market value as the property of individuals was assessed. The case arose on the initiative of the Chicago Teachers' Association, who, grown weary of insufficient salaries and inadequate buildings and appliances caused by an insufficient tax levy, sought by law to force the State Board of Equalisation to tax twenty-three specified public service corporations in Chicago, on the basis not of $33,000,000 worth of tangible property as heretofore, but according to the fair market value, estimated at $368,000,000, of their capital stock and franchises. The Court stated in its opinion that in assessing the corporations the Board of Equalisation had violated every well-established rule for the taxation of property; that it had refused to consider information laid before it as to the value of the property; that it had drawn up new governing rules in order to avoid levying on the stock, and that fraudulent assessment was in other ways clearly established. The Court therefore directed the Board to assess at once the corporations named in the proceedings, including telephone, telegraph, gas and traction companies, at the fair cash value of their capital stock and franchises, deducting therefrom the value of the tangible property already assessed. While no mention was made by the Court of corporations not named in the suit, it was evident that the decision was a most sweeping one, affecting equally all corporations in the State, many of which, like those of Chicago, had previously escaped anything more than nominal taxation. Leaving out of consideration, however, both the corporations not specified, and also the possibility of collecting back taxes as a result of the decision, it was estimated that some $2,000,000 annually would be added to the income of Chicago, and perhaps twice that amount to the general school fund. Taxpayers were accordingly jubilant, and believed that either the general tax rate would be lowered or that much-needed city improvements might be put under way. The standpoint of the corporations was different, and they hinted darkly of being taxed out of existence, of having to reduce expenses at the cost of proper service, of foregoing desirable extensions, and of re-incorporating in more amiable communities.

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III.

THE REDUCTION OF THE SURPLUS.

On *October 31* the Secretary of the Treasury announced that until further notice he would accept United States bonds for cancellation at the market price. Through the summer, and up to September 10, when the same order was discontinued, the Secretary expended $49,438,436 for the purchase of bonds. But the continued excess of national receipts over expenditures, amounting to $9,301,952 for October and to $1,081,444 for the single day of October 31, made a recurrence to bond purchasing necessary, unless the already large deposits in national banks were to be still further swelled, or unless such large amounts of money were withdrawn from circulation as might induce a monetary stringency. Although the continued prosperity of the country was partly responsible for the treasury surplus, its direct cause was the war revenue act of 1898, calculated to raise $100,000,000, and reduced in 1901 to the extent of not more than $40,000,000.

What would be done about the growing surplus and about the residue of the war taxes now that there was no war, was a question much discussed as the time approached for Congress to meet. On the whole, opinion inclined to the belief that the taxes would remain as they were. For, from the negative point of view, adjusting a diminishing tax was as tedious as adjusting an increasing one, since each industry clamoured just as eagerly for special favour, and from the positive point of view, the money could be easily spent. Laying aside as impracticable the suggestion of the Secretary of the Treasury, made on *October 18*, that the greenbacks should be retired, there was always to be considered the erection of public buildings and the improvement of rivers and harbours. In 1901, the great River and Harbour Bill failed, having been talked to death on the Senate floor. But the main items in this bill were sure to be incorporated along with many more in the next, and it would be scarcely possible to defeat the bill two years running. Nor was it desirable. For while money-frittering schemes of small use except to contractors would inevitably be wedged into the bill, there were also projects of most undoubted value. It was stated, for example, that by building canals and locks around the Dallas-Celilo Falls of the Columbia River in Oregon, at a cost approximating $4,000,000, the river would be made navigable for a distance of 700 miles to Kettle Falls in the northwest of Washington, and by the confluent Snake River even farther into Idaho, thus opening up to the Pacific an inland region of extraordinary resources in mines, timber, and agricultural lands, at present undeveloped solely for lack of transportation facilities. Or again, the Tri-State Drainage Association of North Dakota, South Dakota, and Minnesota, reported in January, 1901, and their report was made the basis of official petitions to Congress, that if the Federal Government would establish a drainage system along the Red River of the North and its tributaries, some 20,000,000 acres of land in the three States would be reclaimed from overflows entailing an annual loss of $500,000, hundreds of miles of navigable waterways would be opened up, and the property of the entire region roundabout would be indefinitely increased in value.

But however Congress might regard such plans for internal improvement, it seemed generally agreed that a Nicaragua or Panama Canal was assured, and the building of this would quickly solve the problem of a surplus treasury. That an Isthmian canal would be financially profitable no one attempted to demonstrate; rather, experts showed that from its position in regard to commercial *termini*, both the tonnage passing through it and the tolls that could be collected would be less than those of Suez, and that it was probable that the canal could not pay interest on its construction cost. On the other hand, as pointed out hazily now and again by New York State Canal Commissions, and by sufferers from the differential railroad rates charged from the West in favour of Southern cities, there lies at hand, dormant, biding its time, a project vaster and of incalculably greater returns than that of the Isthmian Canal; a project that will connect by ship canal the Great Lakes with the Hudson, and will move in unbroken bulk freight from the manufactories of Ohio, from the iron mines of Wisconsin, and from the wheat fields of Michigan, to Liverpool, to Australia, and to the Far East.

IV.

SOME DISCRIMINATIVE LEGISLATION.

An editorial in the New York *Times* of *October 31*, comments approvingly upon a Pure Fibre Bill prepared by the National Live Stock Association for submission to Congress. This bill in effect prohibits the sale of garments "not made wholly of new or unused sheep's wool," unless they are plainly marked by manufac-

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turer, wholesaler, and retailer so as to show what per cent. of the wool is new and what per cent. is "shoddy." Shoddy garments are those in which wool from old, worn-out clothes is reused in combination with new wool, the garments thus built up being sold as "new," though at greatly reduced prices. That the "shoddy" clothes are a fair bargain, price considered, is not denied; but it is held, and truly, that fraud is practised in their sale, and this fraud the Pure Fibre Bill purports to bring to a halt. But since it is obvious that people of inadequate means, who will cheerfully buy inferior goods, surmising them to be such, will not, out of pride, buy the same goods when tagged "inferior" or "shoddy," so the Pure Fibre Bill, however a highly moral measure it may appear, would in practice operate to limit artificially the utility of wool by limiting the time during which it is used, would create an additional and artificial demand for new wool at enhanced values, and thus would profit the sheep growers through the downfall or curtailment of the established "shoddy" industry.

Outside of its practical importance the interest of the bill lies largely in the fact that a similar bill, introduced by the dairying interests, is already pending in Congress, and has since January been urgently recommended for passage by the Legislatures of perhaps half the States of the Union. That bill proposes to raise the tax on oleomargarine coloured to represent butter from two to ten cents a pound, and as a counterpoise to reduce the tax on uncoloured or white oleomargarine to one-fourth of a cent a pound. In other words, between a repressive tax on the one hand and a poor man's pride on the other, oleomargarine is to be put out of existence in favour of a more expensive and a no less wholesome product.

What has been termed in these two bills "the perversion of the principle of protection"—a discrimination not in favour of but between domestic industries—has been embodied also in several bills passed by State Legislatures in the current year, whose proceedings have recently been made public. From these bills it would appear that the principle of discrimination is rapidly growing in popular favour, and needs only such encouragement as would be given by the passage of the Pure Fibre and Oleomargarine bills, to be pushed to the full limit allowed by the "Interstate Commerce Law." It was probably desirable public policy for several Southern States to discriminate in favour of manufactories by granting them exemption from taxation for a term of years, and this also has been said in regard to giving bounties on beet sugar in some of the Middle States. But besides these measures there are such acts as one requiring that all employees on public works shall be citizens of the State; there is also an act of Missouri directing that in all public works, stone quarried in Missouri shall be taken in preference to any other stone; and an even more significant act of Wisconsin declares that all lakes and streams in Wisconsin are public property, and lays an export tax of ten cents a ton on ice taken out of the State (whence it is sent in great quantity to Chicago, Illinois).

V.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Li Hung Chang.

In the death of Li Hung Chang on *November 7* China lost the one statesman who for a generation has possessed the ability, the flexibility, and the integrity to represent China adequately in her diplomacy and negotiations with other nations. The peoples, the institutions, and the genius of China Li Hung Chang understood profoundly; he also understood the aims and methods of the "foreign devils" meshing China round well enough to discount their altruistic intentions, to play upon their mutual jealousies, and to yield gracefully before a superior though veiled force. Whatever the abstract value of the civilisation of the East, Earl Li recognised that the brute strength of men and arms is the fundamental requisite and condition of empire; and accordingly he reorganised the army, built a navy, erected fortifications, bought European munitions of war, and endeavoured by the introduction of modern industries and science to enrich China sufficiently to enable her to support and develop the new military system. Governor for many years of the pivotal province of Chi-li, lying between the capital and the sea, he was, nevertheless, little esteemed by the court, which looked askance at his attempted reforms or forbade them, and frequently reduced Earl Li from power. Yet whenever the perversity or helplessness or stupidity of China had gotten her into trouble, only Li Hung Chang could be depended upon to wring some sorry advantage from a necessarily bad bargain. In England he was not liked, for it was well known that after weighing the intentions of Russia and England, he had concluded that those of the former were less dangerous; Russia's outlet on the Yellow Sea is attributed to his complaisance, and now that he is dead, the

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Manchurian agreement is also laid at his door. If he was not, as is said, an original and constructive thinker, he was at any rate the sane and balanced statesman of his country's transitional epoch; modifying the impact of foreign aggression, shoring up China from within, and preventing or delaying, so far as one man could, the dismemberment and disintegration of the Empire. In the inevitable foreign negotiations that will take place in the next few years, whose results but not whose processes will be disclosed, the absence of Li Hung Chang will be a factor of crucial importance.

The Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry.

When the French Parliament reassembled on *October 22*, the threatened miners' strike at the great industrial centre of St. Etienne forced M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Premier, to declare the position of his government toward some of the most extreme of the demands of the Socialists. These demands included pensions and an eight-hour working day for miners and the establishment by law of a minimum mining wage. In refusing immediately to debate these topics, M. Waldeck-Rousseau took occasion to state that while the government would carefully consider the question of miners' pensions, and was anxious in every legitimate way to ameliorate untoward labour conditions, the Ministry remained unalterably opposed to fixing a minimum wage, and so far as an eight-hour law was concerned, thought that there would be peril to France if the deficit in the coal production were to be accentuated. In view of the circumstances, the outspokenness of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's reply and its approval by the Chamber emphasised the unusual strength of the present Ministry in France. That Ministry has already held power through three sessions of Parliament, a longer period than any previous administration has lasted since the downfall of the Second Empire after the Franco-Prussian War. In large part the strength of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry has followed from an actuating spirit of compromise and amity. In foreign affairs M. Delcassé, while endeavouring to regain prestige for France in Europe, has carefully avoided the various international quarrels for which there was abundant opportunity. In domestic affairs, the inclusion in the Ministry of representatives of both the *bourgeoisie* and of labour, two classes smitten with enduring distrust of each other, has prevented either class, but more especially the Radical and Socialist Labour element, from openly measuring its strength against the Government. The Ministry meets with unbroken front a fourth successive Parliament and with apparent assurance of retaining power, at least until the general elections in May, 1902.

Sir Redvers Buller's Dismissal.

The quantity and quality of the comments devoted in the United States to the propriety of Admiral Schley's actions in the Spanish War were nearly duplicated in England during the month in the matter of Sir Redvers Buller. The story of the case was brief. When the new army reform bill went into effect the War Office, with full knowledge of Sir Redvers Buller's record in South Africa, placed him in command of the first and most important of the six army corps constituting England's home army. Thereupon the press demanded Sir Redvers's removal, contending that his record proved him unfit for the command. While this criticism did not appear to disturb the War Office at all, it so angered Sir Redvers Buller that he made an impolitic speech on *October 10*, in which he at once admitted the various charges brought against him, and at the same time claimed that there was no officer, his junior in the army, so well fitted as himself for the command he had been given. This speech, interpreted by the papers as a sort of general taunt, made them the more vociferous for Sir Redvers's retirement, and on *October 22* the War Office so ordered it. The document stated that "after full consideration of all the circumstances and the explanations furnished" of General Buller's speech, it had been determined to substitute General French as commander of the first army corps; and the press added that General Buller had received an opportunity to resign, but had preferred to be dismissed. The appointment of General French was regarded everywhere as a most excellent one, and in the succeeding era of good feeling half the harsh things said of General Buller were unsaid. But of the War Office, against which criticism had been rife since the beginning of the Boer War, it was still asked why an improper officer was in the first place appointed, or if the War Office was positive that the appointment was proper, in what way did an act of nominal insubordination make General Buller a less able and effective officer in case of war than he was before.

The French Claims in Turkey.

Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey, always in trouble but never hurt, furnished during the month another press sensation, and gave occasion for another batch of diplomatic correspondence. It ap-

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peared, as stated by the French foreign office on August 7, that two classes of French claims had been long outstanding against the Sublime Porte. One was that of a French company, which, having built quays and docks at Constantinople under a Turkish concession, had been prevented by endless official hectoring from using them. The other claim was for the repayment of money advanced at various times for the construction of Turkish railways. The Sultan having promised, as often as he was asked, to settle both claims, and having defaulted in characteristic fashion as often as he promised, the French ambassador broke off diplomatic negotiations on August 22. Thereupon the Sultan capitulated on the quays question, but still hung out on the money claims. The French ambassador accordingly quitted Constantinople, and the Sultan adroitly retaliated on August 31 by placing additional taxes on the French monastic associations at Beyrout and Jerusalem. Then the whole matter dropped out of view, almost nothing further being definitely heard about it, until on *November 5*, when a French squadron swooped down and took possession of the Turkish island of Mitylene in the Ægean Sea, and announcement was made that the island would be held until the French claims were settled. Ordinarily the Sultan would have met this seizure by getting the Powers to debating as to how Turkey ought equitably to be divided, and how large should be the slice of each Power, and who should get the birthday ring of the Dardenelles. But in this case France had tactfully consulted the Powers beforehand; and as the Sultan was popular with none of them and owed money to them all around, a ready consent was stated to have been given. The Sultan being thus left to his own resources, announcement was made on *November 9* that all the material claims of France would be granted, that the French religious associations in Turkey would be exempted from taxation, and that diplomatic relations between the two countries would be forthwith resumed.

Mansfield Allan.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have definite plans under way for the early appearance of a new periodical devoted to scientific bibliography and news of interest to book collectors, under the editorship of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford. Photographic reproductions of books, title-pages and manuscripts, will be largely used as illustrations. Besides its leading articles, each number will contain an epitome of the various bibliographical journals of England and Continental Europe, and a department of notes and queries, and advance news of the best book clubs of the country. It is probable that the magazine will be published but nine months in the year, omitting the issues of July, August and September.

Some Dickens letters have been presented to the manuscript department of the British Museum, subject to the conditions that they shall not be shown to the public for another twenty years.

Over the Plum-Pudding, by John Kendrick Bangs, is the sixth volume in the Harper Brothers' Portrait Collection of Short Stories. Mr. Bangs dedicates the book to "John Kendrick Bangs, Jr., Whose Fondness for Plum-Puddings Suggests the Propriety of This Dedication."

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company are the publishers of *A Japanese Miscellany* by Lafcadio Hearn, whose work needs no introduction. Beside "Folk-lore Gleanings" and "Studies Here and There," the book contains a half-dozen "Strange Stories."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has published, through Houghton, Mifflin and Company, *Within the Gates.* The book belongs to the "Gates Ajar" Series and it is written in the form of a play. It seems a pity that Mrs. Ward has not given us anything since *The Singular Life* which compares in any way with that novel.

The Last of the Knickerbockers is the name of Mr. Herman K. Viele's new novel. His *Inn of the Silver Moon* was a charming little book, and well received by the public. In the present novel Mr. Viele has transferred the scene of action to New York. Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company are the publishers of both books.

A story entitled *As a Falling Star,* and published by McClurg and Company, de-

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serves special mention among the recent books. It is a very slight work, scarcely more indeed than a mere sketch in outline, but it has been done with unusual tenderness and grace. It is a pathetic little tale of a heartbroken woman of the fashionable world and a poor crippled child. The name of the author, given on the title-page as Eleanor Gaylord Phelps, is entirely new to fiction. There is reason, however, to believe that this is the writer's real name only in part. In fact, it is almost an open secret that the author is a well-known member of Chicago society. A very young and charming girl, a prominent figure in the smart set, she has already shown marked literary tastes and a capacity for conscientious work, of which this graceful little book is the first public expression.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have brought out a new edition of Miss Alcott's *Little Men.* It is illustrated by Reginald B. Birch.

Mr. Julius Chambers has written a book called *The Destiny of Doris,* which is a "travel-story of three continents." The book is profusely illustrated. The frontispiece is a miniature of Doris, who bears a striking resemblance to Janice Meredith. The Continental Publishing Company bring out the book.

Those looking for unique and artistic specimens of bookmaking will be glad to have their attention called to *Pre-Raphaelite Ballads* of William Morris, which have been selected for decorative treatment by H. M. O'Kane. The publication bears the imprint of the A. Wessels Company. The same firm also publish two essays on "Friendship" by Emerson and Cicero.

Paul Laurence Dunbar's new book of dialect verse, *Candle-Lightin' Time,* is a most attractive volume. The illustrations are from photographs taken by the Hampton Institute Camera Club. Although Mr. Dunbar has done some very good work as a prose writer, his reputation was made through his verse. Dodd, Mead and Company are the publishers of the book.

Another volume of dialect verse is *Plantation Songs For My Lady's Banjo,* by Eli Shepperd, with pictures from life by J. W. Otts. The book bears the imprint of R. H. Russell.

Mr. Acton Davies has written a short sketch of Maude Adams which the F. A. Stokes Company have brought out in book form. The little volume contains a number of photographs of the actress in various rôles. Miss Adams, whose real name is Kiscadden, is an only child. When she was born, her mother, known as Annie Adams, was the principal character actress of a stock company in Salt Lake City. "Maudie" made her début when she was nine months old. At the age of seven she fell under the management of David Belasco. Miss Adams's first metropolitan success was in Hoyt's *A Midnight Bell,* and since that time her progress has been rapid.

Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam's new book, *Fables for the Fair,* is most attractive in appearance. The "Fables" are full of humour, and the fair women to whom they are addressed will doubtless enjoy them. The Scribners are Miss Daskam's publishers.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have brought out a new edition of *Grimm's Fairy Tales.* It is translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas and illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

The same firm have also published a holiday edition of Dickens's *The Holly Tree and The Seven Poor Travellers.* The photogravures and text illustrations are by C. E. Brock.

Mr. William Eleroy Curtis is the author of *The True Thomas Jefferson,* which he dedicates to Henry Watterson, "A True Democrat who believes, with Jefferson, that a man must sometimes be inconsistent if he is sincere." This is the fourth in the Lippincott series of the "True" Biographies. The others are: *The True George Washington,* by Paul Leicester Ford; *The True Benjamin Franklin,* and *The True William Penn,* by Sydney George Fisher.

Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Company are the publishers of Clara Morris's *Life on the Stage.* This is a book which will interest a large number of readers. The author's stage career has stretched over a period of many years, and she writes in an entertaining way of her experiences behind the footlights, of managers and actors, many of whom are now no more.

Jessie Van Zile Belden has written a

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novel called *Antonia,* a story of the middle of the seventeenth century, when "the Dutch West Indies Company held sway from the Sea to the source of the Hudson River." That period of our country's growth is interesting, as well as romantic, and of this material Mrs. Belden has made a readable story. The vicissitudes of love cause Antonia many a heartache, as the elements of danger stir her blood. But the author is gracious and kind to the lovers, and all ends well. Amy M. Sacker is the illustrator of the book, and L. C. Page and Company the publishers.

Another novel dealing with the same period is *The Golden Arrow,* by Ruth Hall. In this book, however, the scene is laid in New England. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company are the publishers.

NOVEL NOTES

THE WASHINGTONIANS. By Pauline Bradford Mackie. Boston: L. C. Page and Company. $1.50.

Washington of the early sixties, when the war was all too slowly drawing to a close; when Lincoln stood before the people, sad-eyed and bent, surrounded by a discontented Cabinet; when Greeley was hurling the bitter editorials which made him famous—this is the Washington of Pauline Bradford Mackie's novel. It is a tense period. The book might also have been called, superficially, *A Woman in Politics,* whereupon the woman suffragists would have risen *en masse* and indignantly denounced it, for this particular woman is a dismal failure. To be sure, she is beautiful and rich and influential in the social circles of Washington, but votes are not won that way. She looks down with scorn upon Lincoln, the man of the people, and upon the woman to whom life in Washington was a burden. Portia Matthews thinks she has been chosen by a wise Providence to become the first lady of the land. She, therefore, neglects a devoted husband, whose loyalty to Lincoln antagonises her, to boom her father, Secretary West, for the Presidency. While she keeps within bounds and uses her influence tactfully to charm Greenleaf (Horace Greeley) and other well-known public men, all is well, but when she writes a circular and has it published without her father's knowledge, all is not well. Secretary West might have been a great statesman, but he was no politician. "There was something remote, something classical, in his nature. Absorbed in great affairs, he had no patience for ordinary joys or common griefs. He took always the larger view, and failed to see the smaller claims at his very feet." The story is built around his home, which is also the home of his ambitious daughter and an orphaned niece, Virginia. The latter is a dainty bit of femininity whose love affair adds lightness to the story.

It is interesting indeed to get this picture of Washington, and rather novel to find that Secretary West, and not Lincoln, is the dominant figure. A scene at Ford's Theatre is worth mentioning. In one box there are the Secretary's daughter, her husband, the Russian Minister, and other fashionable persons, while opposite may be seen the Presidential party. As it is seldom that Mrs. Lincoln has been given a place in fiction, we give the following description:

> She was a small, stout woman, with an expression at once aggressive and timid. She was dressed in the low-necked gown of the Victorian era. It was made of shot-green silk. On her head was a bright wreath of artificial flowers. Her plump arms were bare to the shoulder. Her pearl-coloured gloves fastened with two buttons at the wrist. . . .
>
> Her poor, worried, discontented face darkened with some secret anxiety, and she sighed heavily. The burden of life in the White House had been too much for her. Her Western ideas of frank hospitality, her natural kindness of impulse, had been misunderstood, while her personal antipathies, which had been quick and strong, her lack of concealment when offended, had worked against her social success. In Mrs. Matthews she encountered a woman of New England ancestry with a brilliancy and charm that rivalled the Southern women, and with the frank daring of the Westerner. In the very suavity of her courtesy the harassed wife of the President divined a merciless amusement.

Flora Mai Holly.

YOUNG MRS. TEDDY. By Barbara Yechton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

Barbara Yechton has written nothing quite so good as *Young Mrs. Teddy.* After reading it one is convinced that she made no mistake when she began to write stories for grown people rather than for children. The book is cheery and optimistic in tone, and the love story is so pure and fresh that it takes hold of the reader from the beginning. The author is

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really fond of her people. She is lenient with their failings, and her leniency is tempered with affection. Young Mrs. Teddy is a dear little girl, "the young savage" of other days, with more money than she knows what to do with. She marries Teddy Latimer, the older brother of a large family who are poor and proud. Like the good old fairy tales of old, Mrs. Teddy's father buys a big and beautiful house on Fifth Avenue for his daughter, and the Latimer family are transplanted forthwith. The oldest sister, Sharley, devoted to Duty, constitutes herself the "boss" of the family now that the much loved "mums" has been laid to rest. The little wife, impulsive and luxury loving, is antagonistic to Sharley, and Sharley is antagonistic to her. The "in-laws" wear on the wife, as may be imagined, but her love for her husband helps her over the difficult places. She and Teddy are intensely human, and the story of their first few years together is delightfully and delicately told. Love is the keynote of the book, and through love the proud and self-righteous Sharley is brought to her senses and the untrained and undisciplined Mrs. Teddy learns the real lessons of life.

TALES OF THE CLOISTER. By Elizabeth G. Jordan. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.15 net.

Miss Jordan proved that she could write a good short story when she brought out *Tales of the City Room.* In that book she took advantage of her newspaper experience to write of life in Newspaper Row, and in *Tales of the Cloister* she has turned into copy material which she found during the years spent in a convent. As the title clearly indicates, the book is a collection of tales of the cloister, where the sweet-faced nuns wield such an influence with the girls who are taught by them. Miss Jordan shows the nun as she found her, and she has refrained from depicting her in any dramatic or tragic fashion. She has almost entirely eliminated from her stories the past love affair with which the romantic person likes to accredit the nun, and which is often very far from the truth. These nuns are pictured as faithful Christian women who, since early girlhood, had given themselves to the life within the cloister. Two of the best stories in the collection are "From Out the Old Life" and "The Girl Who Was." The first is a pathetic picture of Sister Edgar, one of the most dearly loved of the nuns, who dies of consumption while yet quite young. Just before the last she sees in one of the professors at the convent a friend of her childhood's days. He does not recognise her, but as she watches him day by day she lets her imagination play about her—she longs to get away and to die out in the world with her own people around her. But this mood passes, and she dies without revealing her identity to the man whose life is full with the joy that had come to him when the Only Woman had finally said "yes." "The Girl Who Was" is the story of Katherine Randolph, who, after graduating at the age of seventeen, decides to see life. And she not only sees, but lives. In the bohemian circles of New York and of Paris she goes the pace, and she is known as "the woman who has the wickedest eyes in all Europe." But through it all she wears about her neck the "Cross of Honour," and when she lies dying she asks to be taken back to her convent home. There she receives the last sacrament. Another story which deserves a word of praise is "The Audience of Two." It breathes music from the first word to the last. Certainly one should feel better for having gotten a glimpse of the pure and holy life of these consecrated women, and it is well that this little sketch of them has been written by one who has dealt with her subject in a tender and sympathetic manner.

FLOOD-TIDE. By Sarah P. McL. Greene. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Vesty of the Basins has held its own through various editions, and continues to be a favourite book with many lovers of the simple and the true in their fiction. Therefore, *Flood-Tide* will appeal to much the same class of readers. Mrs. Greene writes intimately of the fisherfolk on the wild coast of Maine, and she has a way of making them understood as well as beloved, in spite of the fact that they are so different from the average types in fiction. *Flood-Tide* is more like a series of character sketches than a novel. The chapters are often unrelated to each other so far as the story goes, and yet they help to make up the atmosphere, which is the principal charm of the book. These homely fishermen, their wives, and their children belong to an order called the "Saints," and their religion is the religion of Hope. The character of Infra is beautifully drawn, and it is a pity that Mrs. Greene lets the reader get so few glimpses of her. It seems to us that in wandering as she does from one scene to another she fails to hold the reader's attention. From a dramatic point of view there was much that could have been done with the sweet and saintly wife, Infra,

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the cynical, town-bred woman, Margaret, and the wild-eyed and stony-hearted Alpena. However, to make up for this deficiency there is some philosophy, combined with purity of thought and the true religious spirit. *Flood-Tide* is not a book to read for the story that is in it, but for the other qualities which have been here set forth.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1901.

The list of publications for the month of October is larger by far than that of any month up to the present time, and it does not seem possible that it will be exceeded in the near future. Fiction as usual heads the list of subjects and it is practically impossible to mention in detail all of the titles which bid fair to have noticeable sales. *The Cavalier,* by George W. Cable; *Circumstance,* by S. Weir Mitchell; *Kim,* by Rudyard Kipling; *The Ruling Passion,* by Henry Van Dyke, and *Marietta, a Maid of Venice,* by F. Marion Crawford, are assured of a great popularity by advance and first orders, which have come in heavily. Of other well-known authors whose new works are included among the month's publications are Robert Barr, John Uri Lloyd, Maurice Hewlett, John Kendrick Bangs, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Maarten Maartens and Amelia E. Barr.

Closely following fiction in point of numbers were the new juveniles, and of these may be especially noted the edition of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* illustrated by Peter Newell, and *Norse Stories,* by Hamilton Wright Mabie.

From the miscellaneous publications of the month *Lives of the Hunted,* by Ernest Seton-Thompson, is readily selected as likely to have the most popular sale, while *Life Everlasting,* by John Fiske, and *The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson,* by Graham Balfour, at once were in demand. Other works of interest included *Heroines of Fiction,* by W. D. Howells; *The Life of the Master,* by John Watson, and *The True Thomas Jefferson,* by W. E. Curtis.

A considerable number of the class of books prepared more particularly for the holiday trade appeared during the month just past. The demand for these outside of the trade orders is not yet pronounced. Some of these, however, for which may be predicted a ready sale later, are *A Widow and Her Friends,* by C. D. Gibson; Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues,* illustrated by H. C. Christy; *Woodland and Meadow,* by W. I. Lincoln Adams, and *Old Time Gardens,* by Alice Morse Earle.

Reports from various sources indicated that trade generally was exceptionally good. The demand for the new fiction and for the majority of the best selling books of the past few months continued to be the feature of sales. Such books as *The Crisis, The Right of Way, Graustark,* and *The Helmet of Navarre* showed no signs of falling off in popularity.

The list of the best selling books for the month follows. It might, however, if space permitted, include many other titles which commanded more than an ordinarily good sale.

The Crisis. Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Kim. Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Cavalier. George W. Cable. $1.50.
Graustark. G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The Eternal City. Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Ruling Passion. Henry Van Dyke. $1.50.
Blennerhassett. C. F. Pidgin. $1.50.
Cardigan. Robert W. Chambers. $1.50.
Lazarre. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. $1.50.
Circumstance. S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50.
Lives of the Hunted. Ernest Seton-Thompson. Net, $1.75.
Sylvia. Evelyn Emerson. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. Bertha Runkle. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, November 1, 1901.

The general aspect of business has undergone no material change since last month's report, and the satisfactory condition of all departments of trade then existing continued unbroken right through October. Country business especially is in excellent shape, and the orders received both for current needs and holiday anticipations are as good as can reasonably be expected. Speaking generally, nearly all of the new autumn books are being well taken up by the trade, and most of them, the novels especially, are, to say the least, fulfilling expectations.

The new books published at net prices in conformity with the rules of the American Publishers' Association, are rapidly becoming, as the season advances, quite a factor in trade. It must be said that the reception of these books has been quite flattering to the success of the reform, and there is no reason to suppose their sales would have been larger had they been published under the old system.

The Crisis heads the list of best selling books now with *The Right of Way* a good second. It appears to be highly probable that these two books will lead sales from now until the New Year. *D'ri and I* is having a very steady sale and so is *The Eternal City* and *Graustark*. *Lazarre* gained considerably in popularity last month and seems destined to be an even greater favourite than it is now. *The Tempting of Father Anthony* is another book that promises to have a large holiday sale, and the same can be said of *The Cavalier.*

Among the miscellaneous books of the month embracing the classes outside of fiction, a lively demand was manifested for Gibson's

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A Widow and Her Friends, the new illustrated edition of *The Dolly Dialogues; The Life Everlasting,* by John Fiske; *Stevenson's Life,* by Balfour; *Heroines of Fiction,* by W. D. Howells, and *A Child of Nature,* by H. W. Mabie. Juveniles were also in good request, the demand for this class of book being in fact a little better than is usual so early in the season.

Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, by Rosa Belle Holt, a reference book, as the title indicates, had a surprisingly good reception for a work on so special a subject.

Animal and Nature books are going well just now, especially such as *The Outcasts,* by Fraser; *Animals,* by Wallace Rice; Seton Thompson's *Lives of The Hunted* and *Wild Animals I have Known.* There seems to be a rapidly increasing field for this kind of book, and although new works are coming in all the time there is no danger of the market being over-supplied.

Juveniles of the Father Goose variety with coloured illustrations are doing fairly well, without there being anything remarkable about their sale just now. The best time, however, for books of this character is next month.

The prospect for the holidays continues bright, and there is every reason to believe that business from now until the end of the year will be exceptionally good.

The best selling books of October were:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. $1.50.
The Tempting of Father Anthony. By George Horton. $1.25.
Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
Blennerhassett. By Charles F. Pidgin. $1.50.
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
The Cavalier. By George W. Cable. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

SEPTEMBER 20 TO OCTOBER 19, 1901.

Of the trade transacted during the past month by far the greater portion has consisted of 6s. novels, and although the sensational figure of ninety of these issues having been placed upon the market in one day, as innocently set forth by a daily contemporary, has not been reached, still, the output has undoubtedly been very large. Some sixty new volumes have appeared in this line during the month, a fair percentage having been by authors of established repute, and many of them have therefore commanded a ready sale.

Kim, by Rudyard Kipling, has sold the most freely, nearly the whole of the first edition of 50,000 being disposed of; its popularity has also caused an increased demand for the other works of this author. *The Benefactress,* by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden,* has been much in request, as also have *The Right of Way,* by Gilbert Parker; *New Canterbury Tales,* by Maurice Hewlett; *The Purple Cloud,* by M. P. Shiel; *Flower and Thorn,* by Beatrice Whitby; and *The Giant's Gate,* by Max Pemberton. *The Eternal City, Herb of Grace, History of Sir Richard Calmady* and *The Luck of the Vails* have continued to be in steady request. *Light Freights,* by W. W. Jacobs, has proved no exception to the customary success of that author's humorous productions; it has been in constant demand.

The success attendant upon the issue of various standard works, printed upon thin paper, and daintily bound in cloth and in leather, forming convenient volumes for the pocket, has led to a great variety of imitators, several of which have justified their appearance by their sales; but the most popular still continues to be the volumes of the New Century Library. A continued demand has been experienced for *A Yeoman's Letters,* by P. T. Ross, and *Five Years in Ireland,* by M. J. F. McCarthy.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the month:

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Benefactress. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Heinemann.)
New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Constable.)
The Purple Cloud. By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
Flower and Thorn. By Beatrice Whitby. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Giant's Gate. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
Herb of Grace. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

OCTOBER 10 TO NOVEMBER 10.

Abbey Press.
Pitted Against Anarchists. W. F. Kembel.
Cavalier Poets. Clarence M. Lindsay.
Under Reckless Rule. J. A. Bolles.
Wife or Maid? M. D. Flattery.
The Prisoners of War. A. McCowan.
Uncle Phil. Mrs. John M. Clay.

American Book Company:
Civics for New York State. Charles De-Forest Hoxie.

Appleton.
The Most Famous Loba. Nellie K. Blissett.

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The Alien. F. F. Montrésor.
The Wage of Character. Julien Gordon.

Baker, Taylor Company.

Woodland and Meadow. W. L. Adams.
The Children's Health. Florence H. Winterburn.

Buckles and Company.

My Lady's Diamonds. Adeline Sergeant.

Broughton and Dunham.

Letters of John Keats to Fanny Browne.

Century Company.

Odes of Horace. Selected and Edited by Benjamin E. Smith.
Lincoln. With an Introduction by R. Watson Gilder.
Mistress Joy. Grace Morgan and Annie Booth McKinney.
An Oklahoma Romance. Helen C. Candee.
Wild Life Near Home. D. L. Sharp.
Careers of Danger and Daring. Cleveland Moffett.
Woman in the Golden Ages. Amelia G. Mason.
Memories of a Musical Life. William Mason.
The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.
Sesame and Lilies, the Crown of Wild Olive. Ruskin.
Tales by Edgar Allan Poe.
Hypatia. Kingsley. Vols. I. and II.
Correct Composition. Theodore L. De Vinne.

Continental Publishing Company.

The Destiny of Doris. Julius Chambers.

Crowell and Company.

Talks with Great Workers. O. S. Marden.
Pine Ridge Plantation. William Drysdale.
The Greatness of Patience. Arthur T. Hadley.
The Meaning and Value of Poetry. William Henry Hudson.
Religion in Common Life. John Caird, D.D.
Ecclesiastes and Omar Khayyam. J. F. Genung.
The Expulsive Power of a New Affection. Thomas Chalmers.
How Dexter Paid His Way. Kate U. Clark.
Little Skyhigh Below Stairs. Hezekiah Butterworth.
The Little Cave Dwellers. Ella Farman Pratt.
Little Dick's Son. Kate Gannett Wells.
Marcia and the Major. J. L. Harbour.
The Flatiron and the Red Cloak. Abby Morton Diaz.
The Children of the Valley. Harriet P. Spofford.
In the Poverty Year. Marian Douglas.
Practical or Ideal? James M. Taylor.
The French Revolution and Modern French Socialism. Jessica Piexotto.
The Rise of the Dutch Republic. John L. Motley.

Dibdin Club.

Daniel Boone. W. H. Miner.

Dodd, Mead and Company.

Norse Stories. Hamilton W. Mabie.
A Sherburne Inheritance. Amanda M. Douglas.
Young Mrs. Teddy. Barbara Yechton.
Light Freights. W. W. Jacobs.
A Little Girl in Old New Orleans. Amanda M. Douglas.
A Man of Millions. S. R. Keightley.
Romantic Palaces and Castles. Described by Great Authors.
Candle-Lightin' Time. Paul L. Dunbar.
A Child of Nature. Hamilton W. Mabie.
Young Barbarians. Ian Maclaren.
Love in Literature and Art. Edited by Esther Singleton.
Essays of an Ex-Librarian. Richard Garnett.
Alfred Tennyson. Andrew Lang.
The Prophet of Berkeley Square. Robert Hichens.
The Shoes of Fortune. Neil Monroe.

Doubleday, McClure and Company.

Bob, Son of Battle. Alfred Ollivant.

Doubleday, Page and Company.

Salammbo. Gustave Flaubert.
A Year in a Yawl. Russell Doubleday.
Princess Puck. Una L. Silberrad.
The Making of a Country Home. J. P. Mowbray.
A Modern Antæus. By the author of an Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

Doxey's.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.
Barrack-Room Ballads. Rudyard Kipling.
Departmental Ditties. Rudyard Kipling.
The Story of My Heart. Richard Jefferies.
Laus Veneris. A. C. Swinburne.
Shakespeare's Sonnets.
The Love-Letters of a Violinist. Eric Mackay.
The Love Sonnets of Proteus.

Fenno and Company.

Paths to Power. Floyd B. Wilson.
The March of the White Guard. Gilbert Parker.
Mark Everard. Knax Magee.
Where the Sugar Maple Grows. Adeline M. Teskly.

Foreign Mission Library.

Philanthropy in Missions.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Affirmative Intellect. Charles Ferguson.
King Midas. Upton Sinclair.

Grafton Press.

Old Times in Dixie Land. Caroline E. Merrick.
God and the Soul. John L. Spalding.

Harper Brothers.

A Japanese Nightingale. Onoto Watanna.

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The Spanish-American War. General Russell A. Alger.
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Lewis Carroll.
Over the Plum-Pudding. John K. Bangs.
The House Divided. H. B. M. Watson.
Let Not Man put Asunder. Basil King.
Heroines of Fiction. William D. Howells.

Holt and Company.

Tellez Don Gil de las Calzas Verdes. Bourland.
The Wooing of Sheila. Grace Rhys.
Young People's Cyclopædia. John D. Champlin.
Manual of the Flora of the Northern States and Canada. N. L. Britton.
Selections from Walter Pater. Edited by Edward E. Hale.

Lane.

The Wessex of Thomas Hardy. B. A. C. Windle.
Poets of the Younger Generation. William Archer.

Life Publishing Company.

The Pines of Lory. J. A. Mitchell.

Longmans, Green and Company.

Cavalier and Puritan in the Days of the Stuarts. Lady Newdegate-Newdegate.
The Violet Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang.
The Golliwogg's "Auto-Go-Cart." Florence K. Upton.
In Spite of All. Edna Lyall.
Clean Peter. Ada Wallas.

Macmillan Company:

The Benefactress. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.*
The Boy's Odyssey. Walter C. Perry.
The Beginnings of Poetry. Francis B. Gummere.
William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man. H. W. Mabie.
The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters.
Brunelleschi. Leader Scott.
The New Americans. Alfred Hodder.
Calumet "K." Merwin-Webster.
Glories of Spain. Charles W. Wood.
Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.
Wuthering Heights. E. Brooks. Vols. I. and II.
Poems of Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë, with Cottage Poems by Patrick Brontë.
Villette. Charlotte Brontë. Vols. I. and II.
Jane Eyre. Charlotte Brontë. Vols. I. and II.
Shirley. Charlotte Brontë. Vols. I. and II.
The Professor. Charlotte Brontë.
Wildfell Hall. Anne Brontë. Vols. I. and II.
The Isle of the Shamrock. Clifton Johnson.
The Old Knowledge. Stephen Gwunn.
Washington. Frederic Harrison.
Letters of John Richard Green. Leslie Stephen.
Lane's Arabian Nights Entertainments. Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI.
Balzac's Comédie Humaine. Temple Edition. Edited by George Saintsbury. 40 volumes.
Vanity Fair. William M. Thackeray. Edited by Walter Jerrold. 3 vols.
Monuments of the Early Church. Walter Lowrice.
Marietta. F. M. Crawford.
The Control of Trusts. John B. Clark.
The Garden of a Commuter's Wife. Recorded by the Gardener.
History of Education. Greek and the Roman Period. Paul Monroe.
St. Mazarius. A. C. Farquharson.

Mershon Company.

The Rover Boys on the Great Lakes. Arthur M. Winfield.
Boys of the Fort. Captain R. Bonehill.

McClure, Phillips and Company.

Love Stories from McClure's.
Life on the Stage. Clara Morris.
Denslow's Mother Goose.
Christopher in His Sporting Jacket. John Wilson.
The House with the Green Shutters. George Douglas.
Shakespeare: the Man. Walter Bagehot.
Anna Karénin. Leo Tolstoy. Vols. I. and II.
Colonial Fights and Fighters. Cyrus T. Brady.
The Life of the Master. John Watson, D.D.
Wall Street Stories. Edwin Lefevre.
The Princess of the Purple Palace. W. M. Gaydon.
Lincoln. Edwin Markham.
By Bread Alone. I. K. Friedman.
John Forsyth's Aunt. E. O. White.
Held for Orders. Frank H. Spearmay.
Seen in Germany. Ray S. Baker.

Ogilvie Publishing Company.

Fomà Gordyéeff. Maxim Gorky.

Putnam's Sons.

Sonnets and Songs. Mary M. Adams.
The Marriage of Mr. Merrivale. Cecil Headlam.
The Soul of a Cat. Margaret Benson.
The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth. Henry Frank.
The Stars. Simon Newcomb.
Royal Rogues. Alberta Bancroft.
Songs of My Violin. A. L. Donaldson.
Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale. Edited by James B. Reynolds, Samuel H. Fisher and Henry B. Wright.
The Passing and the Permanent in Religion. Minot J. Savage.
Lights of Childland. Maud B. Booth.
The Reign of King Cole. J. M. Gibbon.

Rand, McNally and Company.

The Owl and the Woodchuck. William Harold Neidlinger.
The Award of Justice. A. M. Barbour.

Russell.

The Merry-Go-Round. Carolyn Wells.

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The Heroes. Charles Kingsley.
Mother and Baby. Mary D. Brine.
Ten Boys from Dickens. Kate D. Sweetser.
Ethel Barrymore in *Captain Jinks.*
Yankee Doodle Gander. Von G.
Plantation Songs. Eli Shepperd.
Gioconda. G. d'Annunzio.
Memoirs of Simple Simon.
Gyges's Ring. R. Hughes.
Football Calendar. 1902.

Revell and Company.

The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor.
The Lore of Cathay. W. A. P. Martin.
Culture and Restraint. Hugh Black.
The Chinese Boy and Girl. Isaac T. Headland.

Scribner's.

Fables for the Fair. Josephine Dodge Daskam.
Tales of Dunstable Weir. Zack.
The Argonauts. Eliza Orzesko.
The Ruling Passion. Henry Van Dyke.
Stratagems and Spoils. William A. White.
The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Vols. I. and II.
A Son of Satsuma. Kirk Munro.
The Making of Jane. Sarah B. Elliott.
Lives of the Hunted. Ernest Seton-Thompson.
A Hermit of Carmel. George Santayana.
Victorian Prose Writers. W. C. Brownell.
Essays and Addresses. A. Birrell.
The Imp and the Angel. J. D. Daskary.
The Cathedral. M. O. Dickinson.
French Art. W. C. Brownell.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Silas Marner. By George Eliot. Edited by Carroll L. Maxcy.
Selected Essays of Charles Lamb. Edited by Ernest D. North.
Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay. Edited by Duffield Osborne.
Selected Poems. Burns. Edited by Charles W. Kent.
The Holy Grail. Tennyson. Edited by Sophie Jewett.
The Arnold Primer. S. L. Arnold.
Asgard Stories. Mary H. Foster and Mabel H. Cummings.
Freshman English and Theme-Correcting. C. T. Copeland and H. M. Rideout.

Stokes Company.

For Love or Crown. Arthur Marchmont.
A Cat Book. E. V. Lucas and H. O. Smith.
Bright Days Through the Year. Mabel Humphrey.
Cats. Grimalkin.
Proverbial Sayings. Gordon Browne.
What Shall We Do Now? E. V. Lucas and Elizabeth Lucas.
The Happiness of Stephen the Smith. Anthony Hope.
Gentlemen: The King! Robert Barr.
A Wolfville Thanksgiving. Alfred H. Lewis.
Some Emotions and a Moral. John Oliver Hobbes.
In Borrowed Plumes. W. W. Jacobs.
Smith's Battery. Robert W. Chambers.
Neighbours of Field, Wood and Stream. Morton Grinnell.
The Traitor's Way. S. Levett-Yeats.
Southern Wild Flowers and Trees. Alice Lounsberry.
Maude Adams. Acton Davies.
Beowulf. Samuel H. Church.
Clementina. A. E. W. Mason.
In the Fairyland of America. Herbert Quick.
The Snow Baby. Josephine D. Perry.
Urchins at the Pole. By Marie O. Corbin and Charles D. Going.
The Fire-Side Sphinx. Agnes Repplier.
A Lighthouse Village. Louise L. Sibley.
Within the Gates. Elizabeth S. Phelps.
Her Sixteenth Year. Helen D. Brown.

Wessels Company.

Reporting for the Newspapers. Charles Hemstreet.

Whittaker.

America. Mary Ford.
England. Mrs. F. Borz.
The Early Religion of Israel. James Robertson. Vols. I. and II.

AKRON, OHIO.

Saalfield Publishing Company:

Jingleman Jack. James O'Dea.
A Young Inventor's Pluck. Arthur M. Winfield.
The Three Young Ranchmen. Ralph Bonehill.
The Prize Watch. Emily G. Fuller.
History in Rhymes and Jingles. A. C. Flick.

BOSTON.

Ginn and Company:

Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. C. H. Lincoln.
Roman Political Institutions. F. F. Abbott.
King Arthur and His Court. F. N. Greene.
Old Indian Legends. Zitkala Sa.
Fowls of the Air and Beasts of the Field. Two vols. William J. Lang.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

The Surprise Book. Nell McElhone.
The Marrow of Tradition. Charles W. Chesnutt.
Landseer. E. M. Hurll.

Lee and Shepard.

Randy's Winter. Amy Brooks.
Only Dollie. Nina Rhoades.
The Story of the Cid. C. D. Wilson.
Lucy in Fairyland. Sophie May.
A Jolly Cat Tale. Amy Brooks.
Jessica's Triumph. Grace Le Baroy.
Betty, the Patriot. Adele E. Thompson.
A Boy of Old Japan. A. Van Bergen.
Boy Donald and His Chum. Penn Shirley.
With Washington in the West. Edward Stratemeyer.

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In the Days of William the Conqueror. Eva M. Tappan.
A Twentieth Century Boy. M. L. Glentworth.
My Friend Jim. M. James.

Little, Brown and Company.
Up and Down the Sands of Gold. Mary Devereux.
Letters from My Mill. Alphonse Daudet.
Monday Tales. Alphonse Daudet.
White Aprons. Maud W. Goodwin.
Four on a Farm. Mary P. W. Smith.
A Japanese Miscellany. L. Hearn.

Lothrop Publishing Company.
Caleb Wright. John Habberton.

Mutual Book Company.
The Love-Letters of an Irishwoman. F. C. Voorhies.

Small, Maynard and Company.
A Gage of Youth. Gelett Burgess.
To Girls. A Budget of Letters. Heloise E. Hersey.
Sylvia, the Story of an American Countess. Evelyn Emerson.
Aphrodite. F. K. Gifford.
The Feast of Thalarchus. C. B. Pallen.
In the Shadow of the Black Pine. A. G. Plympton.
The Round Rabbit. Agnes Lee.

CHICAGO.

Blue Sky Press.
How Jacques Came Into the Garden of Arden. Elia W. Peattie.
Omar Resung. Charles G. Blanden.

Jamieson-Higgins Company.
A Paladin in Khaki. H. S. Canfield.

Laird and Lee.
Standard Belgian Hare Manual. Edited by G. F. Hall.

McClurg and Company.
At the Sign of the Ginger Jar. Ray Clarke Rose.
As a Falling Star. Eleanor Gaylord Phelps.
Lincoln's First Love. Carrie Douglas Wright.
Rugs: Oriental and Occidental. Rosa B. Holt.
A Parfit Gentil Knight. C. Andrews.
Swedish Fairy Tales. Ann Wahlenberg.
Margot. M. E. Mann.

Open Court Publishing Company.
Meditations and Selections from the Principles of René Descartes.
The Crown of Thorns. Paul Carus.

Scott, Foresman and Company.
The Social Spirit in America. Charles H. Henderson.

Scroll Publishing Company.
The MacGregors. Marshall Home.

Stone and Company.
Cashel Byron's Profession. George B. Shaw.
Animals. Wallace Rice.

DENVER.

Denver Fraternity of Emethachavah.
The Romance of the Red Star. A Biography of the Earth.

Unique Press.
Mountain Murmurs. Frank M. Wynkoop.

DES MOINES.

Brown:
In Occident and Orient. Leonard Brown.

EVANSTON, ILL.

Lord.
The Passing of Mother's Portrait. Roswell Field.

HARTFORD.

Connecticut Magazine Company.
The Orthodox Preacher and Nancy. Rev. Magee Pratt.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Bowen-Merrill Company.
A Fearsome Riddle. Max Ehrmann.
The Fickle Wheel. Henry T. Stevenson.
The Fall of the Curtain. Harold Begbie.
My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. F. A. Mathews.

PHILADELPHIA.

Altemus Company.
The Little Lady—Her Book. Albert Bigelow Paine.
Tommy Foster's Adventures. Fred H. Ober.

Jacobs and Company.
The Fallen God. Joseph S. Kennard.

Lippincott Company.
The Holly Tree and the Seven Poor Travellers. Charles Dickens.
Glass and Gold. James O. G. Duffy.
A Very Naughty Girl. L. T. Meade.
Miss Bouverie. Mrs. Molesworth.
Grimm's Fairy Tales. Mrs. Edgar Lucas.
The True Thomas Jefferson. W. E. Curtis.
Boswell's Life of Johnson. Edited by A. Birrell. Vols. I.-VI.
Shakespeare. Vol. XIII. Edited by Horace Howard Furness.
The Oldest Civilisation of Greece. H. R. Hall.
Celia's Conquest. L. E. Tiddeman.
Old Dutch Towns and Villages. Van W. Tuyn.
The Belt of Seven Totems. Kirk Munro.
Daddy's Girl. L. T. Mead.
The Complete Works of Shakespeare. 20 volumes.
Dorothy Fox. L. Parr.
Music and Its Masters. O. B. Boise.

Saunders and Company.
First Aid to the Injured and Sick. F. J. Warwick and A. C. Tunstall.

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PORTLAND, ME.

Mosher.

From the Hills of Dream. Fiona MacLeod.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Elder and Shepard.

Into the Lights. Edward R. Taylor.

SOUTH BYRON, N. Y.

Hints Publishing Company.

Money-Making Socials. Adelaide Westcott Hatch.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1899-1900.

A List of Maps of America. P. Lee Phillips, F.R.G.S.

Neale Publishing Company.

Behold the Man. C. Pollock.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between October 1, 1901, and November 1, 1901. We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Annie Deane. Slade. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Red Chancellor. Magnay. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Sylvia. Emerson. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Making of a Marchioness. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.10.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lily of France. Mason. (Rowland & Griffith Press.) $1.10 net.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
4. Sylvia. Emerson. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lives of The Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
3. Mistress Brent. Thruston. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Captain Ravenshaw. Stephens. (Page & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Tory Lover. Jewett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Secret Orchard. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
6. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Red Chancellor. Magnay. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Annie Deane. Slade. (Brentano.) $1.50.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Tempting of Father Anthony. Horton. (McClurg.) $1.25.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Warwick of the Knobs. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Dream of Empire. Venable. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
6. Bears of Blue Room. Major. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.25 net.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
4. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Lily of France. Mason. (American Bap. Pub Soc.) $1.10 net.
4. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) $1.40 net.
6. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark.) $1.50.
6. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fall of the Curtain. Begbie. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Red Chancellor. Magnay. (Brentano.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Foma Gordyéeff. Gorky. (Scribner.) $1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Making of a Marchioness. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.10.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. Capt. Ravenshaw. Stephens. (Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Warwick. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
3. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Tennessee Sketches. Looney. (McClurg.) $1.00.
5. The Tempting of Father Anthony. Horton. (McClurg.) $1.25.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Eternal City. Caine. (Morang.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
2. Cinderella. Crockett. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Montreal News Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) Cloth, $1.50.
5. The Road to Frontenac. Merwin. (Copp-Clark Co.) Cloth, $1.25.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.50. Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Tom Beauling. Morris. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. Education of the American Citizen. Hadley. (Scribner.) $1.50 net.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Canterbury Tales. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. For Love or Crown. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
5. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. That Wager of Dots. Dalrymple. (Abbey Press.) $1.50.
2. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Making of a Marchioness. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.10.
6. The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Truth Dexter. (McCall.) Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. New Canterbury Tales. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
6. Marcus Whitman. Mowry. (Silver, Burdette & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Puppet Crown. McGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Fomà Gordyéeff. Gorky. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark Pub. Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Fomà Gordyéeff. Gorky. (Scribner.) $1.00.
6. Kim. Kipling. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Tory Lover. Jewett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Blue and Gold. Lichtenstein. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
2. The Eternal City. Caine. (Morang & Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
3. Kim. Kipling. (Morang & Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
4. The Secret Orchard. Castle. (McLeod & Allen. 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (Morang & Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
6. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.40.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
3. The Sign of the Prophet. Naylor. (Saalfield Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Black Rock. Connor. (Revell.) $1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Red Chancellor. Magnay. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Raffles. Hornung. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Tory Lover. Jewett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
6. The Making of a Marchioness. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.10.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	" "	"	8
" "	3d	" "	"	7
" "	4th	" "	"	6
" "	5th	" "	"	5
" "	6th	" "	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold the best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50	324
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	166
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50	122
4. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50	111
5. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page Co.) $1.50	105
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	82

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